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May
1932



Beginning

DESERT SANDS

MARGARET PEDLER'S *new romance*

Shirley Seifert · Clara Overton · Vivien Bretherton
Margaret Culkin Banning · Temple Bailey

Even the Electric Light is *- fully automatic*



Kelvinator dealers are now showing the new, low-priced "K" Models; the medium-priced Standard Models and the new De Luxe Models, the finest money can buy. 17 beautiful Models at new low prices. Any Model may be purchased on the ReDisCo Monthly Budget Plan.

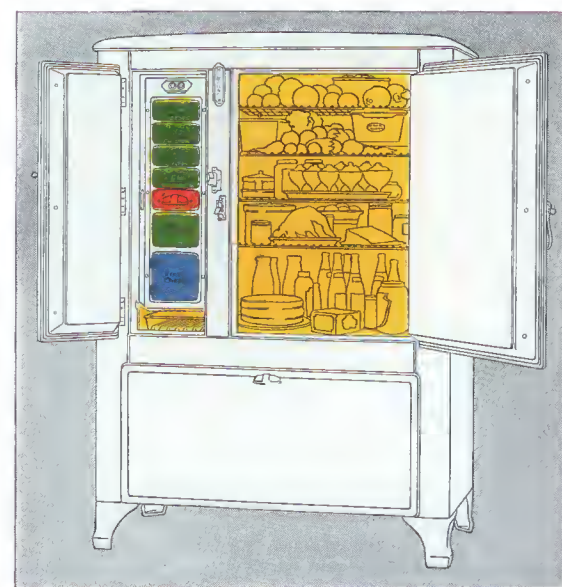
"If it isn't a Kelvinator—it isn't fully automatic." This is not an advertising slogan. It is a statement of fact. One that can easily be proved with the Standard Rating Scale for Electric Refrigeration.

You will find, as you go through the list of the 16 important questions, that Kelvinator *alone* is *fully automatic*. Even the electric light turns on and off as the door opens and closes.

The diagram illustrates Kelvinator's automatic 4-Zones of Cold—four separate, constant temperatures—each serving a different purpose—and

each automatically controlled. There are no dials to set. Nothing to remember or forget. No danger of freezing the contents of the food compartment.

Any Kelvinator dealer will gladly explain this exclusive feature of the new DeLuxe and Standard Models and give you a copy of the Standard Rating Scale so you can judge for yourself. See him, or write us direct. Kelvinator Corporation, 14252 Plymouth Road, Detroit, Michigan. Kelvinator of Canada, Ltd., London, Ontario. Kelvinator Limited, London, England.



CHECK THESE COLORS IN THE DIAGRAM ABOVE

- 1 FOOD PRESERVATION TEMPERATURE
- 2 BELOW FREEZING TEMPERATURE
- 3 FAST FREEZING TEMPERATURE
- 4 WORLD'S RECORD FAST FREEZING



Kelvinator



Look for the nearest Kelvinator Dealer in the Classified Section of your Telephone Directory under "Refrigeration—Electric".

He — HAS A CHAUFFEUR

Money will buy a lot of comforts — and luxuries! But it won't stop "pink tooth brush." To be firm and healthy, your gums themselves must have daily care.



She — WALKS TO WORK

Brisk exercise—fresh air—regular habits of living—splendid! But even athletes have "pink tooth brush." The only way to avoid it is to keep your gums healthy.



"Pink Tooth Brush" is *NO* respecter of persons!

WHETHER you eat at an expensive club—or from a lunch room counter; whether you pay three dollars for dinner or cook it yourself—practically every bit of food you eat is soft and creamy and tender.

We aren't cave-men or cave-women. We aren't primitives. And as civilization has progressed, foods have become more and more delicious—and less and less stimulating to the gums.

Hence your gums become lazy, inactive and soft.

The walls grow weaker until you begin to find "pink" on your tooth brush. Your gums are actually bleeding!

Time to look out. If you don't do something about "pink tooth brush," you'll find your teeth are "foggy" looking. Worse than that. You are inviting gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or the dread though less frequent pyorrhea. And you're facing possible danger to the soundness of your teeth.

Modern dental science has found that massage will firm tender gums. Your own dentist will probably suggest that you use Ipana Tooth Paste with the massage.

Clean your teeth with Ipana. It's first of all a splendid modern tooth paste. It cleans the teeth thor-

oughly. And it brightens and whitens them, too.

But each time you clean your teeth, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip and lightly rub it into your gums. Don't rinse it off. Ipana contains ziratol, and this ziratol, left on the gums, aids the massage in correcting that unhealthy flabby condition.

Before long you'll notice a big improvement in the appearance of your teeth. Keep on using Ipana with massage—and you won't have to give a thought to "pink tooth brush." Remember: A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury!

Ipana

TOOTH
PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E-52
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Copr. 1932, Bristol-Myers Co.



“How convenient it is to have two cars.”

“Yes, and it costs so little when they’re both Chevrolets.”



Nowadays, the business of running a home efficiently requires almost as much “getting about” as the business of making a living. As a result, two cars are practically a necessity for the modern family. That is one reason for the great popularity of the new Chevrolet Six. The Great American Value makes it possible for the average family to own two automobiles *without sacrificing a single one of the important advantages of modern motoring!*

For the new Chevrolet Six has all the features you would want in *any* car you buy today: Built-in multi-cylinder smoothness and quietness. High speed and lightning-fast acceleration. Quick, quiet, easy gear-shifting, assured by the famous Syncro-Mesh transmission combined with Free Wheeling. Delightful riding and driving ease. Spacious, sturdy, comfortable Fisher bodies—ultra-modern in styling and appointments, and equipped with many fine-car conveniences. Yet

the new Chevrolet Six sells at one of the lowest prices for which you can buy *any* car. And because Chevrolet’s economy is unexcelled, the cost of operating *two* Chevrolets is surprisingly small.

If your family is getting along with only one car, you will find it well worth while to investigate the idea of owning two Chevrolets. Chevrolet’s twenty distinctive body styles will enable you to choose two models perfectly adapted to your personal and family requirements.

Priced as low as \$475 f. o. b. Flint, Michigan. Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan, Division of General Motors

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

THE GREAT AMERICAN VALUE



Dr. Chappell's sermon

reviewed on page 21

WHAT'S GOING ON THIS MONTH

ON THE STAGE

BY HEYWOOD BROWN

The Other Woman Gets Her Chance

EVER since the days of Pinero the English-speaking stage has known "the other woman." There was, according to the tradition, a long scene in the second act during which the friend of the family talked to the wife about her. The general decision was that this could not go on, and in the end the wife forgave all or forgave nothing, according to the playwright's decision as to whether he wished his audience to leave the theater wreathed in smiles or damp with tears.

Very often the dramatist was not unfriendly to the other woman. He owed her something. But for her presence there would have been no play. But never did he precisely approve of her. The playwright's best was a pat on the back and the admonition to sin no more.

Judged by the conventions of the theater, Philip Barry's new comedy, *The Animal Kingdom*, is a revolutionary contribution to the stage. The married woman in the triangle gets the benefit of clergy but nothing else. In fact, this is the sort of play in which the spectator is apt to be moved to take sides against the author and to insist that he has not played fairly all around. But it is a highly interesting play, even if one is moved to quarrel with the author's thesis. The very fact that *The Animal Kingdom* is capable of producing debate proves its worth. Concerning less sturdy fare one merely demurs, yawns, goes home and forgets.

It seems to me that Mr. Barry has not developed his story to its full extent. For this he is not to be held strictly accountable. Some of the difficulty lies in the form itself. I often feel that a good play is no more than the skeleton of a superb novel. In a span of time extending between eight-thirty and eleven it is frequently impossible to do much more than outline the story of complicated human relationships. The dramatist can only hit the high spots and it may be that the low ones are necessary for full comprehension of the issues involved.

Quite briefly, *The Animal Kingdom* concerns a well-to-do young man who has been [Turn to page 64]

MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

The Public Be Blamed

BY ALL concerned in Hollywood—directors, stars, screen writers and those anomalous beings known sentimentiously as "supervisors"—it is agreed that the average film fan is incurably dim-witted, lacking utterly in the capacity to appreciate the finer and better things which are occasionally conferred upon him. Ask any of the more articulate of Hollywood's inhabitants what he thinks of his patrons and you will gather that every cinema palace is just another home for the feeble-minded.

If you demand proof of this melancholy belief you are shown plentiful statistics which indicate that the most artistic pictures are spurned by the mob, whereas the most shameless specimens of hokum are handsomely supported. In other words: "The customer is always wrong—so what's the use?" [Turn to page 112]



Broadway applauds Leslie Howard and Lora Baxter



Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald spend "One Hour With You"

“Sure, I use Colgate’s!
I like it . . . that’s why!”



She’s a good scout — my mother is! She’s goin’ to be tickled pink when she sees these two beauts — even if I did tear my pants a little comin’ through Bailey’s fence. Ma believes in lettin’ a feller do things the way he likes to do ’em. That’s why she buys me Colgate’s to brush my teeth with. I like it—that’s why. Boy—does it taste keen! I guess mother knows what she’s doin’. Doctor Ellis told her there ain’t *any* toothpaste can beat Colgate’s for keeping teeth clean —says more people use it than any other kind. An’ Ma says ’cause Colgate’s only costs a quarter—mebbe she’s savin’ to buy me a new fish pole. Anyhow—she don’t have to bother about me brushin’ my teeth reg’lar —so I guess *she’s* satisfied, too.

Would you like this picture of the little fisherman, in full color, without advertising matter, suitable for framing? We’ll gladly send you one, without cost. Please address: Colgate - Palmolive - Peet Company, Dept. 145, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago, Illinois.

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association—and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.



25¢



Spotless now . . . but you should see their play-suits!

ANOTHER
ACTUAL LETTER
FROM A
P AND G HOME

(Father asks, "How do you keep them clean?")

Procter & Gamble Co.,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Bloomington, Ind.

GENTLEMEN: I live in a "house by the side of the road," a snug, small house that you might overlook in your "Actual Visits to P and G Homes." But in that tiny house, set back from the street, lives the happiest family imaginable. Two little girls are forever running in and out, around and about, getting into mischief, and getting out again by the magic of their winsome smiles. Never still for a moment, until they're tucked away in bed!

And you should see their clothes! Their father says it would wear him out trying to keep them clean.

"But I use P and G," I tell him proudly. Being a man, he can't understand that P and G saves me from breaking my back at rubbing and boiling. P and G helps me in all my housekeeping and leaves me free to enjoy my family.

It has given me great pleasure to write this to you, for I have wanted you to know what an important place your soap holds in our home.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. W. P. Sarber

Yes, as Mrs. Sarber says, P and G Naphtha is wonderfully good soap—so white, so firm it doesn't waste away in the water—so

quick to loosen the dirt whether you use warm water or cold! And if, like Mrs. Sarber, you have colored frocks and rompers and shirts on your washline, you will prefer P and G, which keeps even delicate tints as fresh as new!

How does it happen, then, that this superior soap actually costs *less* than ordinary soaps? This is the reason: P and G is used by more women *than any other soap in the world*.

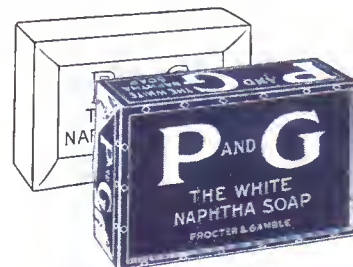
This unequalled popularity means that P and G is made in enormous quantities. And since large-scale manufacturing costs proportionately less than small-scale manufacturing, P and G can be sold at a lower price, actually ounce for ounce.

So P and G costs less *because* it is so popular. And it is so popular because it *really is a better soap*.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

FREE! Rescuing Precious Hours—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with the newest laundry methods, are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. NM-52, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hold a smooth white cake of P and G Naphtha. Compare it with any other laundry soap. See how firm and clean-scented P and G is! And so white. Doesn't it seem *nicer* to use a *white* soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women are turning to *white* soaps, and most of them are using P and G.



The largest-selling soap in the world

May McCALL'S 1932

Illustrated
by
Matt Clark



"I can't explain," he said. "Only—I must go!"

DESERT SANDS

"The desert sand blows always between you and your heart's desire—"

By Margaret Pedler

A DROVE of raw Dartmoor ponies had the place to themselves—a lovely place, where the moorland rose and fell in deep-chested curves, but always dipping leisurely downward from the foot of a huge, granite-crowned tor toward a tiny village sheltered in a valley several miles away.

From an unclouded sky the July sun streamed warmly on the moor's soft blur of brown and green, while a brooding silence—the still, drowsy silence of high noon—lay over all.

Suddenly, round the curve of a nearby ridge of high ground, appeared a girl on a chestnut horse.

The ponies huddled together, nervously sniffing the air and craning inquiring heads toward the newcomers, until, as though out of sheer good spirits, the rider waved an arm and gave a gay shout. Simultaneously came a scamper of hoofs, and the ponies stampeded.

"The darlings!" exclaimed the girl. "The lucky beggars." Her gaze followed the direction taken by the ponies—wild and ignorant as yet of bit or bridle.

A shadow crossed her face. To Toni Forrest their freedom to roam at will their world of Dartmoor brought a sharp twinge of envy. Freedom was what she wanted—freedom to roam her world, the wider world open to men and women—freedom to shape her own life. And it appeared very unlikely that she would ever get it. At least, not until the young, vital longing that surged through her veins had grown dull and sluggish through years of enforced acquiescence to things as they were.

With an effort she pushed the thought aside and, pulling her horse to a standstill, let her gaze rove contentedly over the sun-baked vista that stretched away

to the horizon on all sides. She loved the moor, with its undulating slopes, aglow just now with the yellow gold of gorse and the purple of heather, its grim gray tors thrusting up nakedly against the skyline, its peaceful valleys, where little, twisty streams babbled over stony beds.

Its sheer beauty and space dissipated for the moment her inward restlessness, and the moorland air, faintly salt with the tang of the distant sea, brought her back to the realization of the commonplace fact that she was hungry.

She slipped from her horse and, passing a thin length of cord through the bridle, tethered him lightly to the branch of a bramble. The chestnut was quite accustomed to this procedure, which left him free to crop grass while giving him a reminding tug if he thought of straying. Toni, meanwhile, flung herself on the springy turf to eat the sandwiches she had brought with her. When she finished, she gave herself up to enjoyment of the peace of the great, quiet moor. The warmth of the sun lulled her to the verge of sleep. Vaguely she was conscious of a faint, rhythmic hum somewhere in the distance. Soon the hum swelled to a loud roar, and with a shattering noise an airplane, flying low, passed above her.

The startled horse plunged and bolted, and the cord by which he had been tethered gave way. Toni sprang up just in time to see him gallop across the moorland and disappear from view. After a moment she prepared to follow him in the hope that when his first wild fright was over he might come back.

IT WAS at this moment that she caught the first glimpse of human life that she had seen since she had set out, a couple of hours ago, from the little village on the moor's edge. It took the form of a man on horseback, a solitary rider like herself—only, as she reflected wryly, he was still in possession of his mount. And then she wondered how long he would keep possession. For a battle was in progress between man and horse.

The four-footed combatant, a big bay mare, was doing everything that equine temper and cunning could contrive to dislodge her rider from her back. But the man was obviously a competent horseman, for, kick and buck as she might, and did, he remained in the saddle. Toni was aware of an inward thrill of excitement. At any time the manifestation of courage and strength and will-power gave her a queer feeling of exhilaration—satisfied some demand deep within her. And this man had all three.

She moved forward toward the level stretch of ground where the struggle was taking place, forgetting for the moment that her own horse had bolted. All her attention was concentrated on the tussle that was going on before her eyes. With each twist of the bay mare's body, Toni's heart leaped a little, then steadied as she saw that the rider had not been unseated.

By this time she had drawn close enough to see him clearly. He was lean and dark and muscular, and his brown handsome face reflected the fierce struggle.



He was lean and dark and muscular, and his handsome face reflected the fierce struggle



Again the mare bucked wickedly and reared, forelegs beating the air. The man kicked his feet free of the stirrups and flung himself to the ground, giving the reins a tug that sent the horse crashing backward to the ground. He was on his feet in an instant, and when the mare scrambled up, he leaped into the saddle and forced her into a gallop with whip and spur until there was no more fight left in her. Presently he checked her to a walk and finally, at a word, to a standstill a few paces from where Toni stood. She had been utterly absorbed in the struggle, watching fascinated the schooling of the tempestuous rebel into a well-mannered mount, and now her enthusiasm expressed itself.

"Oh, splendid! Splendid!" she exclaimed involuntarily.

The man, who had been unaware of her presence, looked quickly toward her. He had dismounted and was breathing rapidly. His eyes—dark and deep-set—sought Toni's face with a swift, inquiring glance.

"It's been a fight," he admitted gravely. "It had to be this time—a fight to a finish."

"She might have killed you," said Toni.

"She *has* killed one man," he returned grimly. "There's no more dangerous animal than a horse that rears. And there's only one cure—pull him over backward, so that he's too thoroughly frightened ever to try rearing again. But you know that as well as I do," he added, with a sudden smile that lit up his dark features. "You understand horses, I think."

HE REGARDED her rather intently for a moment. She had taken off her hat, and he saw that her cropped hair was of that warm, bright hue which seems sometimes brown and sometimes gold, according as the light falls on it. Just now it was shining goldenly in the sunlight, emphasizing the definiteness of her straight, narrow brows and of the black lashes that added depth to her hazel eyes.

She colored faintly under the scrutiny, and, as though he had suddenly become aware that he was staring, he said hastily: "Where is your own horse?"

She pointed in the direction where the chestnut had disappeared. "An airplane passed over a little while ago and frightened him. When I stopped to watch the tussle you were having, I was on my way to look for him."

"On foot?" he smiled. "That might take a considerable time. If you'll wait here, I'll hunt him up for you."

A moment later he was in the saddle again, and Toni settled herself down to await his return.



She wondered who he could be. That he was a stranger in the neighborhood, she was sure. She knew everyone, at least by sight, within the radius of many miles. Moreover, although his English was as fluent as her own, there was something not wholly English in the way he spoke. It was not a question of accent. Something less than that—the merest shade of intonation, of an occasional rhythm of speech that was different. . . .

THE thud of hoofs roused Toni from the brown study into which she had fallen. A glance at her watch told her that for a full three-quarters of an hour her thoughts had been on this stranger who was now riding toward her, leading her own horse.

"You've been a real Samaritan," said Toni gratefully, as she took the chestnut by the bridle. "I don't know how to thank you."

"Don't you? May I make a suggestion, then? Our horses are dog-tired," he went on eagerly. "They ought to be rubbed down and have a feed and a rest."

"And where do you propose they should get it?"

"At a farmhouse not a mile from here."

"Sam Honeycott's farm?" she asked, surprised that he should be acquainted with the place.

"Yes—you know it, too, then? Meanwhile," he went on, "I thought you and I might entertain each other. . . . My name's Strode—Ryan Strode."

A minute later they had both mounted and were riding in the direction of the farm, talking as they went.

There was something not wholly English in the way he spoke . . .

"Do you know the moor well?" she asked.

"Not yet. But thanks to the arrangements I've made with Honeycott I hope to before long. I've rented one of his fields, and some stabling."

"You're making a stay in Devonshire, then?"

"No. But now I can come down to Honeycott's whenever I wish. I should have wished it long ago," he added, "if I'd known there was such a wonderful place here as Dartmoor."

"It is wonderful, isn't it?" she said.

"Yes. It gives one something of the same feeling of space and freedom that one finds in an Eastern desert."

"Oh, do you know the East?" exclaimed Toni.

"Where? What part?"

"A good many parts. I know India pretty well, and parts of Arabia, and I've spent a lot of time in Egypt. It was in the desert I first learned to ride," he added.

"I wonder why you ever come over here," she remarked.

"Because I happen to love England," he responded quietly.

"While I think I should love the East," she said.

"Only—" a trifle bitterly—"I'm never likely to have the chance of going there."

"How do you know that? Only Destiny knows what is in store for any of us."

By this time they had reached the farm, and the owner, Sam Honeycott, himself came out to meet them. A look of surprise mingled with his welcoming smile.

"Mawnin', Miss Toni," he said, touching his hat. "Plaized tu see 'ee."

"Give our horses a good rub down and a feed, will you?" interrupted Strode. "They'll be rested by the time we want them again."

"Ef you'm goin' out over the moor, zur, you'll be coomin' back along vor a cup o' tea?" inquired Honeycott. "Shall I tell the missus zo?"

"Yes," said Strode coolly. "We shall be coming back here for tea, shan't we, Miss Forrest?"

And Toni assented.

NOW," he continued, as they emerged onto the moorland once more, "we've found that we have a mutual acquaintance, so even if you are conventionally-minded, you could feel quite satisfied. But somehow I don't think you are. You're not old enough."

"I'm eighteen," she replied. "But in any case, I've not lived a conventional sort of life."

"Tell me about it," he said.

"It's quite uninteresting. I live with an aunt—she's my great-aunt, really—and her companion. Great-aunt Harriet is the typical old autocrat of a generation or two ago, and poor Mackie—Mrs. [Turn to page 26]

ROSES AND A PIECE OF WEDDING CAKE

By Shirley Seifert
Illustrated by H. J. Mowat

MR. WILBUR came home in a daze. If the even, regular tempo of the earth's revolutions had been thrown off balance and the terrestrial globe had suddenly begun to spin dizzily and perceptibly under his feet, he couldn't have been more bewildered. Of course, he was a man easily upset by the least deviation from routine, a man who led what is called a well-ordered life. Meaning that he did pretty much the same things every day in pretty much the same manner. But it was a comfortable life on the whole; and, if he had his adventures in books and his thrills in magnificent impulses from the depths of his armchair, under the rays of his special bronze reading lamp, at least no bones or hearts were shattered by his escapades. At sixty he looked fifty and felt thirty, he said; and he was satisfied.

But this was a big thing that had happened to him today—a big thing! His hand shook slightly as he set his latchkey into the lock on his front door. A fine brass lock. He polished it and the doorbell lovingly every Sunday morning. He met the blankness of an empty hall with a touch of disappointment. The hall was usually empty when he came home evenings, with Mrs. Wilbur putting the finishing touches to dinner and the girls being busy with whatever kept them busy; but it seemed that tonight there ought to have been a sort of reception.

"Hello!"

Mr. Wilbur tried to make his shout of greeting sound as casual as he didn't feel, and succeeded only in robbing it of its usual far-reaching echoes.

There was no answer. But he knew that the family was at home. A twitter of conversation somewhere and a streak of bright light under the door leading from the stair landing into the kitchen told him that.

He went out into the kitchen. Mrs. Wilbur stood over the stove, stirring something with long, even, circular motions.

"Hello, Daddy! That you?"

She didn't turn around. Mr. Wilbur hoisted a heavy foot in its common-sense shoe to the seat of a gray-enameled chair and drew a long breath. His ruddy face was solemn, his spectacled eyes the least bit fevered. It was an oratorical pose, if Mrs. Wilbur had turned to observe it. She didn't need to turn. As long as they'd been married she'd never been able to break him of his habit of coming out into the kitchen just before mealtime, with a lot of things to say. She knew he liked the warmth and brightness of the room after his day at work, its tantalizing odors; and she appreciated his desire to unburden himself always to her sympathetic ears; but, as is the rule with very good cooks, there were points of time when it drove her wild to be asked to consider investments, snags in coat tails, club luncheons, or the vagaries of traffic policemen. A quiver of impatience tugged visibly at her apron straps, jerked her arms, and twitched the little curls that nestled with fetching semblance of youth against the back of her bowed neck.

"What is it, Daddy?" she asked. "Can't you wait till I get dinner on the table? I've had to thicken the gravy a little and it mustn't stick to the pan—"

Mr. Wilbur took his foot from the chair and went out of the kitchen. His oldest daughter was at the telephone. She waved her hand in pleasant, absent greeting. He prowled through the living room, taking up the candlesticks on the mantel and setting them down, studying the tricky brass thermometer on the bookcase. A manufacturer of machinery had given him that one Christmas. Come to think of it, he had a lot of friends, good friends too—

A newspaper was thrust into his hands. The voice of his younger daughter, Frances, chided him good-humoredly.

"For heaven's sake, Dad, dinner is all of five minutes late. But can't you sit down?"

The print of the paper marched in meaningless rows, saying nothing.

His family didn't know. They didn't know. Wait till he told them!

At the dinner table he looked over the roast lamb, the bowl of yellow button chrysanthemums flanked on one side by mashed potatoes and on the other by cauliflower, over the gravy bowl beyond to his active, capable wife.

"Folks," he said solemnly, "a wonderful thing has happened to me today—the most wonderful thing you could think of!"

He paused to see whether the hush was appropriate. Mabel looked up inquiringly. Frances stirred in her chair. Quick words rose to Mrs. Wilbur's lips. They would be about lamb not being fit to eat if it chilled before serving.

"Folks," continued Mr. Wilbur, a jump ahead of her. "I am going as a delegate on the Chamber of Commerce good-will trip to Mexico and Panama in February. The company has chosen [Turn to page 38]"



The plane rose, up, up and away into the night. "Folks," Mr. Wilbur said, "I'll never forget it"

The man
behind the play
and the actors
behind the scenes
are cast in this
alert report of
America's premier
playwright and



An
Etching by
J. Knowles
Hare

J. Knowles Hare

Eugene O'Neill

A WHALE OF A PLAY

By Paul Sifton

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA, a Moby Dick, a great white whale among plays, nightly raises its mammoth length and bulk to the surface, flips its tail and sends a wave of passion, rage, or horror out across the audience, then dives again to sound the murky lower oceans of man's consciousness. This is O'Neill's melodramatic trilogy, the theater sensation of the year, a best seller in book form and, according to the critics, the greatest play yet written by an American.

Confronted by this gigantic creature for six hours, with a scant hour out for dinner and excited discussion, members of the audience differ in their reactions. The humbler ones surrender to its overpowering strength, untiring from five-thirty to eleven-twenty o'clock.

Some understand that O'Neill's drama of a household doomed to end itself by passion too long dammed up, by murder, suicide, and life-long lonely penance is not a special story of a freakish family, but has all through it the incidental poetry of good music, carrying meaning, warning, and tonic for us all.

The more sheltered members of the audience must hastily confer to appreciate the shrewd and ribald comments of the chorus of townsfolk on the doings of the Mannon family and the dark allure of its women.

Many accept it as a thrilling melodrama of heroic proportions and suspense.

And some, principally those whose souls are as sensitive as the sandpapered fingers of Jimmy Valentine,

rebel and cry out against it, saying it is too long, unreal, impossible.

It is curious that mankind, confronted with the unusual, the gigantic, the overwhelming, has a limited repertoire of reactions. Blind awe is one; another is to imitate the farmer who saw a giraffe and denied the unbelievable.

A third and common reaction is to affect familiarity, belittle it, whittle it down, invent nicknames, diminutives, exercise its spell by joking about it. We do this about birth and love and death, fortune and misfortune; we do it about our landmarks, our customs, Prohibition, hard times, our heroes, the villains whom we dearly love and, most commonly, our leaders. This makes us feel more nearly equal, closer to them, more at ease in their presence.

This trait may explain the plentiful jests and jibes about *Mourning Becomes Electra*. Seldom in the history of Broadway have so much wit and near-wit been focused on a single play.

It began before the first night was over.

"Evening Becomes Interminable," a restless veteran of Broadway murmured audibly.

Robert Benchley, praising the play, confessed to becoming "cushion-conscious" toward the end.

After that the deluge:

"Mourning Becomes O'Neill."

"Electra Becomes Intolerable."

"Electra Becomes O'Neill" (and vice versa).

"Orestes' Development." (The theory is that this, when spoken rapidly, sounds like "arrested development.")

And there was Alice Brady's remark to O'Neill after she had been rehearsing the title rôle through most of the thirteen acts for nine consecutive hours.

"Say, Mister," she said, "why don't you write a blackout, just for practice?" (Blackout is stage argot for a short sketch in a revue.)

Miss Brady kept her equanimity right up to the opening night. Philip Moeller, to whom O'Neill outlined the trilogy two years before it was turned over to him to direct and who rises brilliantly to the difficult demands of an O'Neill script, is reported to have been somewhat annoyed by Miss Brady's calmness at rehearsals. Miss Brady is a child of her father's theater, working on cue; Moeller functions on inspiration, by getting himself and his actors stirred up to the "feel" of a play. So, when he looked round to find Electra wrapped in his own shawl muffler, comfortably curled over a detective story and totally oblivious to the unsurpassed melodrama in which she was to have the vital rôle, Moeller was, well, a little puzzled. That's the way Miss Brady put it. [Turn to page 116]

PROBABLY SHOWERS



"Oh, good heavens, it's come through. Well, you sweet old angel, you"

Which could be the story of almost any family — but not of every girl

IF I ever get married—" said Kathleen Burke. A remark that began like that was seldom allowed to pass unchallenged in the Burke household. "Say, listen, you're going to fall for it just like other people." That was Len, Mary's husband.

"At your age I doubt you ever get a chance," advised her brother, Ed.

Kathleen was almost twenty-three, which was late for Burke girls to be getting married. Anne had been married at twenty-one, and Mary at nineteen.

"Well, maybe I won't," said Kathleen good-naturedly, "but when I do, I want a house like Isabelle Bronson's. It's perfectly lovely inside. First, there's this wide hall that goes right through—"

"Listen, Kathie, do you think she is so pretty," asked Mary suddenly.

She came to sit down at the table with the others, and pushing a dulled gold lock behind one ear, she waited seriously for her sister's verdict. Mary, who once had been thought very pretty, was now too youthfully weary to change from her untidy pink apron dress at the end of the day, but discussions like this were still important.

"Well, I think she has good style," said Kathleen, "and since she's married Stan she dresses beautifully."

"I heard he made ten thousand from his practice last year," said Mary in her tired, childish voice.

"Well, I think that's just a nice amount," said Kathleen, interested. "I think everybody ought to have that much right from the start; you could have rugs in all the rooms upstairs, and the right kind of screens, and a nice car, and those lovely silk puffs for the beds, and all different colored tumblers." She was intrigued with the pictures that she was making in her mind. Her blue eyes had a dark animation as she turned them from one to the other. Her brother Ed glared at her.

"Say, listen, when did you go this crazy? Is this your daughter, Mom, or is it someone we brought up for a rich family that didn't like her looks?"

The Burkes were eating supper in their kitchen. They ate there most of the time—by preference. There was a dining room in the square clapboard house, but they had never liked it as they did their gloomy, darkly varnished kitchen with its oil-cloth-covered table. They ate mostly in relays, as they straggled in. Each new arrival was given a meal as soon as possible, but usually the first one

was right there two hours later, still talking, while the last one finished. Then they were all likely to have another cup of tea with Mom, who never ate until they were all through, even when Ed, her oldest son, was kept very late at the garage.

She loved to go back and forth between them and the stove, catering to their different tastes and wants and listening while they discussed and argued everything within the range of their everyday experience. They were wonderful children. Of course, there was Ed's little stubborn streak. But it was nothing, if you knew how to handle him; and Kathie was high-spirited. She often talked this way lately, saying she was going to have this and that when she got married. She knew how to get Ed going. Then she sat back and enjoyed herself.

"Let him rave," she would say pleasantly.

Her mother wondered sometimes whether Kathie talked this way to Andy Tiernan. That troubled her a little. She liked Andy. Of course, Kathie was a wonderful girl, and she didn't mean half she said. There was no one better than Kathie, her mother would conclude loyally, in spite of some of this talk.

"Do you want lamb stew, or some of these trout Len caught, Kathie?"

"Just boil me an egg, Mamma. I want to be at the hospital a little early tonight. I'm on a new case."

SHE was dressed in a dark suit with a white, round-necked blouse that made her look absurdly young for important matters. She looked young anyway, and very rested, which was ridiculous when you considered that she had been doing night duty and rarely got to sleep before noon—and then her sleep was often broken by the sound of Mary's baby crying, or Jimmie roller skating under her window.

"Your sister Kathie is trying to sleep, Jimmie. Why wouldn't you skate somewhere else?"

"Aw, she's always trying to sleep."

"Anyone would think, to hear you talk, you didn't love your sister."

And smiling over this bit of familiar dialogue floating up through the open window, Kathie would turn and bury her curly head in the pillow for another interval of sweet silence.

"Who's your new case?" asked Mary listlessly.

"Mrs. Vernon Watson. She had her appendix out this afternoon and Dr. Barnes wants a special for two nights. Then I'm going on day duty for her in place of Grayson, whose sister is going to have a baby any minute now."

"This is nice kind of talk," said Ed severely. Ed was old-fashioned. He ate the piece of steak his mother had cooked especially for him with stern enjoyment. Ed was not partial to lamb stew. Mrs. Burke set it back on the stove to make room for Kathie's egg. Jimmie would like the stew. He wasn't in yet, but his school books had been discovered and retrieved from the back porch, which indicated that he was still using his home for trifles.

"Did you want toast or oatmeal bread, Kathleen?"

"Yes, Mamma," she answered absently. She was looking out of the window. The weather was still cool, but there was a softness in the pale sunset that stirred her. Something had happened to the world since she went to bed this morning. It had been raining then, a quiet, warm rain that melted the very last patch of dirty snow in the yard. She noticed now that it was gone, and that around the spot where it had lain was faint, new green. How lovely it looked out-of-doors this evening. As if something unaccountable and exciting were going to happen. How lovely to have life waiting ahead for you, fresh and uncharted. Lovely, because you felt inside it was going to be lovely.

"Well," said Ed, "can you leave off dreaming of millions long enough to decide whether you want tea or coffee? Mom has asked you twice."

This was Ed's rôle in the family. Sarcasm and as much sternness as he could push into his voice at times. Since his father's death he had considered himself the head of the family, and with three younger and pretty sisters he had to take an attitude [Turn to page 57]

By Clara Wallace Overton
Illustrated by Henry Raleigh



"You never wrote me and I was so lonely." "But, darling, how was I to know?"

THE TOWN'S TOO SMALL

"I hate
to have the
pattern of liv-
ing worked out
for me," Phyllis
protested.
And
the town
talked

By
Margaret
Culkin
Banning



A CLUSTER of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley dropped at *Phyllis Seaman's* feet. She edged away as if struck, but not before the crowd calling gay farewells to the smiling couple on the back platform of the train had seen the devastation written in her eyes. It was then, for the second time, that she met *Dr. Michael Kane*, a comparative stranger in St. Vincent. He followed her as she stumbled to her car. "Can't I help you?" he asked. Phyllis, turning, cried: "What right have you to interfere!"

Yet it was he who gave Phyllis her only comfort in facing the brutal fact that *Kenneth Lowry* had preferred pretty, empty-headed, socially-prominent *Nancy Brewer* to herself. By every right, Kenneth belonged to Phyllis. She loved him, had told him so. And he had let her believe he loved her too.

Over a belated supper which Mick had ordered, Phyllis confessed: "Whether Ken's married to a dozen women or not, I wish I were on that train. You don't know how it is." "Yes, I do," he answered. "I let myself care too much for one person and got what was coming to me." Michael Kane's admission was abrupt. Yet Phyllis, absorbed in her own humiliation, neither knew nor cared that the source of his reluctant acknowledgment was a dark, petulant little creature named *Rosalie*, who had made his marriage a nightmare.

When Mick left Phyllis that night he asked, "When shall I see you again?" "It's a small town," Phyllis countered. "Soon enough." But it wasn't very soon. Phyllis was swamped with managing the first of a series of concerts she had underwritten. And since *Clare*, her sister, to further bury the memory of her disastrous marriage to *Fred Paine*, had fled St. Vincent for New York, Phyllis was living alone. The town watched her activities with brooding eyes. But it was not until the night *Mary Croton* entertained at dinner—and Mick saw Phyllis once more—that the stream of gossip broke. Phyllis made a dramatic entrance. Ken Lowry was standing where she had to pass him. "Hello, Ken!" she said and Ken, embracing her with his eyes, breathed, "Phyllis! How are you?" "Grand!" And the show was on!

During the week, Mick visited Phyllis. Leaving her apartment, he overheard a man whispering into the house phone: "I only want to see you, Phyllis. . . ."

"Don't believe all they tell you." "Or what you tell me?"

You know how I've always felt about you. . . . Thanks. I'll be right up." So that was the way it was. Then Mick remembered that it wasn't any of his business.

Part III

THE local New York operator signaled the trunk operator and asked her to put through a call to St. Vincent. She did not know, nor care, that she was plugging in emotional disturbance, casting it halfway across the continent. She was thinking of her own young man who, that very evening, in a nearby drug store, had begun to make love to her. But her work was none the less effective. A thin stream of voices passing along wires soon connected the little city with the great one. Dr. Kane's bedside telephone rang after

a few minutes and woke him from an uncommonly restless sleep. He looked at his watch before he put the light on, and the luminous dial told him that it was one o'clock.

"Hello."

The operator verified his number and asked him to wait.

"Ready with New York—here you are. . . . Yes. . . . Dr. Kane is on the phone. Ready with St. Vincent. Go ahead."

New York, he thought. Then he heard the childish husky voice that he never quite forgot, a voice that was like her handwriting, badly formed and yet individual.

"Hello, Mick? It's Rosalie."

HE SPOKE with curtness, instantly on guard. "Hello, Rosalie. How are you? What's up?"

"I just wanted to talk to you," she said. "Oh, Mick, I'm so unhappy."

"You would be, at this hour of the morning," he said coldly. "It's probably bad champagne."

"Your voice sounds just the same. Rough. I like to hear it."

"Hadn't you better tell me what you want?"

"You don't sound as if you cared very much. I suppose I'm a fool to imagine that you would. But Mick—"

"Go ahead. The stops are all expensive."

"Come to New York and see me, will you?"

"No. Of course not. Why on earth should I?"

"Isn't it a reason that I want you to?"

"Not a good one."

"I need you, Mick. Terribly. I haven't a soul I can really trust."

"Well, I'm certainly out of the picture, Rosalie."

"Mick—don't hang up!"

The quick fear in her voice stopped him.

"Listen—I swear I won't bother you again if you'll come to see me now. It's these doctors. They've got me scared. They don't agree about what's wrong with me. I've gone from one to another, and I don't believe what they say. They all just want money. I don't want to be sick now, Mick, just when things look as if they may come out right. There's a man who wants to marry me. Peter de Vries. He's rich. I'm all mixed up and I can't sleep. I want you to see me."

He could almost feel her shiver. He knew Rosalie too well. He knew how impossible it was for her to tell where drama ceased and illness began, and he felt forced into a kind of responsibility.

"I'll give you the address of a really good doctor," he told her, "if that will help you."

"Oh, Mick—you said once you'd take care of any patient that asked you. Once, when I wanted you to go somewhere with me, and you wouldn't. That's all I'm asking now. Won't you please come yourself? It's so hard. They don't understand me. They keep asking questions."

"And you keep telling them lies," he said.

"Please come."

"I can't afford to go running all over the country."

"I'll come out to see you," she suggested. "I'd so adore seeing you, Mick. It always helps me."

The old cajolery, with its lining of cruelty.

"No. You're not to do anything of the sort!"

"I must do something."

"Order yourself some hot milk and go to sleep. No drugs. Good night."

He put the telephone firmly down. Then, just in case she should be insistent, he pulled the plug from the wall. Hot milk wouldn't help him now, even if he had a gallon of it. He was back at the old stand, obsessed by that fear of her that was also fear and doubt of himself. Rosalie was the only person in the world who could force hysteria through the barriers of his profession. She didn't want a doctor primarily. He was convinced of it. She wanted to reassert her possession of him, even as she was taking on another husband.

He hated this sense of being thrown into panic again. Of course, it was only a threat that she would come to St. Vincent. They were through, he told himself. That had been settled, and she had no claim on him. Then, after he had decided that, he got up, put on a dressing gown and paced the room. Even if she did come, there was no necessity for his seeing her. His reason insisted on that. Perhaps the thing to do was to go to New York, face her and the situation there. Yet all the time he was thinking that, if he did see her, something in him might go to pieces again, and he might be at her mercy. But she had no mercy.

None of them can be straightforward, he thought with sudden bitterness. She wouldn't call me up to say she wanted to see me and couldn't bear to let even me go completely. Women all have to trick you into something.

Undirected, unbidden, his mind went back to Phyllis, still charged with resentment. Even that girl didn't want to be honest. She hadn't actually lied to him tonight, but when he had left her apartment he hadn't expected that almost on the stairs he would meet a man going up to see her—a man who had been obviously on terms of emotional familiarity with her. So Kenneth Lowry hadn't been the first man whom she'd loved. It wasn't the fact itself that mattered; but that wasn't the impression she had tried to give him, with her talk of romance and her personal inaccessibility. She could have helped him, he thought angrily. He had wanted to be

helped, to be freed of the terrible passionate shackles of Rosalie, to trust a woman's clarity and straightness. And, walking up and down in the thickening smoke of his own cigarettes, Mick felt his disillusion and his loneliness and his hopelessness more sharply than ever. His mind kept circling to the same conclusion. Rosalie wanted a doctor, did she? Well, that was what she was going to find in him, all he was going to let her find, whether she hunted him down or not.

THE snow was already deep, but still it whirled down, hiding roofs, winding into drifts, covering the murky face of the city with a white mask. Josie Gray, turning her heavy green brougham into a gasoline station, met Phyllis there in her own car and paused to complain.

"Wouldn't you know the weather would go primitive just as I've bought a spring suit? I was all set to appear as the first crocus any day, and now look what's happened!"

"I wish it would stop its fooling," said Phyllis impatiently. "The twenty-fifth of March is an indecent time for a blizzard."

"It's a public scandal. I'm going to go home and sulk until the golf season starts."

"Don't you forget Stephen Confer's lecture tonight."

"Oh, is that tonight?"

Phyllis had often wondered how many times the date of a public attraction had to be repeated, in large print, with posters, on tickets, over the radio, in order to fix it in the minds of people who never forgot the most casual dinner engagement.

"Of course, it's tonight. And it will make a sad difference if this storm doesn't let up."

"A lot of them wouldn't come out on a stormy night if Mussolini were talking a block away. They hate to risk their precious comfort."

"Men, especially."

"Yes, the brave strong sex! I wanted to have every seat in the theater filled tonight. I thought people would be standing in line to hear Stephen Confer. They don't seem to realize that it's a chance to hear the most modern English thinker and writer on his first American tour."

"Is he really all that at once? I've read one of his books, and he didn't try to spare my blushes at all. I

wonder if he'll talk as freely as he writes, especially if Mrs. Justin Bellows happens to be in the front row and catches his eye? Do you know that some simpletons object to your bringing him here?"

"I've heard that they do."

"They're terribly worried about his influence on Local Home Life."

"It's so dumb I can't bear it. They don't have to be influenced because they listen to what he has to say. They ought to be glad to find out what is being done and thought outside the city limits."

"And occasionally within them," added Josie, for accuracy's sake. "But it makes them feel pure to comb their hair over their ears and refuse to listen. You'll never miss that outfit anyway. How's the course going?"

"All right. It didn't help to substitute West for Kerenberg. That pretty well ate up my profits on the dancers. But didn't West play magnificently?"

"He was wonderful."

"Just the same, I had quite a few cancellations. I only broke even on the orchestra two weeks ago. But it may get people used to having a symphony program once in a while. I did hope to make money on this Confer lecture tonight and on Suzette Fletcher, who's coming next month, as you probably don't remember. That will finish up and leave me either affluent or on the rocks. Curse this snow! Isn't it ridiculous that anything so beautiful can be so malignant? It's getting colder, too, and if the wind gets worse it's going to begin to drift."

AND we all may be frozen in our tracks by morning. But don't worry yet. Your celebrity's all safely here, isn't he?"

"Yes, he's down at the Lake Hotel."

"What's he like?"

"Not nearly as old as I expected."

"All those new ideas probably keep him young."

"I liked him. He's easy in his manner. Very thin and rather frail-looking, but he has that intrepid air of the Englishman exploring wild places. Come on up to my apartment and meet him after the talk tonight. I haven't planned any entertaining for him, because his manager said that he never wanted any, but this morning he simply lapped up the idea of being sociable after the lecture. I'll only ask a dozen people." [Turn to page 86]



"In a town this size you can't ever get away with anything"



Take Dione's
advice
and

TEND YOUR OWN FIRE



If you don't want some other woman basking in the

THERE ought, thought Egan Lynne, to be a law against Dione. For the safety of mankind. For the tranquillity of all other women. For numerous reasons that Egan didn't have time to imprison in phrases. And why not? There were laws against high explosives in the hands of small boys. Laws against disturbing the peace. It logically followed that there ought to be a law against Dione.

Not, of course, that Dione disturbed the peace of Egan Lynne. He was, in fact, purely impersonal about the whole matter. His scars were nicely healed. But speaking for the world at large, legislation might wisely be taken against her.

Egan watched her, weaving intricate steps across the shining floor and making her partner, the lad from Pennsylvania, believe himself a far better dancer than he was. She was three staccato notes of color. Modernistic notes. She might, thought Egan, have been done

in music. Eyes by Gershwin, a Rhapsody in Blue. Mouth by Debussy, a cadence sweet and unforgettable. Hair by Rimsky-Korsakov, vivid as fire, unescapable as Fate. In anybody else the combination would have been theatric. But Egan paid her the tribute of a fair estimate. Dione could be trusted to stay a safe two shades this side of the melodramatic.

It was a pity, thought Egan impersonally, that she'd been born out of her era. If she'd happened in some other century—say, back in King Arthur's lusty times—men would have gone blithely about the countryside, wearing her favors and impaling other men on their lances. Or at least bumping them off their horses. All in Dione's honor, of course—that, in the Arthurian Age, was the necessary preliminary to all such little skirmishes—but providing, incidentally, a very nice time for the knights. And what Dione herself had thought or felt about it couldn't have mattered, in that day and age.

She might even, thought Egan, have occurred in the Mid-Victorian Age, if she'd cared to be a bit considerate. When men, if they'd stopped fighting about women, were still singing ballads to them. Marrying them before they could cultivate a mind of their own, to be sure, but keeping them surrounded by the proper romantic glow.

But Dione, whose face was destined to be disturbing no matter in what cycle she appeared, had chosen to be born in 1910, and it was a regrettable fact that she had a very good mind of her own. Nor did she. Egan was convinced, believe in romance. As for being a source of delight to the men in her near vicinity—

THE music stopped, breaking off his train of thought. It started again, and he found Dione in his arms. She smiled at him vaguely, as if trying to recall just where she'd met him, then cast a backward glance at the



romantic glow you've kindled

Pennsylvania lad. A glance that left him her slave, bound hand and heart. Egan, who had known Dione ever since her first teeth came out, was quite certain that she'd already forgotten the chap's name. A forgetful person—Dione Tennant.

He regarded the top of her head with mild disapproval. He was quite free to let his thoughts go their own way once more, since Dione's dancing was beyond all need for concentration. He said conversationally, "You are a heartless wench, Dione. You have a penchant for well-strewn battlefields. But is it quite sporting to wage war on non-combatants?"

Dione was fluent melody in his arms. She moved to the current of the music and gave herself up to it. Then, lightly, as Egan had known she would, she picked up the gauntlet he had thrown to her.

"Non-combatants," murmured Dione, "are non-existent. I read that in a book. I'll send it to you, Egan,

to read on your trip. You are going on a trip, aren't you? I think somebody told me."

Egan took a vow. She shouldn't get under his guard. Never again. "I just got back from it," he said. "I thought I dropped around to say goodbye before I left, but perhaps I didn't."

Dione gave away two dances over his shoulders and sighed regretfully over a third. Then, undismayed by the fact that she'd promised twice the dances she had open, she gave her attention to Egan once more. "Of course," she said apologetically. "How stupid of me. You went to South America."

"France," he corrected patiently. "Your memory is a disgrace to you, Dione. But perhaps it is an excuse, too. Probably you've forgotten that somewhere, in the background, Rand Glisan has a wife."

Dione danced a full ten seconds in silence. Then, nodding thoughtfully, "So that's your non-combatant.

"Think of all the little girls, just letting their hair grow, whom you haven't kissed. Is it really fair to them?"

By Vivien R. Bretherton
Illustrated by Pruett Carter

And are you warning me, Egan darling, against Rand? My frock *must* be effective to waken the protective instinct in you!"

IT WOULD be easier, Egan realized, to keep an impersonal attitude toward Dione if every intonation of her voice didn't irritate him beyond words. He said, relieved to find that the irritation no longer left him speechless, as it once had, "Your frock, Dione, is all you meant it to be, I'm sure. But I [Turn to page 104]



How very tame these Rocky Mountains make the Alps to seem



Ladies and gentlemen, we give you the West—from Powder River to the Rio Grande and from the Gila up to the Grand Coulee in Washington. Morris Markey takes you to a cabin in a canyon in Montana, to Salt Lake City, and to Gladewater, a boom town in the heart of the Texas oil fields. These episodes echo the West—the frontier of America, which will endure.

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS' PRIDE

The Enduring Frontier By Morris Markey

WE WENT up the canyon. We drove along a narrow road with the river plunging green and white at our side, a few feet down. The walls that closed in against us to the right and to the left were steep, and they were black with pines. Now and then we rounded a turn, to come upon the face of a mountain that had been shorn of its pines by the wearing stream or by some ancient cataclysm, and there the cliff was purple and red, chrome yellow and copper green. Or, again, the view opened for a moment and we saw a far-off peak floating in the sky, all white with snow that gleamed in the sunshine.

I had come a great many hundreds of miles to reach the canyon. From Denver—where all the gold mines are paid out and everybody is interested in the beet sugar business—through the long rolling plains of Wyoming and across The Great Divide. Into Butte and out again quickly. Because it disconcerted me to live above a honeycomb of copper mines that tunneled the

earth a mile down. Somebody had told me about the canyon, saying that it was the type of a dozen western canyons, and that the people who lived there were worth knowing.

This was in Montana. We had left the railroad a very great many miles behind. We had left the bench lands, where the red cattle were grazing, and it had been a long time since we passed a cabin.

Just as the quick darkness was falling, we reached our destination. It was a place called Borst's—and Borst's was five low buildings in a line on the edge of the river,

a few feet back from the road. Old man Borst had built it a good many years ago, to give lodging to the prospectors and the elk hunters who always find their way up the canyon in the shooting season. The man who was with me had been there before. He said, as we got out of the car, "Here comes Ben." And Ben stepped down from the shallow porch to greet us.

He was not a large man. He was about thirty. He wore a tall black sombrero made out of very heavy felt, and a black leather jacket, and dark corduroy trousers, and heavy leather shoes. He grinned when he spoke to us and his voice was singularly mild and diffident. "Glad to see you," he said. "You bet! You're just in time for supper."

He led us to the low room where we were to sleep, and helped us with our luggage. In the lamplight, his face was plainly visible for the first time, and it was remarkable for the extraordinary clarity of his blue eyes. They were mild and diffident like his voice, but



they seemed capable of seeing things that ordinary eyes would never see at all. He stirred about, getting the fire going and bringing the water for our pitcher, and it was pleasant to watch the strength in the slow, smooth cadence of his movements. When he left us to let the kitchen know there were guests for supper, I asked my companion to tell me who he was.

"Oh, he was born here in the canyon. Worked three or four years down in the Big Hole country breaking horses and riding range. Went off to some camp in the war, and when that was done he went to Boston and studied singing. He sings pretty well. But he was in love with old man Borst's daughter. He came back here and married her, and the old man died, and they inherited this ranch."

ON THE way down to the cook house we stopped at Henry's door, and he made us come in. Henry was about seventy-five, some kin or another of old man Borst's. He told us we could look at the museum. That was an old glass candy case full of musty trinkets, and Henry called particular attention to two tortoise-shell hairpins set with faded brilliants, to a pair of frayed garters made out of pink silk.

"Those items," he said, "was once presented to me by Calamity Jane. She was with me for quite a while before Bill Hickock came along."

At the cook house, Ben introduced us to Elizabeth, his wife. She had ashy blonde hair and a curious shy smile that changed her whole face and touched it with beauty. Her hands were very strong. She was a little flushed from working at the stove with the cook—a talkative woman in a black cotton dress. Elizabeth told us to sit down at the long table, and she began passing dishes to us. We had begun to eat when a tremendous buck of a man came in, very young, with a loud ringing voice. While he was washing his face and hands at the sink, my companion told me who he was.

"That's Jake," he said. "He wrangles the horses. Came here from Danbury, Connecticut, six years ago, and he's still a fancier cowboy than any native of these parts."

Ben laughed and said, "Like a 'cowboy in the stories.' From that time until I left, Ben never glanced in Jake's direction without hiding a secret access of laughter.

Jake sat down and piled the meat heavy on his plate and talked about a horse he had been breaking to the saddle that day.

Another man came in. Everybody said, "Hello, Luke," and Luke nodded to them. He, too, was very young, and he was in almost absurd contrast to Jake. He was silent to the point of dourness, and once he had filled his plate, he bent over it and did not lift his head for a very long time. Elizabeth did not sit down with us. She kept passing the steak and the hot biscuits.



The snowcaps stood to the clouds with inexpressible loneliness

My companion and Ben were talking about an adventure of the previous year. A pack horse, going up the trail to Windy, had been frightened by some animal and bolted. She had jarred her pack loose and an ax had tumbled down, its blade precisely severing an artery in her knee.

"Will you ever forget that?" asked Ben. "She just lay there on the ground with the blood pumping out, and looking at me like she was saying, 'Do something to stop that. Do something to stop that blood.' I never worked so hard in my life over a horse. Took two hours to tie a string around that cut artery. . . ."

Jake said, "Gee, look at Luke."

We looked at him, and he was turned away from his food, leaning over the back of his chair, very white.

"Makes me sick at the stomach," he said. "to hear you talk about that horse. Bleeding like that."

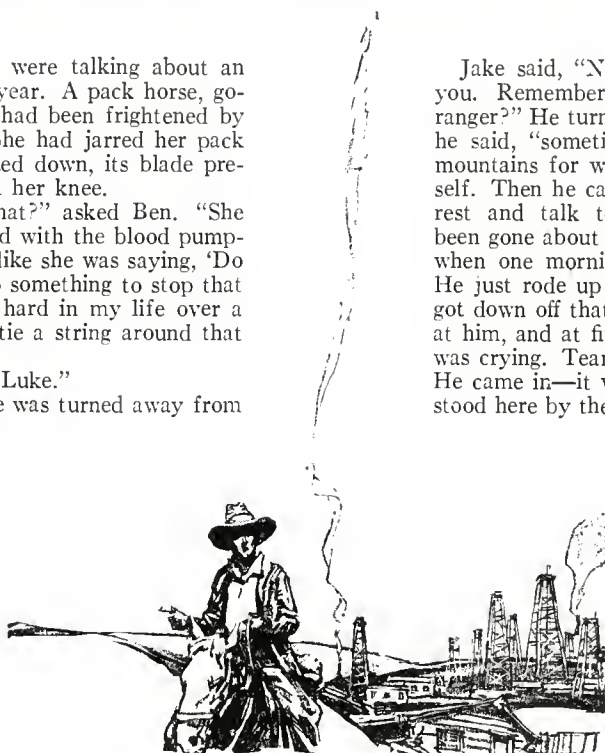
In a little while he said he felt better. He went on with his supper, but long before we were done he got up and walked out.

Jake said, "Now there's a funny boy for you. Remember last year, when he was a ranger?" He turned to me. "A forest ranger," he said, "sometimes has to stay up in the mountains for weeks at a time. All by himself. Then he can come down for a day and rest and talk to people. Well, Luke had been gone about ten days on one of his trips, when one morning I saw him riding down. He just rode up to the cook house here and got down off that gray horse of his. I looked at him, and at first I couldn't believe it. He was crying. Tears running all down his face. He came in—it was snowing a blizzard—and stood here by the stove, and looked at every-

body for ten or fifteen minutes. Then he got back on his horse and rode up the mountain and didn't come back for another two weeks. Never spoke a word."

Jake laughed tremendously.

Ben said, "He showed me his notebook one time. He keeps a notebook when he's up the [Turn to page 123]



LITTLE GIRL LOST

Temple Bailey's enchanting romance of Araminta Williams and two men who loved her—differently

ARAMINTA WILLIAMS had gone far since that mad, moonlit night when—to escape the haunting memory of *Janney Breckenridge*—she had asked *Barney Tyson* to marry her and elope to Washington. From that night on, her life had changed. For as she entered her aunt's drawing-room in Washington, Janney Breckenridge rose from a deep lounging chair, a ghost to confront her. After two years of bleak silence he had returned. "Minta!" he exclaimed. "Back again?" Araminta came forward composedly, and at the touch of his hand she knew that she still loved him, that she could never marry Barney.

During the months following this abrupt meeting, Araminta had found a measure of happiness in work with the *Huse-Browns'* little theater group—and an exalted joy in Jan's letters dispatched from his diplomatic post in Italy. Yet he said nothing of marriage. Marriage, to Jan, was bondage. "In marriage," he had told her, "I should make you unhappy, Minta. But I offer you a friendship that shall touch the stars."

So, now, with the encouragement of Broadway critics ringing in her ears and the certainty of Jan's homecoming a sweet promise, Araminta was ready to offer her farewells to *Nicky* and *Mary*, *Helen*, *Leontine* and *Iris*, her three stepsisters—and Barney. And Araminta found it hard to be casual with Barney. He still loved her, refused to believe that she would never be his. "If only you loved me, Minta," he had said at their last meeting before she left for New York. And she had evaded him with, "Oh, blessed Barney—don't!" That was the day, together, they had visited *Elise Watterson* at Tyson House where Elise, an ex-actress, was convalescing after that dramatic night her house had been razed by fire. It was only through Barney's quick action that she and her small son, *Lad*, had escaped. Now, sublimely unconscious of the rumors which linked her name with Barney's, she stayed on as his guest, chaperoned by *Uncle Thaddeus*.

In New York, the days were a round of excitement for Araminta. She was in great demand. But everything except the theater was forgotten when, one night at New Year's time, she stepped through the stage door to find Jan waiting for her. "Jan!" she cried. "Did I frighten you?" "Oh, darling, darling—" Enchanted days led to New Year's Eve. "Fairest among women!" Jan whispered. "You're mine. I'm going to marry you tomorrow." Then, shattering the substance of Araminta's dreams, he added,

"We won't let the world know." Araminta's heart froze. Later she said to him, "If I were your wife, Jan, I should want the world to know. . . ." Jan, his voice sharp, asked, "You mean you are giving me up?" "No, but love can't be like this," she answered. "No man has a right to ask it." Jan crossed the room. "Some day I may make you understand," he said, and then, catching her fiercely in his arms, was gone.

Part IV

THE men of his district were talking of Barney Tyson for Congress. There was no doubt of his popularity, his honesty and fineness. Back of him was a long line of distinguished statesmen. He could catch the imagination of the people and hold it. He was sufficiently in sympathy with the tried principles of democracy to attract the conservatives, sufficiently forward-marching to swing the young men into line. His youth was in his favor, for the time was ripe for a leadership of inspiration and enthusiasm rather than of domination and dictation. A new generation was demanding idealism.

There were those, however, among the old school of politicians, who stood solidly against young Tyson. These were the men who, for years, had controlled the nomination of candidates, who had helped elect them, and who had used them afterward as tools for the accomplishment of their own ends. They wanted a representative in Congress who would think as they did, do as they directed. They hated Barney and, listening to talk of his fitness for office, asked themselves, "What can we find against him?"

One of these men was Oliver King.

"Of course, he may win—with all his money," he said to Leontine.

"It won't be Barney's money that will elect him."

"His money—and the women."

"Just what do you mean by that?" Leontine demanded.

"Oh, he simply has to lift an eyelash, and they fall for him. You know that. You do it yourself."

She gave him a level glance. They were at the Country Club, after a morning's ride over the frozen fields. "Don't be so hateful, Oliver."

He struck his riding crop against his boot. "If I had his money you wouldn't treat me this way."

"What way?"

"As if I were the dirt under your feet." His cheek took on a deeper red. "And when it comes to that, they say the old man has been taking big losses in the stock market."

"Uncle Tad?"

"Yes. And your Barney's fortunes are pretty well tied up with his uncle's."

Leontine said, in her hoarse yet charming voice, "He isn't—my Barney. . . ."

"You'd like him to be."

She rose. "I'm tired of being insulted, Oliver. Let's go on to Helen's."

"I'm not insulting you. And I don't feel like playing cards."

"Helen expects us for luncheon, and we're late now." [Turn to page 136]



"You don't even know whether my husband is alive—or dead"



One of many excellent reproductions from the book "David Octavius Hill"—a monograph about the first great photographer

WHAT'S GOING ON THIS MONTH

READING & WRITING

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

As A Man Thinketh

IT IS part of the gospel of one school of journalism—the school which consists of the "New York Times" and its obsequious imitators—that all editorial opinion should be sternly quarantined on the editorial page lest it infect the news of the day. The news, they say, must be presented without color or bias. I have heard this arrant nonsense preached, parrot-fashion, by many a paunchy and eminent pedagogue, and if I have never risen in class to question whether it be a good idea, it is because, at best, such teaching is a counsel of perfection. For, of course, the very decision as to what *is* the news is an editorial intervention of the most high-handed sort. When the Great Panjandrum of the office has decided what stories from the day's grist shall go on the front page, and with what relative prominence, he has already exerted an editorial pressure more potent than the most passionate broadside any scribe in our time is capable of penning. I am not disposed here to raise the delicate question whether some angry ructions on a far frontier go on to the front page because they are of world-importance or become of world-importance because they have gone on the front page. I merely want to call your attention to the measureless editorial power which lies not so much in the writing of a publication as in the deciding what shall go into it at all.

These reflections were induced by a most fascinating new book which lies before me on my desk. It is called *Mental Healers*, and it was written by the learned and

gracious Austrian critic, Stefan Zweig, who, as he surveys the world from the Olympian aloofness of his modest study in Salzburg, must be recognized, I suppose, as just about as civilized a citizen of that world as it can boast in our time. His new book (he has written many, including a devastating story called *Amok*, which was first published in this country last fall) is a dispassionate inquiry into the phenomenon of faith healing, and what interested me most was the extraordinary force imparted to the work by his mere decision as to what topics he should take up in the course of that inquiry.

When, with the aid of his son and the younger Huxley, H. G. Wells embarked upon the project of writing the enthralling book called *The Science of Life*, he knew his business well enough to see that a solid preliminary year should be spent just in writing [Turn to page 64]

MUSIC

BY SIGMUND SPAETH

Near Music

IF A musician bites off a novelty, it is news. But if the novelty bites the musician, not to speak of the audience, everything is considered regular. For some dark reason, there is a supposed virtue in the presentation of any music that has not been previously heard, either in a particular community or on a particular series of concerts, or in America as a whole, or, best of all, in the entire world. Such a five-star, extra-special event always receives tremendous [Turn to page 70]

IN THE PULPIT

Capitalizing Our Calamities

BY CLOVIS G. CHAPPELL, D. D.

Reviewed by REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

DR. CHAPPELL is one of the most famous and beloved ministers of the Southern Methodist Church. After pastorates in Washington and Memphis, he is now in the service of the First Church of Houston, Texas, where a vast congregation waits upon his ministry. Fifteen volumes of his sermons and addresses have appeared, beginning with his early studies of *Bible Characters*, both in the Old and New Testaments, down to his latest book of *Sermon From the Psalms*, all of which have been widely read. He is a consummate master of the art of popular preaching; he knows the knack of making the Gospel as fascinating as a romance. In the sermon here reviewed, appropriate to days of stress and distress, he asks and answers the question: Since trouble is so nearly a universal human experience, what are we going to do about it?

"There are three ways of taking our troubles," says Dr. Chappell; "three attitudes we may assume in face of difficulty and calamity. We may surrender to sorrow and sink under it—that is, let our troubles take us captive. In *Great Expectations* Dickens tells of a woman who was to be married. The guests were gathered, the feast prepared, but the bridegroom did not come. Every clock in the house was stopped at twenty minutes to nine, the hour of her great humiliation and sorrow. The blinds were drawn, and she lived [Turn to page 48]



"If I weren't modern, I just might be embarrassed"

Mr. Palmer didn't dance gracefully. But when he learned to put his foot down this is what happened to

SWEET KATE

THE first time young Campbell Palmer had seen her—it had been in the local Hunt—she was flying storm warnings. Vivid color, and slim shoulders quite rigid under expensive tailoring. An instant later and she had become a small fury. A very lovely young fury indeed.

"What's the matter?" he had demanded of someone.

"Richardson's brutal riding."

"Righteous cause. . . Her name is? . . ."

"Penelope Smith."

And young Mr. Palmer, having called to mind his Shakespeare, had grinned, "It should be Katherine," and had decided several pleasant things concerning futurities.

But futurities these days are extempore things, and the Fates facetious.

Several months later, with the air of one accustomed (and quite removed from Hunts, storms, and expensive tailoring), Penelope Smith was slipping into a mirror-lined cubicle of the Alvin Simon Dance Studio—"Private Lessons with the Best Teachers." She snapped off the blaring panatrophe, glanced at her multiple reflection, apparently was satisfied, and turned her attention to a scuffed slipper, her watch, and a lusty yawn.

It was in the midst of the yawn that Miss Hawkins, the brisk second-floor receptionist of Alvin Simon's, appeared.

"Here," she announced, "is your new pupil. He's Mr. Palmer. Mr. Palmer, this is Miss Smith, one of our very best teachers. I'm sure that she'll take good care of you."

And Miss Hawkins vanished, leaving Penelope Smith to complete her yawn gravely and stare at the young man in the doorway.

"Sleepy?" he politely inquired.

"Practically," said Penelope, and looked intensely disinterested in masculine bulk and good looks.

Jazz, supplied by the panatrophe to other cubicles, filtered faintly through the corridor outside.

The young man who had thought her name should be Katherine considered Penelope, the familiar danger signals lurking in her bright color, her slim, set shoulders.

"I," he earnestly stated, "have come to have words, many words with you, Penny."

Penelope arched a delicate eyebrow and murmured, "Have you?" In dangerous calm. "Have you, Campbell Palmer?"

Young Mr. Palmer nodded, paused for a cautious weighing of words. He said finally, "We're neither of us exactly stupid, Penny."

"No?"

"But our quarrel was a terribly stupid thing." Gently he suggested it. But there was no reply for him, Penelope being preoccupied with another enormous yawn.

"You're not being very helpful," Campbell Palmer hinted.

"Should I be?" Penelope blew a wisp of bright hair from her left eye and was scornful.

Young Mr. Palmer squared his shoulders. He said, "Can't you forget that evening?" [Turn to page 126]

By Ann Morse

Why vegetables are especially healthful in this hearty soup!



Every spoonful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup comes up to your lips heavily laden with health-giving vegetables—whole, diced or in purée—15 of them—from the richest garden spots of the whole country. To be accepted by Campbell's, these vegetables must be at their very prime. So they abound in the body-building mineral salts which soup retains at practically full

strength. Vegetables cooked in other ways are apt to lose much of these needed food elements in the cooking water. In Campbell's kitchens the vegetables are cooked in their own essences and juices; all of their goodness is in the soup. Give your family the benefit of Campbell's Vegetable Soup often! Especially the children—they thrive on it!

Upon the foe
I simply swoop
And do the same
With Campbell's Soup!



EAT SOUP
AND KEEP WELL

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS



21 kinds to
choose from...

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo
Clam Chowder
Consomme
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato



“In Spring, his fancy turns to

SHORT-CAKE!”

What is real shortcake? Ask your husband . . . and hear him describe fluffy, golden biscuit dribbling with strawberries. As far as a man's concerned, no fussed-up cake need apply!

Personally, I agree. Shortcake, to me, means flaky biscuit “shortened” by sweet pure Crisco. But I don't wait for the first strawberries. After all, there are other kinds of delicious shortcake!

As soon as the first pink stalks of rhubarb appear, try your hand at Spring Shortcake. Or treat your husband to Peach Shortcake with chopped nuts *inside*!

And let him have all he wants of Crisco shortcake, because it's truly *digestible*!

If you're thinking of your family's good, you'll avoid using greasy, heavy fats. You'll prefer pure, creamy, *digestible* Crisco.



SPRING SHORTCAKE

Use Crisco biscuit recipe (above, right). *Filling:* Wash and cut 4 cups of rhubarb. Mix with $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Let stand 15 minutes. Bring to boil. Cook 3 minutes longer. Cool. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated pineapple. Serve with cream.



*Let Crisco's pure, sweet taste
tell you it's digestible*

Crisco's sweet taste will tell you it's wholesome. Your eyes will tell you that it's pure. Open a sanitary can of Crisco. Doesn't that glorious creamy swirl make you want to dip right in? Isn't Crisco an invitation to make flaky biscuits and velvety cakes and tender-crusts pies?

As warm weather comes on, Crisco won't turn greasy or rancid. It will keep sweet and *digestible*, right on your kitchen shelf! So it's sensible to stock up on the 3-lb. can and have a generous supply of Crisco on hand.

Write for my *free* book “Tested Radio Recipes.” Address Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XM-52, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WINIFRED S. CARTER



STRAWBERRY SURPRISE SHORTCAKE (and a master biscuit recipe for delicious shortcakes)

2 cups flour 4 teaspoons baking powder $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco 1 egg milk or water
Sift dry ingredients. Work in Crisco, the pure digestible shortening. Beat egg in measuring cup, add liquid to fill three-fourths full. Stir in. Pat dough into 2 rounds to fit Criscoed pie-plate. Brush one round with melted Crisco. Put second round on top. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 20 to 25 minutes.

Filling: Wash and hull 3 cups strawberries. Add 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Stand 15 minutes. Save a few perfect berries. Crush the rest. Spread between shortcake layers and over top. Garnish with whole berries. Serve with plain or whipped cream. As a surprise, add cottage cheese or cream cheese to whipped cream. This brings out the strawberry flavor!



PEACH PECAN SHORTCAKE

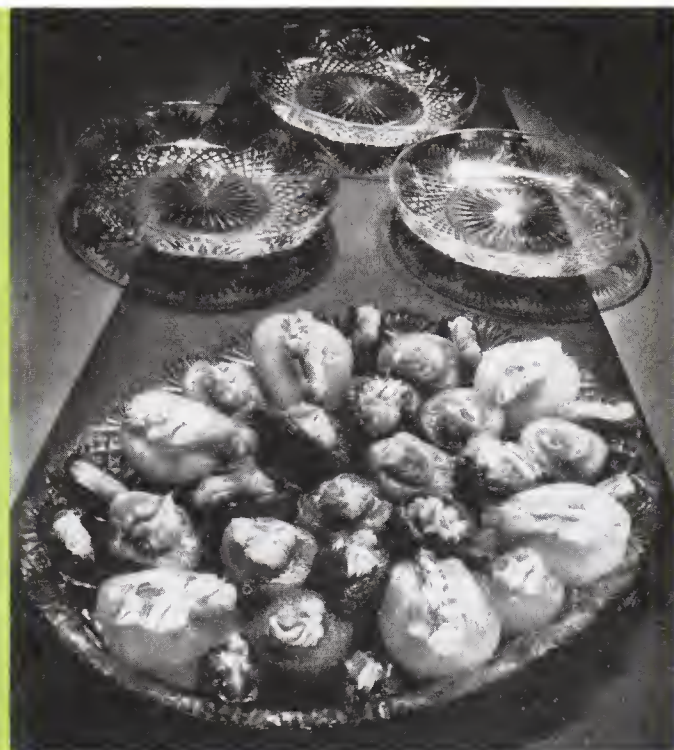
To above Crisco biscuit recipe add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped pecans (or other nuts) before adding liquid.

Filling: To 3 cups sliced canned peaches, add 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Serve with plain or whipped cream.

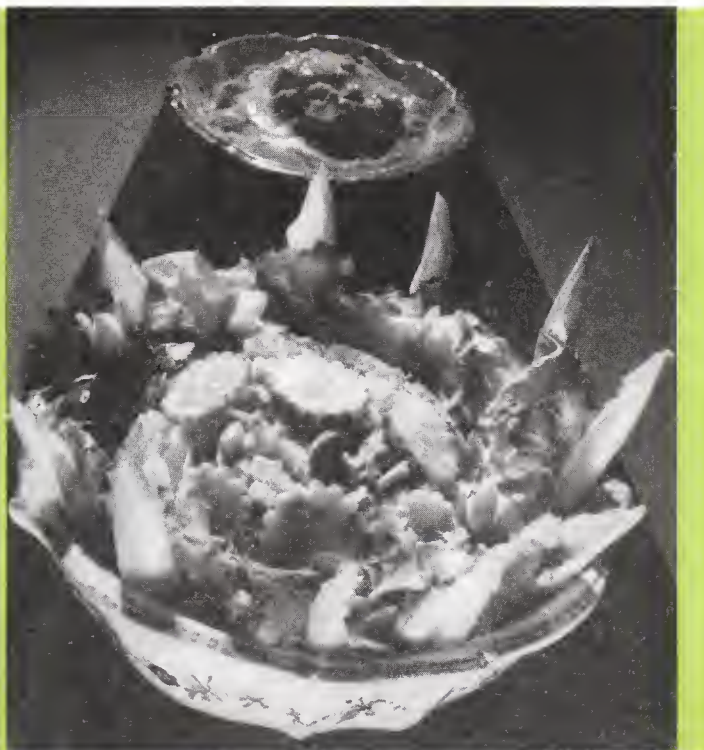
All measurements level—Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

© 1932, P. & G. Co.

Why does Crisco **digest** easily? Its pure, sweet taste will tell you



Fruit Melange is made at leisure for a speedy dinner



You'd never recognize Tuna Epicure as a time-saver

THESE MEALS SAVE TIME

By Sarah Field Splint

Director, McCall's Department of
Foods and Household Management

Dinner Menus

CREAMED CODFISH, BAKED POTATO	
SCALLOPED TOMATOES	
ASPARAGUS, MELTED BUTTER	
ALONZO SALAD*	
DESSERT COOKIES	COFFEE
MINUTE STEAKS	
PARSLEY POTATOES	PEAS
COLE SLAW, BOILED DRESSING	
STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE	
COFFEE	
VEGETABLE SOUP, SMALL PRETZELS	
BROILED HAM WITH PINEAPPLE	
HOMINY	STRING BEANS
FRUIT MELANGE*	CHOCOLATE WAFERS
COFFEE	

Luncheon or Supper Menus

SCRAMBLED EGGS, TARTUFFE*	
BAKING POWDER BISCUITS	
ORANGE MARMALADE	
SPRING SALAD, VINAIGRETTE DRESSING*	
JUNKET WITH NUTMEG	
MILK OR CHOCOLATE	
CASSEROLE, ITALIENNE*	
CELERY	WHOLE WHEAT TOAST
HOT BAKED BANANAS*	COOKIES
MILK	COFFEE
CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP, CROUTONS	
TUNA FISH SALAD, EPICURE*	
HOT ROLLS	
PRINCESS PUDDING*	
TEA OR COFFEE	

Oven Menu

BAKED CURRIED LAMB*
BAKED RICE*
CORN AND GREEN PEPPER SCALLOP*
CABBAGE SALAD, RUSSIAN DRESSING
ORANGE JELLY
COFFEE

it over left-over or packaged cake. Orange and lemon sauce may be used in the same way.

Keep crumbs on hand for scalloped dishes and crumbing.

Stewed fruits are a good dessert, especially if you combine two or three kinds as: prunes and apricots; pears, plums, and peaches; raspberries, pears, and prunes. The French call this a "fruit compote."

Crackers and shortbreads are a great help in getting quick meals (see page 96).

If you use the oven, bake as much of the meal as you can: it is economical and the service from hot baking dishes is attractive.

Scrambled Eggs, Tartuffe

2 cups canned tomatoes	1/4 teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons sugar	4 tablespoons fat
1 teaspoon salt	1 slice onion
6 eggs	

Add sugar to tomatoes and cook slowly for 5 minutes. Add salt and pepper. Heat fat and fry onion until yellow. Remove onion, and pour in tomatoes to which slightly beaten eggs have been added. Stir with fork until light and creamy. Garnish with parsley.

Casserole, Italienne

2 cups cooked spaghetti	1 cup ground left-over meat
1 can tomato soup	
1 can chopped sweet pickles	1 tablespoon chopped onion, or 1 teaspoon onion juice
1 cup grated cheese	

Combine soup, pickle, meat, onion and 1/2 cup grated cheese. Mix with spaghetti and put in greased casserole. Cover top with remaining cheese. Put in a moderate oven (350° F.) until contents are thoroughly heated. (The sauce may be made in the morning and put in the refrigerator until ready to use.)

Tuna Fish Salad, Epicure

2 3/4 cups tuna fish	1/4 cup chopped stuffed olives
2 cups celery, cut in small pieces	2 tablespoons capers
Juice 1 lemon	

Break fish in small pieces. Pour lemon juice over it and mix. Add celery, olives, and capers and moisten with mayonnaise. Serve in salad bowl on crisp lettuce and garnish with slices of cucumber (or tomato), hard cooked egg in quarters, and sliced stuffed olives. Long leaves of French endive may also be used for a garnish. [Turn to page 130]

MEAL preparation can be speeded up in one of three ways. The easiest way is to select for the main dish a prepared food that merely needs a thorough heating before it comes to the table. Corned beef hash, baked beans, frankfurters, and chicken à la king are only a few of the excellent cooked foods that can now be bought in cans or jars.

The second method is to use a food that requires a short cooking period. Steaks; chops; fried, broiled, and scalloped fish; meat balls; creamed chipped beef on toast; liver and bacon; and broiled ham have been the refuge of all of us when time has pressed.

The third plan is a plan. The cooking—or most of it—is done in advance. For instance, while you do your morning's work you cook a lamb stew; before the evening meal you merely reheat it. Or you partially bake a meat loaf or a casserole dish which gets its final cooking in the last half hour before dinner. Besides getting this early start on the main dish, you prepare salad ingredients, peel vegetables, and make the dessert. In short you depend on a time-saving plan, instead of a time-saving food, to work the magic.

We used to think that quick meals were expensive meals. They still are if we insist on steaks and chops. But in these thrifty times there is no need to use delicacies (except as a special treat) when so many delightful common foods can be bought. Some day sit down with a paper and pencil and make a list of all the time-saving foods you know. I venture to prophesy that it will be a long one.

Perhaps the following suggestions will help you, as they have me, to eliminate some unnecessary hours in the kitchen:

Keep a list on hand of the quick desserts and main dishes liked by your family. It saves needless thinking when you are in a hurry.

Don't attempt too many courses or too many foods—serve a few well-chosen foods, but plenty of them.

Keep your pantry well stocked with staple groceries, and with canned and packaged goods.

Arrange your equipment and supplies so that they will be convenient for use.

Stews, scalloped potatoes, meat loaves and similar dishes can be partially cooked in advance.

The dry ingredients for biscuits or muffins can be measured, sifted, and put in the refrigerator ready for the liquid to be added. Prepared biscuits, ready to bake, can now be bought in cans.

Keep on hand fresh fruit, lettuce, cabbage, tomatoes, and salad dressings.

Make enough boiled custard for two meals. Use it for Floating Island the first day; the next day pour

Mackenzie—who has lived with her for years, is the typical downtrodden lady companion."

"Yet Aunt Harriet—I don't know her other name—" "Mrs. Brook," interpolated Toni.

"Mrs. Brook, then—she allows *you* plenty of freedom, apparently."

"She just doesn't bother at all about me. I don't think she'd care if I broke my neck tomorrow."

There was a note of bitterness in her voice, and Strode, hearing it, adroitly turned the conversation.

"What do you say to climbing to the top of that?" He pointed to the huge, boulder-crowned tor. "It would give us an appetite for our tea."

As they approached the summit, the ascent grew more and more difficult. The rough grass and moss receded, leaving exposed immense bare rocks that looked as though some giant had piled them one against the other. Jagged and very slippery, they were often hard to negotiate, and Toni, herself a good climber, noticed with inward approval the ease and sure-footedness with which her companion surmounted the difficulties of the way.

Perhaps in watching him she became less careful of her own footing, for suddenly she found herself on a rock that was precariously balanced. It lurched violently beneath her tread. For a second she strove in vain to regain her balance. Then, as she reeled backward, a hand shot out and gripped her arm. The next moment Ryan Strode had sprung behind her, released the grip of his hand, and folded both his arms around her.

With a gasp of relief she leaned against him, aware of a feeling of complete security. So complete that when she heard his deep voice, warm and reassuring, say, "You're quite safe," she answered simply: "Yes, I know I am."

Then she made an instinctive movement, as though to escape, and he released her immediately.

"I'll admit you gave me a scare when you stumbled," he said. "But I expect it gave you a bigger one. Let's finish the climb to the top, shall we? Better let me have your hand, though, just to be on the safe side."

THE wind blew keen and fresh on the top of the tor, and Strode and Toni stood in silence for a few minutes, breathing in great draughts of the invigorating air.

"Isn't it marvelous?" she said at last, turning to him with an inward certainty that he was appreciating it all as much as she herself. "I love the 'away from everybody' feeling one gets on the moor."

They loitered, talking desultorily for a few more minutes, and then Strode suggested that it was time they returned to the farm for tea. A glowing peat fire welcomed them, scenting the farmhouse kitchen with its pleasant tang, and the table fairly groaned beneath the spread of good country fare that Mrs. Honeycott had provided for them.

"Is Dartmoor air supposed to generate an appetite that can cope with all this English food?" asked Strode.

Toni laughed and proceeded to pour out tea.

"Are you altogether English?" she asked impulsively. Then she flushed with embarrassment. "Oh, I'm sorry—I oughtn't to have asked that!"

"Why shouldn't you?" he returned simply. "It's a natural enough question. I'm English, but I was educated on the Continent, and I've spent a lot of time in the East. I suppose that's colored my outlook a bit. After all, one can't get away from one's environment."

"No. Don't I wish one could!" she replied, with rueful fervor.

"Is there so much you don't like in yours, then?"

"Everything," she answered expansively.

"Great-aunt Harriet?" he suggested, with a glint of amusement in his eyes.

She nodded. "Great-aunt Harriet in particular. You see, I have a father—a perfect dear, more like a brother than anything else. And just because he's young—young as fathers go, of course, I mean—and gay and not well-off, Aunt Harriet won't let me live with him."

"But how can she prevent you?" asked Strode, in some astonishment.

"You can prevent most things, if you've got money enough," she responded, with a cynicism beyond her years. "Dad—that's my father—couldn't afford to educate me properly, so Aunt Harriet made some arrangement with him that she'd look after me altogether, provided he gave up all rights in me, so to speak, and only came to see me with her permission."

"And do you mean to say that your father agreed to that?"

"He'd no choice, poor dear," replied Toni, with eager loyalty. "He hadn't a bean to bless himself with, so he had to give in to her over everything. Actually, he did it for my sake—to let me have what people call 'advantages,' you know."

DESERT SANDS

[Continued from page 9]

Strode looked unconvinced, but he offered no comment. He hadn't the heart to pour cold water over that warm-hearted defense she had put up.

"The only advantage I can see," she continued, "is that Great-aunt lets me do pretty much what I like because she's not the least bit fond of me and simply doesn't concern herself about what I do, while Mackie lets me have my own way just because she is fond of me."

"Very bad for you in either case," observed Strode. "Well, I don't do anything very reprehensible," she returned, smiling. "I spend most of my time up here on the moor. I love big spaces, don't you?"

"Yes," he answered gravely. "They give you a sense of absolute freedom—of freedom to do, and be, what you really want."

His tone gave her the impression that the utterance



SHADOWS

ON AN X-RAY PLATE

are for your personal perusal, but the story of modern medicine and its use of the X-ray is for your general enjoyment.

Medicine Marches Forward

By ALVA JOHNSTON

IN THE JUNE McCALL'S

sprang from some profound individual sense of revolt. "But you—you *are* free to do as you want, surely?" she exclaimed.

His eyes met hers broodingly.

"Are any of us free to do and be what we want?" he rejoined. "I certainly am not."

She was suddenly conscious that the man's whole being was bitterly resentful of something in his life.

"I'm so sorry," she said, with sudden gentleness. "Perhaps some day you'll get all you want—One never knows what the future will bring."

"You're only eighteen," he replied, "so the future lies well ahead of you. I'm twelve years older. And a lot can happen in twelve years—enough, sometimes, to indicate quite clearly the limits of one's freedom for the rest of life."

THE bitterness in his tones found an echo in her own heart. A faint one, though, because the youth in her refused to accept any such stoic philosophy.

"I should hate to believe that," she said. "There must always come some way out eventually—some change. Life can't always go on being at the same dead level, surely. Do you think it can?"

"I don't think it will—for you," he answered, as his glance swept her charming, vital young face. "Let's both wish—since you want it so much—that a change will come soon."

"We'll each wish it for the other," she returned gayly. "A change for the better!"

When she had mounted her horse to ride home, Strode appeared all at once absorbed in his own thoughts, since he made no attempt to bid her farewell, and the awkward, inexplicable silence grew and deepened until Toni suddenly found it unbearable.

"Well, goodbye till our next meeting," she said at last.

Strode came out of his reverie with a faint, decisive shake of the head. It was as though he had answered in the negative some question he had been inwardly debating.

"Goodbye," he said, taking her hand. "I don't suppose it's likely we shall meet again, but I shall still go on wishing you the 'change for the better.'"

"Not meet again! Oh, but I do hope we shall!" Toni exclaimed impulsively.

"It's nice of you to say that," he replied. "But possibly, if you knew more about me, you wouldn't express that hope."

"But—but—I don't understand," she stammered.

When he spoke again, his voice was hard and composed, as though he were deliberately repressing any personal feeling. "Of course, you don't understand. There's a whole world between us. Believe me, it's much better—better for you—that we shouldn't meet again."

"And for you?" she asked, with sudden temerity.

"For me?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I don't count either way. After all, I've had today. That's something."

He was still holding her hand. As he finished speaking he bent his head, and for an instant she felt his lips pressed against her palm. Then he led her horse forward a few steps, and stood back as the chestnut, instinctively understanding that this was a signal to start, headed for home.

IT WAS dusk by the time Toni rode into the village of Pyne Cross and pulled up at the gateway of Coombe House—the house where she had lived as long as she could remember. She dismounted and turned her horse over to the care of Westaway, the old groom. She thought he looked at her rather oddly, as though there were something he wanted to say, but as he volunteered no information she wished him a casual good night, and made her way toward the house.

The door swung open almost immediately she reached it. It was as if someone had been waiting for her coming. The dim lamplight of the hall revealed a little gray-haired, gray-frocked woman just within the threshold.

"Why, Mackie—" began Toni, in her gay young voice. Then, catching sight of the anxious expression on the faded, once-pretty face that was turned toward her, she asked quickly: "What's the matter?"

"Oh, Toni—oh, my dear—" Mrs. Mackenzie drew her into the house. "I'm so glad you've come. Your Aunt Harriet has suddenly been taken seriously ill."

For a moment Toni found it difficult to connect the very idea of serious illness with her great-aunt, that alert, wiry old lady who dealt with her servants—and with poor Mackie—like a martinet.

"Yes, Dr. Lancing's been here once today," Mackie went on, "and he's coming again this evening. He speaks very gravely about your aunt's condition. He even seems to think she may not—may not recover."

Death and Great-aunt Harriet! Surely even Death would never dare to lay his hand on that imperious old autocrat! No wonder Mackie seemed dazed and bewildered!

A week later Great-aunt Harriet was dead. There had been a few terrible days when she had lain speechless, powerless to move either hand or foot. Toni had gone into the sick room once and had come out sobbing. Mackie had never let her enter it again. But afterward, when unconsciousness had merged imperceptibly into death, Mackie had said quietly, "She looks so peaceful now—almost happy."

"What made her so bitter?" asked Toni.

Mackie hesitated, then said:

"I don't see why you shouldn't be told the whole story—now that she's gone. It would make you understand many things much better."

"Would it make me understand why she never liked me?" demanded Toni bluntly. "And why she hated my father?"

"I think I'd better tell you all about it," said Mackie. "You see, Nannette—your mother—meant as much to Harriet as a child of her own. She and Nannette's mother—your grandmother, of course—were twins, devoted to each other in a very special sort of way as twins often are. In fact, until they married they were never separated. Then they married on the same day, and your grandmother and her husband went out to Japan to live—he had business interests there. What happened next was a tragedy. As you know, they were both killed in an earthquake, and Harriet went nearly out of her mind with grief. The only thing that saved her reason was the fact that their child, Nannette, was rescued and sent back to England. [Turn to page 28]

"Ethics be hanged!

women are entitled to these vital beauty facts"



SYNOPSIS OF THE NATION-WIDE HALF-FACE TEST

WHO TOOK PART... 612 women, aged 17 to 55, from all walks of life — society women, housewives, clerks, factory workers, actresses, nurses.

THE TEST... For 30 days, under scientific supervision, each woman cleansed one-half her face by her accustomed method, and washed the other side with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

WHERE... New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Boston, Baltimore, Houston, Denver, Jacksonville, Hollywood, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Portland (Oregon) and Toronto, Canada.

SUPERVISED BY 15 eminent dermatologists and their staffs. Reports checked and certified by one of the country's leading dermatological authorities.*

RESULTS... Woodbury's was more effective than other beauty methods in 106 cases of pimples; 83 cases of large

pores; 103 cases of blackheads; 81 cases of dry skin; 115 cases of oily skin; 66 cases of dull "uninteresting" skin.

*In accordance with professional ethics, the names of these physicians cannot be advertised. They are on file with the Editor of this magazine and are available to any one genuinely interested.



**NOT JUST A SOAP... A SCIENTIFIC
BEAUTY TREATMENT IN CAKE FORM**

The room was tense with excitement when Dr.* rose to answer his medical colleagues.

As one of the best known dermatologists in America ... his words were awaited with keen suspense.

"You tell me that it would be unethical to publish this report," he began. "But I say to you that no ethical question is involved!"

"We have conducted an impartial clinical test of the preparations that women use on their faces to improve their complexions. The case records conclusively point a way by which a woman can have a better, healthier skin. Is there any justifiable reason why women should not have the advantage of our findings?"

So it was decided to release the facts ... but to withhold the names of the physicians, in deference to professional custom.

For 30 days, 15 of the nation's most distinguished dermatologists conducted a comparative test of leading soaps, creams and lotions, on the faces of 612 women. At the beginning and end of the test, photomicrographs were taken of each skin, and a record written of its condition.

That Woodbury's Facial Soap won these tests ... over other soaps, over famous creams and lotions, over expensive beauty methods ... will come as no surprise to the millions of Woodbury users.

But for you, if you have not tried Woodbury's ... here is evidence that it is more than a soap. Here is scientific proof that Woodbury's Facial Soap makes the skin clear, fine, smooth, colorful, as no other cleansing treatment does. That it is the finest of all daily skin cleansers ... for both the normal and the supersensitive skin.

Read the complete details of the nation-wide Half-Face Test in the columns at the left. Then decide whether in fairness to your complexion, you can afford to delay your test of this scientifically *proven* way to skin loveliness.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters, at 25¢ a cake. Its regular use on your skin costs less than a penny a day.

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For generous sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp.

Normal Scalp ☐ Dry Scalp ☐ Oily Scalp ☐

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Tune in on Woodbury's every Friday, 9:30 P. M., Eastern Standard Time. Leon Belasco and his orchestra. WABC and Columbia Network.

Your great-aunt adopted her and loved her with something of the same overwhelming, possessive kind of love that she had had for her twin sister. That was the trouble." Mackie's eyes grew dreamy. "Love shouldn't be too possessive, you know."

Toni gave her a puzzled look. "I don't think I quite understand."

Mackie smiled. "Don't you? I expect you will some day, my dear. As far as poor Harriet was concerned, she worshiped Nannette to such an extent that she was jealous of everyone who came near her. And when your father came along and fell in love with her, your great-aunt wouldn't hear of an engagement between them. There were certainly some practical reasons against it. Your father was an impecunious young artist and rather too—too gay."

"A bit of a lad, in fact," put in Toni, with satisfaction.

"Yes, I suppose that's how you'd put it nowadays," Mackie admitted. "But I think Mrs. Brook's real opposition was due to the fact that she couldn't endure the idea of sharing Nannette with anyone else. And then your mother eloped."

"How sporting of her!" exclaimed Toni.

Mackie looked a trifle disapproving. "It was a very great blow to your great-aunt," she said. "She never forgave your father, and that was why, after your mother's death, when it was found he couldn't afford to educate you properly, she made it a condition that if she undertook to look after you, he should only come to see you very occasionally."

As she spoke, the memory of a rather dreadful interview between Mrs. Brook and Toni's father painted itself afresh before her eyes. She could remember it so well—the usually gay and laughing young man become suddenly haggard and heart-broken with the knowledge that in giving him a daughter his wife had so drained her slight reserves of strength that in less than a year she herself had slipped quietly out of life. Mackie could still see him standing in the solid Victorian sitting room at Coombe House, his face a mask, while Harriet Brook laid down the terms on which she would bring up her niece's child.

There was to be no interference . . . the child must be as her own . . . he must give her up entirely. Yes, he might see her occasionally, but the less the better. And Donald Forrest, with hardly any money except what he earned precariously by his painting, had been forced to acquiesce.

"And because she hated my father," commented Toni ruthlessly, "she was never nice to me—or kind. If it hadn't been for you—"

Mrs. Mackenzie recalled once, years ago, attempting to talk to Harriet Brook about her niece.

"Don't you think the child ought to have more discipline, Harriet?" she had ventured.

And Mrs. Brook had answered: "Let her go her own way. It's a thankless task bringing up anyone else's child. I gave love and thought and discipline enough to Toni's mother—and in the end she took her own way and broke up my life. Married a waster and left me alone. His child can break her own life if she wishes. I'll give her food and shelter—but I'll not raise a finger to prevent her making a fool of herself."

Mackie had come to believe that the old woman's attitude was a combination of fear—a deep-rooted fear of being so hurt again that she wouldn't allow herself to take any interest in her great-niece—and of desire for revenge against the man who had robbed her of Nannette.

Yet she could, Mackie reflected, have settled money on Toni for her maintenance and education, and let Donald Forrest have his child. But she had wanted to make him suffer in return for the suffering he had caused her.

A FRESH facet of the old woman's scheme of revenge was revealed when her will was read. Evidently she had meant it when she had declared that she would never raise a finger to prevent Toni's "making a fool of herself" for now, by the terms of the will, she had deliberately thrust the girl into a position where it would be easy for her to accomplish the process.

Even Crosfield, the old lawyer whose long experience must have accustomed him to the queer turns and twistings of the human mind, seemed almost ashamed of the conditions of the will as he read it aloud to Mackie and Toni—the sole beneficiaries.

"The whole of the late Mrs. Brook's estate, including Coombe House, and exclusive only of the capital sum set aside to produce Mrs. Mackenzie's annuity, comes to you," he told Toni. "Roughly speaking, your inheritance should bring you in about four thousand pounds a year."

"But surely," said Mackie, looking rather frightened, "surely the money is only left to her in trust? There

DESERT SANDS

[Continued from page 26]

must be a guardian or trustees appointed? Remember, Toni is only eighteen and quite unused to the handling of money."

"No, Mrs. Mackenzie, I'm sorry to say there is not. I may say, if Miss Forrest will forgive me, that I myself put the matter before Mrs. Brook and advised her to appoint someone in the position of guardian until her great-niece attained the age of twenty-five. But my late client was definitely opposed to this. In fact," he continued, with some embarrassment, "in order that there should be no possibility of misunderstanding, Mrs. Brook insisted upon the following special direction, couched in her own words, being inserted in the will: 'Nor do I appoint either guardian or trustees to control in any way the expenditure of my said great-niece as regards either capital or interest. She can do what she likes with her own life, and, if she chooses, she can make ducks and drakes of the money I am leaving her, and take the consequences.'"

Toni had flushed scarlet. Intuitively she divined what



lay behind the unusual terms of her great-aunt's will. "Apparently she thought that I'd mess up my life completely if I had so much money," she said dryly. "Well, I shan't. I don't intend to do anything of the sort," she asserted.

Crosfield gave her a quick glance of appreciation.

"Well said, young lady," he rejoined. "Mind you stick to that."

TONI felt suddenly shy and self-conscious after her brief outburst.

"I'll try to, anyway," she said, in a more subdued tone. "It will be very queer, at first, to have so much money of my own." She hesitated a moment and then broke out joyfully. "But at least Dod and I will be able to live together now. He's my father, you know."

The lawyer nodded. "You should get in touch with him as quickly as possible. You know where he is, I suppose?"

"No, we don't," answered Mackie. "You see, he—we—there was no regular correspondence." She flushed rather uncomfortably.

"Great-aunt Harriet only allowed him to write to me once a year—at Christmas. That's what Mackie's trying to tell you," explained Toni matter-of-factly. "But I happen to know that Dod's in Brittany just now. I had a letter from him last month—he sometimes writes me in care of Sam Honeycott, who lives up on Dartmoor—and he told me he couldn't give me a definite address just then, because he would be moving about."

"Oh, Toni!" exclaimed Mackie. "How could you carry on a clandestine correspondence like that—against your great-aunt's expressed wishes?"

"Because she had no right to express such wishes," Toni returned frankly. "You don't suppose I was going to let her spoil my life more than I could help, do you?"

Mackie gazed despairingly at Crosfield, but found no consolation there.

"I'm afraid I agree with Miss Forrest," he said. "Mrs. Brook exceeded her moral rights in the matter."

Mackie's face brightened. Inwardly she was only too anxious to be convinced. For the first time in years she was beginning to look at things from some other point of view than that of the late Mrs. Brook—and without feeling that in doing so she was committing the sin of disloyalty, either. "It was very daring of you Toni," she added, in a tone that was half-awed and half-admiring.

When Crosfield had gone, Toni tried to accustom herself to the fact that henceforth she was a free agent, that she had plenty of money of her own. She strolled into the garden, her thoughts busy with the sudden change in her fortunes, until, all at once, the whir of an airplane, swooping low, attracted her attention. It had climbed again almost as she glanced in the direction of the sound, and, dwindling swiftly to an insignificant

black speck, soon disappeared. But its passing evoked memories of that day she had spent on Dartmoor with Ryan Strode.

For a brief space she and this man had been thrown together, had shared the wild loveliness of Dartmoor, and afterward the cosy homeliness of that farmhouse tea, exchanging their thoughts with a curious ease of understanding. And then, at the end, he had told her with a certain definite significance that it wasn't likely they would meet again. . . . Not meet again—while the touch of his lips still seemed to linger against the palm of her hand.

By this time she was strolling up and down the rose pergola, with a green canopy of leaves screening from sight the blue sky, flecked once more with the small plane that had wheeled back again on its tracks and was now almost overhead. Engrossed in her thoughts, she had not even noticed its approach. Then, without any warning, came a terrific crash, followed by the clattering of falling brick and slate.

Toni raced in the direction of the gardener's cottage, whence the noise seemed to have come. For an instant she paused, catching her breath when she saw what had happened. The plane had fallen on the cottage, crashing partly through, and now lay wedged across the roof.

The gardener's wife, her arms clasping a basketful of clean laundry that she had just been to fetch from the line where it had hung, was standing staring open-mouthed at the wreckage of her home.

Toni glanced up at the wrecked plane and saw that it was empty. The flyer himself must have been flung out by the violence of the impact as it hit the roof. A swift glance round showed her a man's body lying a short distance away. Feeling rather faint she went quickly toward it, and then a sharp cry broke from her. Running forward, she dropped on her knees beside the body. A shudder ran through her slight young frame as she recognized the lean dark face of the flyer.

"Ryan . . . Ryan Strode!" she gasped.

Within a few minutes a distracted Mackie and the Coombe House servants were grouped about the unconscious figure.

"Is he dead, do you think?" asked Mackie pitifully.

Toni shook her head. "No. He's breathing." Then turning to the servants, she said, "Lift him carefully and take him into the house."

Slowly and steadily Strode was carried to the house, upstairs to "the best bedroom," and gently deposited on the immaculate bed.

"We must have a doctor at once," said Toni.

"I'll telephone Dr. Lancing to come at once," Mackie offered.

She was half-way across the room when Toni checked her imperatively.

"No, not Dr. Lancing—that silly old man. Ring up Jim Escott. He's young and up-to-date."

So in response to an urgent telephone message Jim Escott, a tall loose-limbed young man with a clever face and surgeon's hands, arrived and made a thorough examination of the still unconscious Strode.

"No serious damage done," he announced. "Nothing worse than concussion, body bruises, and a sprained ankle. Is he a friend of the family, by the way?"

Toni shook her head.

"No," she answered, with perfect truth.

"Then I suppose you'll want him sent to the hospital. I'd better make arrangements—"

"No," said Toni once more. "We can look after him quite well here, if you'll come and see him as often as necessary."

"Well, he'll be a lot more comfortable here. But are you sure it'll be all right?"

"All right?"

He regarded her frankly, his clever, rather ugly face wearing a faint, humorous grin.

"Village gossip, and so on," he replied laconically.

"Pyne Cross always gossips," answered Toni, with indifference. "So you can forget that."

"Good." Then, giving Toni a few directions as to what to do should Strode regain consciousness during his absence, the doctor took his departure, promising to wire for a nurse and to look in again during the evening.

AM I going to be allowed to get up today?" demanded Strode. "I shall punch the head of that precious medico of yours, if he doesn't let me."

It was several days later. He had regained consciousness the day after the accident, and Toni had answered his first bewildered questions with a simplicity that had quickly tranquillized him.

"Your plane crashed into our gardener's cottage," she had told him.

"What's happened to the Moth?" he had inquired anxiously.

[Turn to page 32]

Your Skin needs only 4 things to be lovely



CLEANSING • LUBRICATING • STIMULATING • PROTECTING

You can make your skin more lovely by the same simple, inexpensive care famous society women use . . .

"WHAT NEEDLESS EXTRAVAGANCE to clutter one's dressing table with complicated beauty preparations! Pond's simple, wholesome Method will keep one's skin fresh and clear in much less time, at much less cost."

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THE VERY TEXTURE of Pond's Cold Cream tells you why it is the favorite cleansing cream—it is so rich in smooth cleansing oils that penetrate to the depths of the tiny pores and float



Mrs. Morgan Belmont

out dust and grime . . . To remove the cream and all the dirt, Pond's have made their *softer*, more absorbent Cleansing Tissues . . . Together, Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Cleansing Tissues give your skin the first necessity for loveliness—utter cleanliness.

FOR LUBRICATING, again Pond's Cold Cream! Its rich oils keep your skin supple and elastic . . . Stimulating is the job of Pond's Skin Freshener. It tightens pores and tones the skin by quickening circulation . . . Protecting is the business of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt says it is "essential."

Follow the four steps of the Pond's Method to keep your complexion always radiantly fresh and clear:

1. Generously apply Pond's Cold Cream several times during the day and always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes and wait to let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the clogged dirt to the surface. Remove with Pond's Cleansing Tissues,



Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

softer, more absorbent . . . half again as many Tissues in the big new 25¢ box.

2. Pat briskly with the stimulating Skin Freshener to tone and firm, close and refine the pores and keep contours fresh and young.

3. Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream always before you powder, to protect your skin and make the powder go on evenly and last longer. It disguises little blemishes and gives a lovely velvety finish. Use this exquisite Vanishing Cream wherever you powder—arms, shoulders, neck . . . and to keep your hands soft and white.

4. At bedtime, always repeat the Cold Cream and Tissues cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of grime. Then, when the skin is immaculate, smooth on a little fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate the skin and leave it on overnight.

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Be a REAL Driver



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PREPARE FOR YOUR SUMMER DRIVING

Check yourself on the following ten points of good motoring. Enjoy your driving this summer and make it free from accidents to your family and others.

	Perfect Score	Your Score
1. Do you keep your mind on your driving?	10	—
2. Do you keep in line of traffic?	10	—
3. Do you watch the movements of other cars and try to anticipate what they will do?	10	—
4. Do you watch for pedestrians, particularly children?	10	—
5. Do you slow down at schools, crossings and dangerous intersections?	10	—
6. Do you signal to the car behind when you intend to change your course?	10	—
7. Do you know the feeling of having your car under control?	10	—
8. Do you keep in line when nearing top of hill or a sharp turn?	10	—
9. Do you comply with traffic regulations, signals and signs?	10	—
10. Do you have your car, brakes especially, inspected regularly?	10	—
	100	

THE inexperienced and unskilful driver risks his life and endangers pedestrians and other motorists every time he ventures on the road.

Things happen so quickly in a car. At thirty miles an hour you travel forty-four feet in one second; four feet—often the margin between collision and safety—in one-eleventh of a second. Learn to figure distances and allow yourself ample road-room.

Could you forgive yourself if a moment's inattention resulted in a crash which you might have avoided?

Last year 33,000 people were killed and 1,000,000 injured in automobile accidents.

Relatively few of these accidents were the result of mechanical defects in the machines. The majority

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A real driver does more than start, stop and guide his car. He controls its every action. He is at all times alert and anticipates possible blunders of pedestrians and drivers he meets or passes.

With 26,000,000 registered motor vehicles in the United States, all too many of which are driven by unfit or unskilful drivers, the need for real drivers is greater than ever before.

Learn the fine points of skilful driving. Not only are experts rarely injured, but they seldom suffer from nervous fatigue after a long, hard drive. Most of them enjoy their mastery over a powerful machine, perfectly obedient to intelligent direction.



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Lena Towseley

HE GOT WHAT HE WANTED

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D.

GIVE a baby the right food and you've gone a long way toward giving him good health and a sunny disposition. The ideal food, of course, is mother's milk which is planned by Nature to furnish all of the necessary elements in the proper proportions. When this is denied the infant, we must substitute a food which resembles mother's milk as nearly as possible.

For this purpose cow's milk is the first choice; but cow's milk was fashioned for the rapid-growing calf and it must be modified before it can be easily digested by infants. The thousands of healthy bottle-fed babies are proof that this can be done successfully.

Cow's milk for infant feeding should always be cooked. In the following formulas cook the milk, flour, and water together in a double boiler for 30 minutes. When cooked, add boiled water to make up the amount lost in evaporation. The milk sugar is added while the mixture is still hot. Whole wheat flour may be used instead of barley flour when there is a tendency to constipation. I call for milk sugar; but cane sugar, the dextri-maltose sugars or corn syrup may be used.

In all cases where I am not sure of a safe milk supply, I use unsweetened evaporated milk. This is an absolutely sterile product. Evaporated milk is also very useful for starting newborn babies and for difficult feeding cases as it is much easier to digest

than ordinary cow's milk. In the formulas which follow, bottled milk is used. If you use evaporated milk, dilute it with an equal quantity of water.

Third to Twenty-first Day

Milk 6 ounces
Barley flour.....1 tablespoon
Water 15 ounces
Milk sugar.....2 tablespoons

Seven feedings in 24 hours. 2 to 3 ounces at three-hour intervals during the day, four-hour intervals at night.

Third to Sixth Week

Milk 10-12 ounces
Barley flour.....2 tablespoons
Water 18 to 22 ounces
Milk sugar.....3 tablespoons

Six feedings in 24 hours. 4 to 5 ounces at four-hour intervals.

Sixth Week to Third Month

Milk 14-16 ounces
Barley flour.....2 tablespoons
Water 20 to 22 ounces
Milk sugar.....4 tablespoons

Six feedings in 24 hours. 5 to 6 ounces at four-hour intervals.

Third to Fifth Month

Milk 18 ounces
Barley flour.....2 tablespoons
Water 17 ounces
Milk sugar.....4 tablespoons

Five feedings in 24 hours. 6 to 7 ounces at four-hour intervals.

[Continued on page 130]

WHAT YOU CAN BUY THESE DAYS with that \$3 this tooth paste saves you!

On the basis of the use of a tube per month, Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ saves approximately \$3 a year over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Below are a few suggestions as to how to spend the money you save.

THE HOUSE
 Chamber or wooden chair
 Window shades or screens
 Curtains, napkins, or towels
 Table cloth, bedspread, or sheets
 Couch cover or cotton blankets
 Carpet sweeper or radio tubes
 Medicine cabinet or good skillet
 Electric fan, iron, or toaster

FOODS
 7 lbs. steak, 8 lbs. bacon, 10 lbs. ham, 8 lbs. lamb chops, 2 chickens, a large roast, 12 jelly rolls, coffee rings, cheese cakes or angel cakes, 6 qts. olive oil, 20 quarts milk, 180 oranges, 20 lbs. lard, 150 lbs. potatoes, 147 lbs. flour, 40 lbs. prunes, 60 lbs. sugar, 36 packages rice, 15 lbs. coffee, 3 lbs. tea, 30 loaves bread, 6 doz. eggs, 5 lbs. butter, 6 lbs. cheese, 30 cans soups or beans, 30 large cans evaporated milk, 30 cans tomato juice, 15 large cans peaches, 12 large cans (pears or pineapple or fruit for salad), 20 large cans spinach, 30 cans spaghetti, 20 cans cocoa, 10 jars marmalade, 20 packages pancake flour, 20 packages rice flakes, 24 packages oats, several lbs. of candy, 15 qts. ginger ale or other beverage

VARIOUS NEEDS
 Umbrella, suitcase, or traveling bag
 A good book
 Brief case or desk set
 Fountain pen, or thermos bottle
 Hot water bottle
 Clothes brush, hair brush, and nail brush (all 3)
 6 Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes
 Jack-knife or pen-knife
 A Kodak or camera films
 Handbag or costume jewelry
 Cold Cream
 Face Powder

FOR CHILDREN
 A baseball bat and glove
 A doll or doll carriage
 A tricycle or scooter
 Bicycle tires or toy soldiers
 An inexpensive wrist watch
 Ice skates or roller skates
 Rompers, frocks, or shoes
 A toy locomotive

AMUSEMENTS
 Tennis balls, net, or racket
 Fishing rod, basket, or reel
 Golf balls or a golf club
 Shotgun shells, or a camp cot
 Tickets to a theatre or ballgame
 Phonograph records, or player piano rolls

FOR THE CAR
 Spark plugs, tire chains, or jack
 Spotlight, or tail and stop light
 Horn or brake bands
 or tube

25¢



it won leadership

Your common sense tells you that Listerine Tooth Paste did not capture leadership because of that appealing price of 25¢. It had to produce results—quick—positive—lasting—to win millions to it in less than four years. Like you, all men and women are critical of the tooth paste they buy. Quality and results first—price last.

Good as the Name

In suggesting that you try Listerine Tooth Paste, we ask that you remember that it is made by the makers of Listerine. We have a reputation of producing only the best. It is a point of honor with us—also good business. And we are proud of this paste. That we can produce it at such a price is

due to the fact that we have cut manufacturing costs by improved methods of production.

If you are not now using Listerine Tooth Paste,

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste
recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

by brilliant results

get a tube at once. Forget the price advantage and look for these benefits:

Invigorates Mouth

Swift, gentle cleansing action which erases tartar, discolorations, and removes food particles without harm to enamel.

The flashing, brilliant luster it imparts to teeth.

The wonderful feeling of mouth cleanliness and invigoration you associate with Listerine itself.

You will be delighted with Listerine Tooth Paste the moment you try it. And that saving of \$3 a year, while not large, will nevertheless be welcome these days. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

• a friend to your teeth . . a pal to your pocketbook •



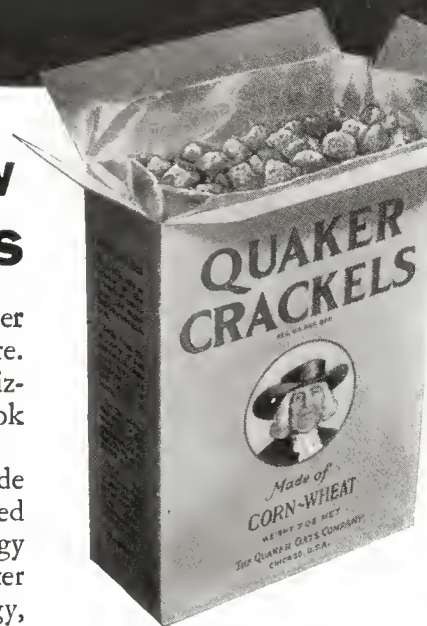
The first all new cereal in years

THEY'RE new! Different! 100% crisper than any cereal you ever tasted before. Their very appearance is more appetizing. Crisp little golden pillows that look like confections.

Yet because Quaker Crackels are made by blending together the concentrated nourishment of Nature's choicest energy foods....this cereal brings you a greater variety of food elements. A rich, tangy, blended flavor, refreshingly different from all other cereals.

Try Quaker Crackels....the first really all-new cereal in years. Get a package at your grocers. The coupon below brings you a free sample to try.

LISTEN to Phil Cook, the Quaker Man; and to Gene and Glenn, the Quaker Early Birds...over N. B. C. Consult your newspaper radio program.



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QUAKER CRACKELS

Product of the Quaker Oats Company

DESERT SANDS

[Continued from page 28]

"She's been removed from the cottage roof and looks rather worse for wear. So does the roof."

"I say," he began excitedly. "I'm terribly sorry to have made such an infernal nuisance of myself—"

"You needn't be. And don't get excited. I've told you all you need to know at present, so you can just go to sleep, and I'll tell you the rest when you're better."

"But I can't stay here, Toni. It would be giving too much trouble. Send me along to the hospital."

"The doctor wouldn't approve of your being moved," she told him, with decision. And then she had left him to sleep, conscious of a sudden thrill of happiness when she realized that he had evidently been thinking of her as "Toni"—just as she had been thinking of him as "Ryan."

And now he was well on the way to recovery and clamoring to be allowed out of bed.

"I'll tell Jim that," said Toni mildly, in reply to his threat. "If you've got to the state of wanting to punch people's heads, you must be nearly yourself again."

They had grown to be very good comrades, these two, since chance had billeted Strode at Coombe House. And between Jim Escott and Strode a very friendly relationship had been established—based originally on Strode's discovery that he was wearing pajamas that Escott had loaned until his own belongings could be brought from Sam Honeycott's farm.

"Escott has a very decent taste in pajamas," he had remarked approvingly, when the borrowed pair had been discarded in favor of his own.

"He's very decent in every way," Toni had replied carelessly.

"So that's the hang of things, is it?" Ryan said, his voice suddenly hard. "I suppose you're going to marry him?"

"Marry him? Certainly not. Can't I think a man a decent sort without wanting to marry him?"

The fire died out of Strode's eyes. "Oh, well, I didn't know," he said awkwardly. "It seemed quite likely."

TONI gave a faint smile as she reflected on the unexpected occurrences of the last ten or twelve days—from the day she had first encountered Ryan Strode on Dartmoor up to the present moment.

"Quite likely things don't happen to me," she remarked meditatively. Then, abruptly, she asked, "How was it you were stopping at Sam Honeycott's place? Do you keep an airplane there?"

"That's precisely what I'm hoping to do, though I only keep a change or two of clothes there at present. I've bought that big field of Sam's on purpose, and I intend to have a small private hangar built at one end of it for the Moth, so that I can fly across from my own part of the world to your beloved Dartmoor whenever I feel inclined."

He did not say where his own part of the world was located. It almost seemed as though he had deliberately omitted mentioning it.

"You're rich enough to be free to do pretty much what you like, after all," commented Toni, remembering how he had once said: "Are any of us free to do what we want?"

"I've the freedom money gives, if that's what you mean," he answered. "But that's a very limited kind of freedom."

"Is it really?" she asked doubtfully. "I've only just become independent financially, and it seems to me as

though it has opened the doors to—well, just everything!"

He looked at her curiously. Something bitter lurked in his gaze.

"Having money means a lot. But not everything. All the money in the world couldn't break down certain intangible bars that cut some of us off from the thing we want most."

And then he had fallen silent and the conversation came to an end.

But today his spirits were better, and he was in the mood to resent being kept in bed any longer. So, as Toni remarked, it was just as well that after skillfully bandaging the sprained ankle, Jim Escott gave him permission to get up.

"You'd better get out into the garden, too—be in the air as much as possible," said the young doctor. "Tell you what, I'll send you up my crutches—had to use 'em for a time after a motor-bike smash. We're much the same height, and you'll be able to get about a bit on them."

So on his borrowed crutches he accompanied Toni on her shopping expeditions into the village. Before long came the day when he could discard his crutches—and this, as Toni realized with an odd sinking of the heart, meant the ending of his visit to Pyne Cross.

HE BROACHED the matter himself one evening as they sat in the garden. He glanced toward the dim outline of the gardener's cottage. The repairing of its damaged roof was almost completed. "Odd I should crash in your garden," he said. "Our meetings seem fated to be of a somewhat violent and unexpected nature, don't they?"

"Well, you told me that only Destiny knew what was in store for us," returned Toni. "You hoped we shouldn't meet again, and you see, after all, Destiny has circumvented you."

"I never said I 'hoped,'" he replied in a queer, strained voice. "I said it would be better—better for you if we didn't meet again."

"Then it wasn't because you didn't want to meet me again?"

"It was not."

"Can't you tell me what it was, then?" she asked gently.

Strode drew a quick, hard breath. "No," he said shortly, almost brutally. "I can't."

"Ryan!" His name came from her lips like an involuntary cry of pain.

With a swift movement he swept her up into his arms, bent his dark face to hers, and the next instant she felt his mouth against her own. And then quickly he released her.

"I'm sorry," he said, his voice hoarse and uneven. "I'd no right to do that."

"But—I don't understand," she murmured.

"And I can't explain," he answered, his voice steady to a grim, unflinching hardness. "Only—I must go."

"Why must you go?" she cried desperately.

"Because neither now nor at any time can there be anything between you and me," he said. "We are as far apart as the East is from the West, and nothing can alter it. It's destiny—kismet. And we can't fight against it."

"You mean that?" she asked unsteadily.

"I mean it. And if you knew all the circumstances, you would understand, as I do, and admit that what I've said is true."

[Continued on page 37]



YOU CAN'T GET CAKE LIKE THIS *with ordinary flour!*

HERE'S a challenge for you, Mrs. Cake-maker. Forget everything you've ever heard about angel food. Never mind how good or bad your luck has been in the past. Even if you've never dared tackle this queen of cakes before—do this—

Make up an angel food cake—using Swans Down Cake Flour! (You'll find the Swans Down Angel Food recipe on every package.) Then see if you don't get the finest angel food you've ever seen or tasted!

The secret, of course, is—Swans Down! You'd never get such angel food with ordinary flour. You'd never match that feathery texture—that exquisite fineness! You couldn't with ordinary flour. Because...

Ordinary flours contain a tough, elastic gluten—excellent for slow yeast leavens, but entirely too resistant to the "quick" leavens used in cake. But Swans Down is made from soft winter wheat. It contains a tender, delicate gluten which is perfectly suited to cake leavens. And Swans Down is 27 times as fine as ordinary flour.

Surprise yourself! Convince yourself! Make Swans

Down Angel Food to-day. Then you'll want to try Swans Down for new perfection in *all* your cake-making!

And here's a bargain you can't beat!

Two new-type, half-size angel food pans at cost!

Shop around. Try to duplicate them. See if you can get anything like the two angel food pans shown here.

You can't! For we had this brand-new type of pan designed and made to our special order. They're different—half-size, sturdy, well made. An entirely new idea in angel food pans. Notice the straight sides. Notice the movable slides, which provide for the circulation of air and allow you to insert a spatula to loosen your cake. Notice the size of these pans—6½ inches in diameter. A special new half-size that the stores don't carry. A size that enables you to try many attractive right-up-to-the-minute ways to serve angel food.

For with these pans, you can divide the batter from one recipe to bake *two* angel food cakes at a time and

serve them on different days. You can leave one cake plain and frost the other, as shown above. Or, you can cover both with delicately tinted frostings, a smart touch. You'll find plenty of frostings suggested in the brand-new edition of the Swans Down recipe booklet. Or you can use any of your own favorites—chocolate, orange, pistachio, etc.

Don't wait—our supply of pans is limited! The two angel food pans and a copy of "New Cake Secrets" are yours for only 50c. Or, send only 10c for "New Cake Secrets" alone.

Bargain! Send to-day!



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☐ Enclosed is 50c for which I am to receive two angel food pans, as illustrated, and a copy of "New Cake Secrets".

☐ Enclosed is 10c, for which I am to receive a copy of "New Cake Secrets".

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CAKE FLOUR

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Martin Kaiser -

FRENCH FRI
ASPA

ASPARAGUS

Melt in top of double boiler 1 tablespoon butter

Blend in { 2 tablespoons flour
1/8 teaspoon salt

Stir in gradually { Few grains pepper
1/2 cup Pet Milk
diluted with
1/4 cup liquid off asparagus

Cook 10 minutes, stirring frequently.

Remove from heat.

Dip in mixture. { 1 can asparagus tips
(about 18 tips)

Roll in { 1/2 cup grated cheese

Chill. Dip in { undiluted Pet Milk

Roll in { Dry bread crumbs

Fry in deep fat (370°F.) hot enough to brown a 1-inch cube of bread in 50 seconds. Drain on unglazed paper.

Serve at once. . . . Serves 6.

TOMATO

MASH

Mix in thoroughly

Fold in

Turn into greased pan of hot water. Bake in oven (350°F.) 1 hour and fill center with established

MASH CARROT RING

MASH.....

Mix in thoroughly.....

ld in.....

n into greased
of hot water. Bak
(350°F.) 1 h
ed com

1½ cups cooked or
canned carrots

½ cup soft bread
crumbs

3 well-beaten egg
yolks

½ cup Per Milk
diluted with

½ cup liquid off
carrots

1 teaspoon
onion grated

1 teaspoon salt

1½ teaspoon pepper

¼ teaspoon paprika

3 stiffly-beaten egg
whites

REMOVE tops and scoop out centers of . . . **6 medium-sized tomatoes**

Sprinkle inside with **1/4 teaspoon salt**

6 t.

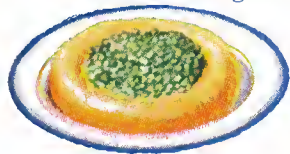
BAKE until tender. Peel and mash. Beat vigorously with

**TOMATO NESTS
FRENCH FRIED ASPARAGUS
WHOLE FRUIT SALAD
WITH FLUFFY SALAD DRESSING**

200 pages—700 recipes—balanced menus—special menus for children—the caloric value of many items of food—all in loose-leaf form with ring binder and flexible cover. The price is \$1.00—the bare cost of printing and sending to you. It will save you more than its cost every week in the year. Use coupon on page opposite.

ways to have at lower cost ~

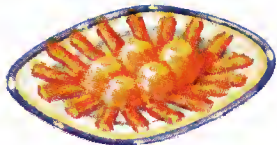
EVERY WOMAN knows that it has not been easy to put in the diet of every member of the family the amount of milk which experts say that each of us should have for the best of vigorous health. Pet Milk



In the recipe for the Carrot Ring the double-rich milk is diluted with the cooking water from the carrots.

provides an easy way, not only to put more milk in the diet, but to make more delicious food.

Creaming the vegetables is one example of how it's easily done. Because Pet Milk is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk, more milk can be used. And because of the extra richness, Pet Milk gives to creamed vegetables a fineness of texture and flavor that will make your family glad to eat the vegetables, and glad to eat the milk they ought to have.



Undiluted Pet Milk is used in place of an egg for the French Fried Asparagus.

The free booklet illustrated on this page will give you many recipes for creaming vegetables—many other recipes suitable for spring.

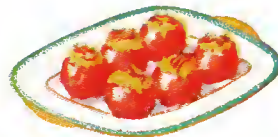
But on every day of the year you can have your family eat the milk they need. The large loose-leaf book illustrated on these pages gives seven hundred ways of putting more milk in the diet. In every dish, from soup to dessert, you can use milk—in many places more milk than you've used before. The food is more delicious because of the extra milk. And it will be the kind of food that builds better, more vigorous health.

And this book tells you, too, how

Pet Milk, taking the place of cream, makes better food than cream can make. In your desserts, for example, the cream you'd use is rich chiefly in fat.

With Pet Milk in your desserts you get all the health and vigor-building substances of whole milk—food that builds vigor and fitness rather than fatness. Yet you'll have all the fine quality you want in both texture and flavor.

Pet Milk is not a substitute either for milk or for cream. It is milk—super-milk, made more than double rich by taking sixty per cent of the water from pure, fresh milk, making it so rich it serves in place of cream.

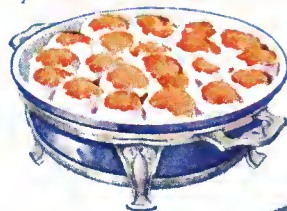


No butter in the Tomato Nests! The undiluted Pet Milk gives the butter flavor.

As milk, Pet Milk costs less generally than ordinary milk. For cream uses, it costs only about one-fourth as much as cream. As milk and cream for every household use, Pet Milk will enable you to put in the diet the quantity of milk which nutrition experts say all of us should have for the best of vigorous health.

To make the kind of food that nutrition experts say we ought to have—to make such food for less money—that is the purpose for which the new Pet Milk loose-leaf cookbook is designed. It will

enable you to save more than its cost



The Sweet Potatoes DeLuxe are made more delicious by the Pet Milk in them.

every week in the year. (It costs \$1.)



Pet Recipes for Spring

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☐ Enclosed find \$1.00 for your 200-page loose-leaf book described above.

☐ FREE — please send me 20-page booklet "Pet Recipes for Spring."

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City _____

(Fill in completely—print name and address. This offer is limited to residents of Continental U. S.)





Shot from guns

Rich, nourishing grains—sealed in huge guns—kept under fiery temperatures—then—*shot from guns*. That's what explodes every tiny food cell—makes every particle of Puffed Grains so quickly nourishing.

win *C*hildren's vote in 42 states !

And now Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice have been made twice as crisp . . . twice as delicious



"**B**ECAUSE THEY TASTE BETTER". This is the reason children in 42 states voted Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice their favorite cereal! Chose them out of 11 leading ready-to-eat cereals as "the cereals we like best of all."

What a help this is for mothers who have difficulty getting children to eat enough cereals. No other cereal brings

you Nature's health grains with every food cell steam-exploded to perfect digestibility. No other cereal brings children nourishing rice and wheat grains in such tempting form.

And now Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are twice as good. Twice as crisp! For a special twice-crisping process crisps them . . . crisps them again . . . then

hustles them, piping hot, into a new Seal Krisp package. And so they come to your cereal dish as fresh as the moment they were "shot from guns."

Try the new Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Get them from your grocer today. Notice how the whole family relishes these twice-crisped health grains.

Try Quaker Milk Macaroni. Delicious flavor. Cooks in 5 to 8 minutes.

LISTEN to Phil Cook, the Quaker Man and Gene and Glenn, the Quaker Early Birds . . . over N. B. C. Consult your newspaper radio program for time.

Quaker Puffed Rice *and* Puffed Wheat

DESERT SANDS

[Continued from page 32]

He turned and walked rapidly through the garden, leaving her standing alone in the moonlight. . . .

The next morning when Toni came down to breakfast he had gone.

PERHAPS a slight weakness revealed itself in Donald Forrest's mouth and chin—the kind of weakness that often accompanies a pleasure-loving but none the less genuinely affectionate and charming personality. In his particular case, a pair of gay, good-humored brown eyes served to distract one's attention from the hint of weakness in the lower part of his face.

Toni, at any rate, failed to notice it, and, now that her father had actually arrived at Coombe House, she sat gazing at him with rapturous content.

"D'you realize it's three solid years since we've seen each other, Dod?" she asked.

"Time well spent, evidently," he returned blithely. "You've grown into quite a charmer, Toni. I really feel rather proud of you."

"I've grown into an heiress—to a modified extent—which is more to the point," she replied bluntly.

"What's it feel like?" he asked. "At least it must be a new sensation."

"It's a bit bewildering at first, I think," she answered. "But anyway, Dod, you and I can live together now. Only—" she regarded him tentatively—"I shouldn't like to leave Mackie out of it."

"Of course, we won't leave Mackie out," he said. "She can come along too, and be our good angel. We're sure to need one!"

"But I don't want to live at Coombe House," Toni continued. "Do you?"

Dod's artist's eyes flickered over the heavy Victorian contents of the room. "No!" he returned fervently.

"Where do you propose we should go?"

"Beloved heiress child of mine, that's up to you. As I've got only a couple of hundred a year of my own with which to flood the family exchequer, you're definitely the senior partner of the firm."

"Listen to me, Dod. I'm not going to have a dependent father in the house. Mr. Grosfield must fix things up so that half of Great-aunt's money goes to you for your lifetime." She paused to giggle enjoyably. "How that *would* annoy her if she knew!"

"It would," assented Forrest, with an appreciative grin. "But it wouldn't be fair to you. Suppose you wanted to marry some time or other? It's the most likely thing to happen."

"Well, supposing I did?"

"Men are merely human, my dear, and a wife with four thousand a year of her own is a better proposition than a wife with only two."

"If you imagine I'm ever going to marry a man who regards his wife as a good financial proposition, you're very much mistaken," Toni declared.

"But there are other arguments against your plan. Apart from matrimony, suppose that you and I quarreled? Relations do, you know."

"Well, in that case," Toni laughed, "we could quarrel much more satisfactorily if we were financially independent of each other. We should both be able to say exactly what we thought, instead of bottling it up."

Forrest gave a shout of laughter. "Very well, then," he said. "I surrender. But on one condition only: That if ever you regret this arrangement, or it interferes with your obtaining your full happiness in life,

you'll tell me so honestly and put an end to it."

"All right. That's a bargain," said Toni, holding out her hand. "And now let's get on with more important things—where we're going to live, and so on."

At this juncture Mrs. Mackie looked into the room, and Toni called imperatively:

"Come and talk houses, Mackie. We've decided to leave Coombe."

"Leave Coombe? Oh, my dear! But if you do—" she glanced shyly from the girl to her father—"you won't need me any longer."

"Yes, we shall," said Forrest. "We've allotted you the part of the good angel in the house."

"Being a good housekeeper's about all I can run to," she answered.

"Well, what's *your* idea as to where we might live?" Toni asked her father.

"There's a jolly little house at Nunsmead, quite near Moorways—my sister's place—which has a perfect studio."

"And is the rest of this jolly little house equally perfect?" inquired Mackie pointedly.

"Yes. It's a house you and Toni would revel in. It's called Sandy Lodge." And he launched out into an enthusiastic description.

"It sounds good to me," said Toni.

THEY finally decided that Toni and her father should go to Moorways, inspect the house, and then, as soon as matters were settled, Mackie and the servants were to follow them to Nunsmead and take possession of Sandy Lodge.

Mackie's face was pink with interest and excitement, and Toni glanced at her with some amusement.

"I believe you'll be really glad to leave here," she remarked teasingly. "You know," turning to her father, "Mackie thinks I've permanently tarnished the respectability of Coombe House by taking in a flyer who crashed in the garden, and having him nursed here."

"Well," said Mrs. Mackenzie, turning even pinker, "you know how village people gossip, Mr. Forrest."

"Because he was polite enough to assure me that we should never see each other again—and seemed thoroughly satisfied with the prospect," Toni went on.

"How unappreciative of him—and after you'd played the ministering angel to him, too!" said Forrest. "What was the fellow's name?"

"Ryan Strode," said Toni briefly.

"Then you'll see him again before very long," her father laughed. "He lives only about three miles from Moorways. I've not met him myself, but I've heard a good deal about him. He's spent a lot of time in Egypt, I believe."

As soon as the council of three came to an end, Toni slipped into the garden—the garden that had often been her refuge in times of stress. As though drawn by some magnet she took the path that led to the very spot where she and Ryan had parted less than a week ago. She had never been there since—had avoided it as a place whose memories hurt and stung. It was here that he had told her that he must go out of her life.

And now they were going to meet again—their paths must of necessity cross once more. Like a whisper from the dim East the words that Strode himself had used passed through her mind:

"It's destiny—kismet."

[Continued in JUNE McCALL'S]

LADY— YOU DON'T HAVE TO BABY ME!



No, ma'am! There's no pampering needed when you use Fels-Naptha. This soap was made to work your way. Fels-Naptha asks no favors—count on it to turn out beautiful work no matter how you use it.

So use Fels-Naptha the way that suits you best. In washing machine or tub. Boil with it—or soak your clothes, if you prefer. Use hot, lukewarm or even cool water. You'll get a lovely, clean, sweet-smelling wash—done quickly, easily, without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha cheerfully gives you *extra* help in any and every washing task. The *extra* help of two brisk, efficient cleaners. One of these cleaners is good soap. *Unusually* good soap—the velvety texture, the *clear* golden color of the bar tell you that. The other cleaner is naphtha—lots of naphtha. So much you can smell it. Teamed together, these two helpers loosen dirt—even troublesome, hard-to-get-out dirt—and wash it away. Your clothes come in from the line clean through and through.

Fels-Naptha gives you *extra* help in another way, too. The big golden bar is gentle to hands. For there's real glycerine in it—soothing glycerine. And

glycerine is an important part of many hand-lotions.

Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's—a few bars or the convenient 10-bar carton. Use it for household cleaning, as well as for the family wash. You'll like the willing, friendly way it works—the fact that you don't have to "baby" it. And even more than that, you'll like its *extra* help!

Send for this Chipper!—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper and a sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. With the chipper, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naphtha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon with only two cents in stamps enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you the chipper and sample bar without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now.

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FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. M.C.C. 5-32

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper and the sample bar of Fels-Naptha Soap offered in this advertisement. I enclose two cents in stamps to help cover postage.

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A REVOLUTION in the Care of Teeth

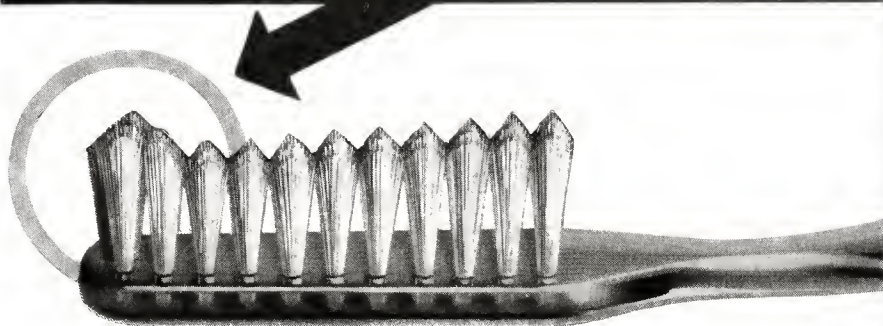
2 brushes in 1

with finest bristle, guaranteed NOT to contain HARSH chemicals

Try for
one week
and note
improved
results

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The World's SMALLEST Tooth Brush



HERE is bristle...perfect and pure...fast-drying...resistant to moisture...untainted by chemicals. Genuine pearl quality bristle, *sterilized*, with nothing added which might affect the taste of your tooth paste or the health of your gum tissue.

Now, note the scientific contour of these bristles, in the enlarged picture above. Observe that this modern design is really two brushes in one, which gives dual cleaning, and is vastly more thorough than old-fashioned makes.

The 7-tuft brush at the end, *only three-eighths of an inch long*, sweeps all crevices clean...easily reaches all around the molars where most decay starts. The remaining 27 tufts, *one and one quarter inches*, accurately fit both inside and outside surfaces of the teeth.

You will feel the difference every time you brush your teeth with the genuine, modern, Tufted PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC. Its unique design gives complete cleaning and effective gum massage *in faster time*.

In your own interest, please do not judge results as given by imitations with incorrect proportions and mushy bristle. Look for the PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC name on the box and handle. That is your guarantee of genuineness and greater value... because the Tufted PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC is the only nationally advertised 50¢ tooth brush made in its own plant. In hard, medium, and soft bristle; with a variety of pastel and transparent color handles. Money-back guarantee. Adult size, 50¢. Youth's size, 35¢. Child's size, 25¢.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

ALSO MADE IN CANADA BY PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes

for TEETH, HAIR, HANDS, and BATH

ROSES AND A PIECE OF WEDDING CAKE

[Continued from page 10]

me for that honor, granted me a leave with pay, all my expenses—for a month."

"Daddy!" said Mrs. Wilbur.

The one word said everything. It acknowledged the importance of the tidings and the honor conferred. It expressed pleasure, surprise, but at the same time maintained stoutly that all this was not undeserved.

"Daddy, that is wonderful!" Mabel's eyes misted. This daughter was a writer person, the victim of unusual sensitivity, which told her now that this was really one of the most beautiful moments in her father's life.

"Will you go?"

This was Frances. She was an artistic business woman. She ran a successful handcraft shop and studio as her daily occupation. She was a dainty, sweet person and capable, like her mother, but unco shrewd.

"Will I go?" snorted Mr. Wilbur. "What do you mean?"

"I mean—of course, I think it's great, too; and you ought to jump at the chance, but—"

"Certainly he'll go!" said Mrs. Wilbur abruptly. You could tell by her expression that she had begun mentally to lay out his shirts and count his underwear and socks. "Carve the roast, Daddy, and you can tell us all about it while we're eating. The girls are going out after dinner and—not that way, please. It ruins a leg of lamb for slicing cold."

In the progress of the meal and the discussion Frances' small question soon dropped out of consideration. Mr. Wilbur was hazy about the details of the projected journey. He knew simply that it was to be a big affair, with special cars, perhaps a special train, that the leading corporations of the city were sending one man each, under the guidance of a special committee from the Chamber of Commerce. Yes, he must get definite dates and plans. And he must find out what kind of clothes he would need. A violent argument arose there about the compatibility of white suits and traveling; but all agreed on one point. It was a wonderful thing that had happened to Mr. Wilbur.

"To Dad, of all people!" said Mabel, her eyes still misty.

Because Mr. Wilbur had been possessed all his life of an unsatisfied desire for travel. He'd been too busy, and he'd been too poor to gratify this taste. He had married while his salary was still too small to be worth recording, and as it grew his family had grown with it. He had never complained, but everybody knew.

HE READ a great deal, and travel colored all his favorite literature. His magazine rack held a motley array of vagabond writings; and once in almost every evening Mr. Wilbur would look up and say of the Taj Mahal, the South American pampas, or Lake Tahoe, "I tell you, folks, there's a place I'd like to see some day!"

A dream—until now. It would seem that at his age, with his economic stresses behind him, he could at least once a year have made small flights to

the more accessible points on his vast itinerary; but the truth is that every year he went back to the same spot where he'd vacationed for the past twenty-five—a hiding place in the Ozarks, where a river sufficiently populated with bass raced before the lodge, and a brook with rainbow trout ran down yonder where he knew about it. Once this place had been cheap—expedient for a holiday; now it was a precious haunt. Lately Mr. Wilbur had sort of contemplated going farther afield—Colorado, Maine, Minnesota; but every year he went back to the same place and fished when he felt like it, ate mightily, and had a fine time, after all.

NO, HE'D never really done any traveling to speak of, for this reason or for that. Now this wonderful opportunity had come to him. His family was radiant. Mr. Wilbur went about in a rosy haze of pleasant appreciation. What he appreciated was not so much the adventure of the trip, which would come in its own good time, as it was the good will of those who had given it to him. Mr. Wilbur's heart all but burst with gratitude in the week that followed the announcement.

In such effulgence of mood he came one day into the main office of his firm to discuss a mix-up on time sheets with the young business secretary. Mr. Wilbur liked this young man. He liked all young men. The fact that all his sons had been daughters had nothing to do with it. His was a vast, boundless, natural paternity.

He was always soft about young people, but never more so than when they were in love and contemplating matrimony, as was this young man's case. Never had anyone known more exactly than Mr. Wilbur the bondage of "home ties." There had been many occasions when he'd realized how they held a man down, kept him from fields of possible glory; but no such realizations lent him the wisdom to persuade later young men to go free. He could nose out romances with the infallibility of a match-making widow, and he forth-

with established himself as first aid to Cupid and followed through with wedding presents and, later, sage advice about household management and infants that would have made Mrs. Wilbur's hair stand on end.

But the boys liked it. The disentangling of the time sheets today was a friendly business; and, when at the end of it, the big construction engineer asked gruffly of the slim young office man how was the girl, the latter met his inquiry with frank willingness to communicate.

"She's fine, Mr. Wilbur; only—" the eager dark eyes clouded. "I wish—"

"What?" growled Mr. Wilbur, ready for quarrels, parental interference, or what have you.

"I wish I had lots of money!"

"Rats!" said Mr. Wilbur profoundly. "Money isn't everything!"

"No, but it is—something."

"If she's any kind of girl, she won't care whether you're rich or poor."

[Continued on page 42]



As Millions Know

Only Quick Quaker Oats and Quick Mother's Oats give you these exclusive features

Not like any other oatmeal...made by a better...an exclusive process.

1 *Choicest oats*—best 30%—in every bushel—70% rejected—not good enough for Quaker quality.

2 *Roasted* through 14 different ovens—rich flavor roasted *in*—can't cook *out*.

3 Cook just 2½ minutes—they're deliciously done.

And in addition—30 to 40% more oat flakes than many millers pack.



MAN! It's fit for a king!

This low-cost Quick Quaker breakfast

Rich in protein like meat, milk and eggs . . . more nourishing than many costly foods. Yet these better breakfasts cost less than one-half cent a dish!

MONEY can't buy better nourishment than you get in a hot, tasty dish of Quick Quaker Oats. Here's the protein your body needs for the repair of worn-out nerves and muscles. The "building" element that makes milk, meat and eggs so valuable. Here, too, is the same concentrated, *lasting* energy found in costly foods. Yet a month of these supreme breakfasts costs scarcely more than 10 cents.

Not like ordinary oatmeal

Don't believe any other oatmeal is like Quaker. For Quaker Oats are made by an exclusive process that gives a far better oatmeal.

This Quaker process includes *roasting* the choice oats *whole* through 14 different ovens. This develops their natural flavor. Roasts them to delicate savoriness. Roasts the flavor *in*, so it can't cook *out*.

Then you cook them just 2½ minutes. And they're reso-

completely done it's a waste of time to cook them more. Think of the time this saves! It makes Quick Quaker Oats the easiest, quickest of all hot breakfasts! Just



sprinkle these toasted flakes into boiling water. Before your coffee's ready, Quick Quaker Oats are ready to eat.

Richer . . . more nourishing breakfasts . . . yet food costs cut in half

Save on foods by serving Quick Quaker Oats *regularly*. You *know*, when you serve this breakfast, you're giving the family the finest possible nourishment. A steamy, creamy bowl of Quick Quaker Oats . . . the oatmeal with the toasted flavor . . . tempts the laziest appetite.

† † †

Try Pettijohn's . . . a delicious, old-fashioned rolled wheat cereal that cooks in 3 to 5 minutes. Makes dry bran eating unnecessary.



LISTEN to Hot Cook, the Quaker Man, and to Gene and Glenn, the Quaker Early Birds . . . over N. B. C. Consult your newspaper radio program for time.

Quick Quaker Oats, cooks in 2½ minutes

PUT YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD

By Hildegarde Fillmore



Before



After

THIS is a year that says, in every fashion dictum, "Be sure of color and line." That goes for faces as well as clothes, so the application of make-up becomes doubly important. Here are a few basic principles. Follow them faithfully, if you would wear your best face at all times.

Beginning with the straight-haired lady at the left: let's suppose that she's cleansed her skin and applied a make-up base, if she needs one. She knows her face is

pale, that it needs the dashing accent of red lips. Her eyebrows are too short, her lashes too light.

First she selects a rouge that blends with her skin coloring. If she likes her cheeks to keep their pink tinge for hours, she chooses cream rouge, using her compact dry rouge (in the same shade, of course) to heighten the tint when her face gets a bit faded and tired. Cream rouge, she tells you enthusiastically, is so natural! It just seems to become a part of the skin itself. But, she adds, thinking of her own mistakes, it *must* go in the right place.

For a long time our lady-at-the-left wore her rouge too low. It made her look old and hollow-cheeked. Then she discovered the trick (illustrated) of drawing an imaginary line straight down from the eye pupil to meet another imaginary line drawn out from the lower part of the ear. In that angle she is quite sure now that her rouge is most becoming. On some of her friends—those whose faces are square, long, or round, the color may need to be spread about differently. But the brightest spot of rouge usually stays in about the same place, in relation to that imaginary right-angle.

When she was less observant of the blending of her rouge, our lady used to put color in an even spot that was as dark around the edges as at the middle. But now she is wise; she is careful to let the rouge shade off lightly till you can hardly tell where it ends. As a last check-up she looks at herself in profile to be sure the blending is as skillful from the side as from the front.

A Thrill for Cinderella

For her lips, she picks a lipstick harmonizing in tone with her rouge. Before she thought much about it, she used to put lip rouge only on the *outside* of her lips. And she wondered why there was such an ugly line between the bright color and the mouth itself. Now she always begins applying the color from the inside. Instead of wiping off any surplus, she just presses her lips over a piece of cleansing tissue. That takes up excess color without streaking and leaves a smooth, rosy tone.

But her greatest thrill came when she found what magic there is in a little eye make-up. She used to tell herself that she dared wear mascara and eyebrow pencil only in the evening. But one fine day she learned that, if used carefully, eye make-up is in perfectly good taste during the day. And what a whale of a difference a few strokes can make! Instead of inky-black mascara, she picked out one of the new brownish shades which are natural and becoming. After a little practice she got to be expert in brushing mascara up on the upper lashes, and down on the lower ones. She never has her brush too wet, dabbing it on tissue to take off loose drops of water. Eye shadow, so delicately applied that only a magnifying glass could reveal it, she blends with a fingertip over the upper lids. Like rouge, she will tell you that eye-shadow must shade off at the edges so its darkest part is next the lashes. For daytime a bit of gray or brown is perfect for her medium type.

Fascinating Eyebrows

Those eyebrows—if they were only longer and more definitely marked! Mascara comes to her aid again. She brushes the hairs lightly in the direction in which they grow, then in the opposite direction. Before touching them again she lets the mascara get quite dry. To give the brows more length, she applies a pencil. You wouldn't notice it, because she never overdoes it. She wouldn't dream of plucking her eyebrows to a hairline!

Now she's ready to powder. Filling her puff, she presses the powder on. Now she brushes the eyebrows straight up, then shapes them with the eyebrow brush to a clean line. Lightly she whisks powder from her lashes. Then she combs and fluffs her hair about her face. (She looks so much prettier that I'm sure she must have pushed a few waving combs into her damp hair while she was doing her make-up. Stringy, dull hair does spoil a lovely face.)

But she's not only expert in putting on make-up—she's just as careful about taking it off! She never leaves a trace of it on her skin when she goes to bed. During the day, when she finds it inconvenient to use cream or soap and water, she uses a liquid cleanser which she can now purchase in an inexpensive package. This holds the regular size bottle of the cleanser, a flask that fits into purse or overnight kit, a wee funnel to fill the

flask, and cotton pads on which to use the liquid. And what a lot of dust and make-up comes off on those pads!

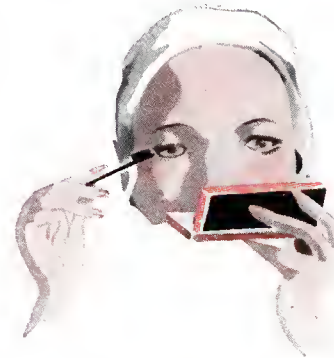
Don't you like her much better in the righthand "after" picture? I do, for I believe with all my heart that the modern use of make-up is as much a part of the feminine ensemble as a smart dress and hat.

In the May Cosmetic Style Letter is more news from the make-up experts. Send a stamped, addressed envelope to The Beauty Editor, McCall's, Dayton, Ohio.

Somewhere in this imaginary angle should appear the deepest part—the high point—of your rouge. Rouge worn too low exaggerates hollows in the cheeks



Dot the color on—shade it out till you can't detect the edge

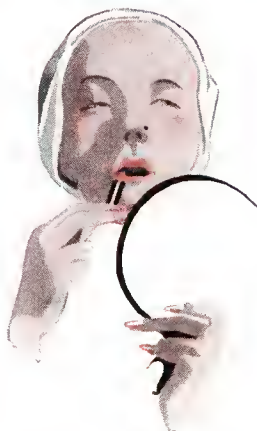


Mascara now adays can be almost undetectable. It adds depth to the eyes when brushed over lashes; it defines light eyebrows

Eye shadow should be a real shadow—the merest trace to make eyes seem softer, larger



With lip rouge begin from the inside and work out. If lips are thin, be generous, but don't make a Cupid's bow unless it suits your face. For too-full lips, emphasize color in the center; bring foundation cream and powder (or liquid powder) over corners and edges to lessen the apparent size of the mouth



To increase eyebrow length, draw the pencil on lightly. It should harmonize with the deepened color of the eyebrows: black on black, brown on brown—and never look "lined"

Made by Corticelli...

spoiled
by Mrs. R—



ORDINARY SOAP ★

WATER TOO HOT ★

UNDISSOLVED
SOAP ★

A NEW SAFE WAY
TO WASH

**Corticelli
FABRICS**

Squeeze the suds through the soiled parts, NEVER RUB OR TWIST. We recommend Palmolive Beads because this soap dissolves, cleanses, and rinses out completely in LUKE WARM water (90 degrees.) Press out water with hands instead of wringing. Roll in damp towel. While still slightly damp lay flat on heavy towel and gently stretch to original shape. Press on wrong side with a SLIGHTLY WARM iron.

Mrs. R—, you're not following
Corticelli's washing directions.

← Here they are. Right on this
tag. Please read them.

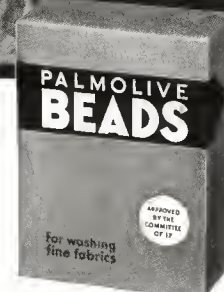
★ **Don't use the wrong kind of soap.** Many soaps, quite gentle enough for dishwashing, are not suitable for silks. They dry out silk threads. The best soap for silks, say silk makers, is one containing olive oil. It keeps silk fabrics soft. That's why they say, "Use Palmolive Beads."

★ **Don't use water that's too hot.** Ask any woman how she washes her silk stockings. She'll say, "Oh, I put in the soap, add hot water to dissolve it, cool it down, then start washing." But the tragedy is that 9 out of 10 times, the water is still too hot. Hot enough to damage silks seriously. End this danger, urge silk manufacturers. Use Palmolive Beads. *Because of its olive and palm oils, it dissolves in water 10 to 15 degrees cooler than most soaps require.*

★ **Don't risk soap-rot — result of half-dissolved soap.** Tests show many soaps *appear* to dissolve completely, but actually leave the water full of half-dissolved specks. These gummy specks stick to silks in spite of rinsings. Sometimes you notice them when you hang stockings up to dry. More often, you don't. *But they are there*—damaging fine silk threads—causing soap-rot. Avoid this danger, say silk makers. Use Palmolive Beads. It rinses away *completely*.

Stop washing silks the wrong way. Stop spoiling their beauty. Shortening their life. Wash them as silk manufacturers advise—in Palmolive Beads. A ten-cent box will give 35 pairs of silk stockings utmost protection.

Leading silk
makers advise
Palmolive Beads
CORTICELLI
CHENEY
HOLEPROOF
KAYSER
LUXITE
PHOENIX
VANITY FAIR
VAN RAALTE



From Corticelli, a leading American silk maker, comes hosiery noted for perfect colors and flawless texture.

PALMOLIVE BEADS for washing silks and woollens **10c**

QUICK, SAFE SUDS without hot water



This is the way to wash your woollies

Ivory Snow is pure—as safe for wools as Ivory Soap is for a baby's tender skin. For Ivory Snow is Ivory Soap, blown into fluffy little puffs so that it will dissolve instantly.

Ivory Snow doesn't need hot water to make it melt into a rich lather of wonderful suds. You can start with the tepid water wools require. Ivory Snow will dissolve completely. It has no flat particles which can cling to the fabric and cause a soap spot!

Don't rub wool garments. Just swirl and squeeze them

through gentle, lukewarm Ivory Snow suds. No clingy flake particles to rub out! Baby's soft little sweaters, your own knitted suits and trim Jersey frocks, your fleecy blankets, will be as softly woolly as when they were new. For with Ivory Snow you avoid the three great dangers in washing wools—harsh soap, hot water, and rubbing.

Ivory Snow is extra safe and convenient for washing *all* fine fabrics. And it is economical to use lavishly, because that nice big package costs only 15¢!

MANUFACTURERS THEMSELVES SAY SO!

"Ideal soap for wools," say leading woolen manufacturers, such as the weavers of the fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills, to mention only a few! "Perfect for silks," say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers, and Truh.

© 1932, P. & G. Co.



99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

ROSES AND A PIECE OF WEDDING CAKE

[Continued from page 38]

The young man, in fact, made a good salary; but he had burdens at home that he couldn't dodge.

"She won't care!" he said, glowing again in compliment to his sweetheart. "She's all kinds of a girl, but that's just why! A fellow'd like to do something grand for her—do something, instead of just telling her all the time."

THE wistfulness of brave youth stayed with Mr. Wilbur all day. He was restless in his reading chair that evening.

"You know," he said abruptly, after a time of this fidgeting, "I've no business going on that trip to Panama."

"What?" said his wife.

"That's a jaunt for a younger man. Nearly all younger men that are going, with the purpose, not only of representing business in the States, but of picking up new ideas. You take a bright young fellow like Louie Bollman down at the main office now—"

"Whatever are you talking about. Dad?" Mrs. Wilbur was more than startled. She was worried.

"He'd get a lot out of a trip like that. Mean something to the company, too. I'm too old. If I saw anything new in our line of work, I'd think it was all wrong."

Mrs. Wilbur said nothing.

"And it would be a break for the kid, besides. He's got a girl, and they are going to be married the first of the year, willy-nilly; but they can't buy the home they'd planned and they can't take a wedding trip. His old man lost his grocery business this summer, you know. Now, if Louie was given this chance, he could manage the bride's extra fare, I'm thinking; and that could be their honeymoon."

Mr. Wilbur ventured to meet his wife's eye.

"Just a fool idea of mine," he finished lamely.

"You never developed a more foolish one!" Mrs. Wilbur laid down her sewing. She was not a shrewish woman. It had been years since she'd felt that the occasion demanded a lecture; but she delivered one now. It accused Mr. Wilbur of all his deepest vices of selfishness and extravagant generosity and sentimentality and sheer idiocy along certain lines.

"And if you give up this trip—well!" said Mrs. Wilbur.

"Who's giving anything up?" stormed Mr. Wilbur, righteously indignant.

"I know you!" said his wife. "If the company didn't want to give you this opportunity, somebody else would have been chosen in the first place. What reason have you to think that if you didn't go, Louie Bollman would get the chance? Who is he anyhow?"

"Oh, Louie's a bright young fellow. The old man thinks a lot of him."

"Just the same," said Mrs. Wilbur, drawing breath for fresh argument.

"Well, I haven't done anything, have I?" said Mr. Wilbur quickly. "I just got to thinking—"

"Well, don't!" advised Mrs. Wilbur. "What you want to do is to attend the Chamber of Commerce luncheons and get up some enthusiasm—"

"Who's unenthusiastic?" snorted Mr. Wilbur. "I wouldn't give up that trip to Panama for anything in the world!"

Plunk, plunk, fell the words. Mrs. Wilbur took up her sewing; but a wrinkle or two of concern still knotted her forehead.

Let's see, this was November. In December a factory wall collapsed upstate. The wall had not been built

according to Mr. Wilbur's standards or specifications. Therefore he was sent by his firm to superintend the replacement. And a snorting, happy time he had of it. In theory he had for years only superintended construction jobs; but it was his family's conviction, and likely nearer the truth than the other, that he mixed the concrete personally, worked the hoists, laid brick, blew the whistles, and even, at times, swung a pick-ax. However that may be, either from over-exertion and subsequent chill, or from miscellaneous country hotel fare, Mr. Wilbur contracted a cold. It wasn't much of a cold, but he awakened one night strangling in a cough and felt sure he had pneumonia. Never having had a serious illness since he could remember, he saw death lurking in the black shadows of the gloomy clothes press in the corner of his room; and the next morning he took the first train for home.

Mrs. Wilbur put him to bed and dosed him and dieted him. On the third day he awakened, purged of his illness and on the verge of famine. He cried lustily for beefsteak, eyed his single poached egg in disgust, but gulped it quickly, lest even that vanish. Then he lay back weakly against his pillows and fell to thinking. Mabel brought up the morning's mail.

"Literature on Panama, Dad," she said. "That ought to amuse you."

IT DID not amuse him. His square-tipped fingers fumbled among the pamphlets with evident repugnance, and his eyes, fixed on the bare branches of an old sycamore outside his bedroom window, were, in anticipation, homesick. Mr. Wilbur found that he didn't want to go to Panama, after all.

This was not in any sense an unmanly impulse. If he could have availed himself of a magic carpet that would have whisked him without the discomfort of sleeping cars to the glory spots of the world, where he could stand alone and look his fill and perhaps lay a reverent finger on some age-old wonder, he would have stepped aboard like a shot. Or, if there had been a job down there for him to do, he would have endured any kind of journey to get at it. But this business of travel now, just to be traveling!

A herd of men off on a jamboree! He'd taken Mrs. Wilbur's counsel and attended some of the luncheons, to get better acquainted with his fellow voyagers. Pretty gay birds, some of them. Mr. Wilbur was not a gay bird. He was the sort of man who spends the whole day doing things, man-sized, hard-fisted jobs. When night came he went to bed. These fellows would want to rip every town open wherever they stopped, and the rest of the crowd would have to join in the celebrations or hang back like sticks.

Big items, small items, worried their way through his thoughts in this slightly overcast moment of self-communion. He had a mole, for example, on one cheek. If he couldn't stand steady when he shaved, he nicked the top off of it. Then it bled and bled, and there was sometimes the devil to pay before he got it healed over. Downstairs Frances' canary bird tuned up a madrigal; and Mrs. Wilbur came in to tell him he could get up, but he mustn't go out for another day or two; and he growled at her with fine familiarity about his scanty breakfast.

[Continued on page 47]



No "AIR HOLES" with Royal

That's why cakes made with this fine Cream of Tartar baking powder keep fresh and delicious for days...

CARAMEL PECAN LOAF CAKE—Notice the fine, tender texture that Royal Baking Powder gives

DO YOU KNOW why cooking experts make such a fuss about "air holes" in cake?

Why they tell you coarse-textured, crumbly cakes are so unsatisfactory?

It's because cakes that have "air holes" dry out quickly—become flat tasting... stale... a few hours after you take them from the oven.

That's why you'll find nearly all domestic science teachers using Royal Baking Powder. Royal cakes keep fresh,

moist and delicious for several days.

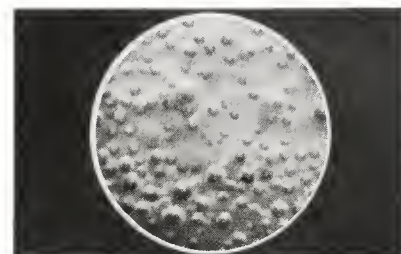
For baking powders are *not alike*. They differ widely in their action.

Look at the pictures to the right. They're actual photographs—through the microscope—of two cakes baking in the oven. Both cakes were made exactly alike—except for the baking powder.

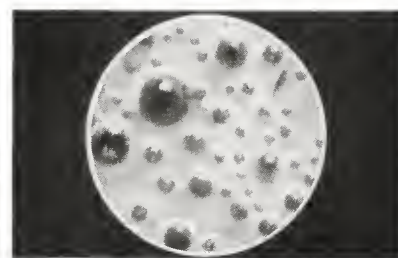
See how cheap, ordinary baking powder causes large puffy gas bubbles in your cake batter. When your cake is

done, you find it simply riddled with "air holes"... one for every big bubble in the batter.

But with *Royal*, it's quite a different story. This fine Cream of Tartar baking powder forms only *tiny* bubbles in the



Tiny, uniform bubbles in batter made with Royal Baking Powder, give you fine-grained cake that stays fresh and moist for days.



Big gas bubbles in cake batter made with cheap, ordinary baking powder, form "air holes" that cause cake to dry out quickly.

batter. Rising evenly... steadily... these small bubbles build up a fine and uniform texture.

Cut your Royal cake. See how velvety smooth it is! How fluffy... light... and tender.

And as for flavor! Well, you can certainly taste the difference when you bake your cake with Royal. Even several days later, you find it tender and delicious... the fine, even texture has kept in the moisture.

Now isn't it false economy to bother with cheap, ordinary baking powder? Especially, when less than 2 cents' worth of Royal is enough for a good, big cake?

FREE COOK BOOK... *Mail coupon for free copy of famous Royal Cook Book to use when you bake at home.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER • PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED

Dept. 44, 691 Washington Street • New York City • New York

Please send my free copy of the famous Royal Cook Book.

Name _____

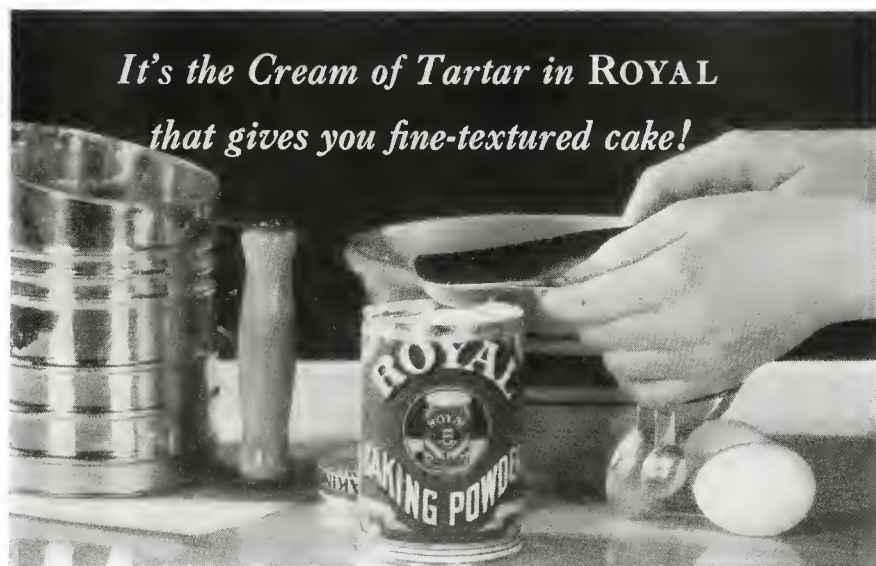
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In Canada... Standard Brands Limited • Dominion Square Building • Montreal, P. Q.

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*It's the Cream of Tartar in ROYAL
that gives you fine-textured cake!*



NOW \$5.95
GENERAL ELECTRIC
**HOTPOINT
TOASTER
DE LUXE**
until now \$8.50



*gleaming
chromeplate finish
that lasts indefinitely
and never tarnishes*

Here is 1932's greatest value in toasters...and it's easy to see why! Graceful design...an ornament to any table...gleaming chromeplate finish that never tarnishes...Cool, Calmold turn knobs to raise and lower the sides, automatically turning the toast...Double capacity, toasts two large size slices at a time...And the finest of all heating elements: the same India mica core that we put into our most expensive models.

This is surely a toaster you can be delighted to own—especially at the new low price. Your electrical dealer has it, and will gladly show it to you. Wouldn't it be nice to use one at tomorrow's breakfast!

When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E Wiring System. It provides adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.



**GENERAL
ELECTRIC**
Hotpoint

General Electric Company, Merchandise Dept.
Section E-875, Bridgeport, Conn.

Of special interest to women—Join the "G-E Circle"—on the air every week, day (except Saturday) at noon E.S.T. For the entire family, "Just a Song at Twilight" Sunday afternoon 5:30-6:00 E.S.T. over a nation-wide N.B.C. network.



Melt chocolate slowly in hot milk and beat with an egg beater until thoroughly blended

I'LL TAKE CHOCOLATE

By Gertrude Lynn

LISTENING in at soda fountains, candy counters, tea rooms, and restaurants you'll discover that more than half the people are making enthusiastic demands for chocolate. And to our families, devil's food cake and other chocolate desserts are always cause for rejoicing.

The following recipes are the favorites of cooks who believe that chocolate is worthy of their best efforts. We are suggesting two methods of melting it:

(1) Cut chocolate in pieces and melt over hot water.

(2) Cut chocolate in pieces, add to cold liquid, heat gradually, letting chocolate melt slowly; then beat with a rotary egg beater.

Berkshire Cake

4 egg yolks 3/4 cup flour
3/4 cup sugar 1/4 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla 4 egg whites

Beat egg yolks until thick and lemon colored. Add sugar gradually, beating constantly. Add vanilla and mix well. Fold in flour and salt alternately with the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into 2 greased layer cake pans and bake in a hot oven (375° F.) about 20 minutes. When cool spread filling between and on top of cake.

FILLING

Melt 1/4 pound sweet chocolate over hot water. Remove from fire, add 1 egg and mix well. Fold in 1 cup cream or evaporated milk, beaten until stiff.

Chocolate Pecan Puff

1 teaspoon gelatine 1 3/4 cups milk
1 tablespoon cold water 4 egg yolks
1 cup sugar
1/4 cup boiling coffee 1/4 teaspoon salt
2 squares unsweetened chocolate 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup cream or evaporated milk, whipped 1/2 cup pecans, broken

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Dissolve in boiling coffee. Cut chocolate in small pieces and put in top of

double boiler. Add milk and heat over hot water until chocolate is melted. Beat egg yolks and add sugar and salt. Pour the chocolate milk over them and mix well. Return to double boiler and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add dissolved gelatine and vanilla and mix well. Cool. Add nut meats and fold in whipped cream. Pour into ring mold which has been dipped in cold water. Chill. Unmold and fill center with extra whipped cream. Sprinkle cream with chocolate shot. Serve with macaroons.

Chocolate Custard Meringue

2 squares unsweetened chocolate 2/3 cup sugar
1 quart milk 1/4 teaspoon salt
4 eggs 1 teaspoon vanilla
Coconut

Cut chocolate in small pieces. Add milk and heat over hot water, until chocolate is melted. Beat with egg beater to insure perfect blending. Beat eggs (saving 2 whites for meringue), add sugar, salt, and vanilla and mix well. Add chocolate milk gradually, stirring constantly. Pour into custard cups which have been slightly wet with cold water. Cover tops with meringue and sprinkle with coconut. Set cups in pan of warm water and bake in moderate oven (325° F.) until firm—about 25 minutes. For the meringue, beat 2 egg whites until stiff and add gradually 1/2 cup sugar, beating constantly.

Chocolate Nut Caramels

1 cup brown sugar 1 cup milk
1 cup white sugar 6 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 cup corn syrup 2 tablespoons butter
1 cup condensed milk 2 teaspoons vanilla
1/2 cup cream or evaporated milk 1/4 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups nuts, broken

Mix sugar, syrup, condensed milk, cream, and milk together and heat. Cut chocolate in pieces and melt over

hot water. Add to the first mixture with the butter. Cook over a low fire until 246° F. is reached (firm ball), stirring constantly. Remove from fire and add vanilla, salt, and nuts. Pour into a greased square pan. When cool turn out on a board and cut in squares. Wrap each square in wax paper.

Chocolate Peanut Clusters

1/2 pound sweet chocolate 1 quart freshly roasted peanuts

Cut chocolate in small pieces. Place in top of small double boiler being careful that water does not boil. Stir chocolate until melted. Cool to 85° F. Dip one peanut in chocolate at a time and lift out with fork. Arrange three or more together and place on wax paper to allow chocolate to harden.

Chocolate Sauce (for desserts)

1 square unsweetened chocolate 1/3 cup sugar
1 cup milk Few grains salt
3/4 tablespoons flour 1/2 teaspoon butter
1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Cut chocolate in small pieces. Add milk and heat over hot water until chocolate is thoroughly melted. Mix flour, sugar, and salt together and add slowly to the chocolate mixture, stirring constantly. Stir until thickened and cook for 2 minutes. Remove from fire and add butter and vanilla.

Chocolate Syrup (for beverages)

1/2 cup cocoa 1 1/2 cups sugar
1 cup water 1/8 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 teaspoons vanilla

Mix cocoa and water and cook slowly over direct fire until smooth, stirring constantly. Add sugar and salt and stir until dissolved. Cook 3 minutes. Cool and add vanilla. This syrup will keep a week, if covered in refrigerator.

For Variety . . . Convenience . . . and Economy

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Corned Beef . . . Ox Tongue . . . Vienna Sausage



THINK of the delicious meals you can have with Armour's Veribest Canned Meats! And such a variety—Corned Beef, Ox Tongue, Veal Loaf and Vienna Sausage are only part of Armour's famous Veribest line. With salads or hot vegetables they are always welcome. For inviting sandwiches, any of the first three named, sliced thin, are ideal. And there's nothing like Armour's Veribest Corned Beef chopped fine for an appetizing hash.

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(Right) Armour's Full Cream Cloverbloom Butter—the richness of 8 half-pints of table cream is in every pound.

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SECOND GEAR . . . LOW CENTER OF GRAVITY . . . MONO-PIECE
STEEL BODY . . . DOUBLE-DROP BRIDGE-TYPE FRAME . . .
HYDRAULIC BRAKES . . . GREATER SIZE · POWER AND BEAUTY

ROSES AND A PIECE OF WEDDING CAKE

[Continued from page 42]

"You'll have soup for lunch," she promised, "and, Daddy, I've been thinking. Aren't some of the men going to take their wives with them on that trip to Panama?"

"I don't know," he said. "I suppose some of them will."

"You've never asked if I might like to go."

"Never thought of it," he said honestly.

MRS. WILBUR was an absolute home-body. When she traveled she went visiting. She hated crowds and sight-seeing; but here she was, her eyes a-glitter with some inspiration.

"I could do without my visit to Jane in Philadelphia this year," she said. "I imagine this trip wouldn't cost much more, and it would do both of us a world of good—take us out of our ruts!"

She had not only a glitter in her eyes; she had the mouth of a woman who has been making fast and furious plans. When she left the room a few minutes later, Mr. Wilbur was certain about one thing. He was going to make the trip to Panama.

The earth swam on in its path about the sun and the old year became a new one. One evening in January Mr. Wilbur came home for the second time with a look of portent on his face.

"Folks," he announced, "a change has been made in the traveling plans. The first lap of the journey—from here to Mexico City—is to be made by air."

"Daddy!" Mrs. Wilbur's exclamation was breathless. Her face paled ever so little, and she settled down into her chair, looking for once the small person that she really was.

But youth, progressive, noisy, thoughtless, unfilial, it even seemed to Mr. Wilbur, from either side of the table buried her natural tremors under an avalanche of exhilaration. Oh, oh, oh! This was the crowning touch. For a man who had all his life longed for travel and adventure at last to have his opportunity given to him and then made golden by the latest thing in thrills!

Mr. Wilbur was not afraid of air-planes. When Lindbergh had made his great lonely flight across the Atlantic, Mr. Wilbur had hung about radio sets and walked up and down the city streets, with an extra edition of a newspaper crumpled in his fists, babbling with the rest of the prayerful lunatics. He had shouted himself purple with approbation, and said convincingly what he would have done, had he been a young man right then.

But Mr. Wilbur was sixty years old and growing, of late, perceptibly heavy in the legs. As strong and young as ever in many ways—still—

Sixty years old and life pretty sweet as it was, without extra adventure. Had those shrieking, whirling girls never read of accidents in passenger planes? Even if they knew he wouldn't be afraid, mightn't they have expressed a decent amount of concern about his safety? They simply went crazy, so infectiously that even Mrs. Wilbur flushed up and trembled with excitement, instead of dismay.

That was another feature about this business. Mr. Wilbur developed a sneaking suspicion that he was at present the victim of a domestic conspiracy. The family had made up their three minds that he was to have a wish fulfilled, no matter what. The idea was enough to turn any man stubborn.

But what could Mr. Wilbur do? Without appearing senile or cowardly, how could he make clear to them a truth that was becoming daily more clear to him—that a dream is lovely chiefly because it is a dream, that when it came to actual living, known things are dearest?

It was Frances who suggested that they dash out to the airport one evening to see the passenger planes land and take off. It was the most romantic spectacle, she said.

They went. And it was a romantic spectacle. The vast concreted area of the landing field, the hangars with their winged metal monsters, the flimsy gate arches with their incredibly distant ports named nonchalantly together—Los

Angeles, Albuquerque, Kansas City and so on—these were romance. Mechanics, with acetylene torches and flashlights and battery testers stepped about everywhere. The whole place was alive, alert, humming. A passenger plane was due. Flood lights turned the night an eerie blue. Afar in the dark, watchers made out the wing-lights of the plane. It was down. Off went the flood lights as the ship taxied to its proper gate. The passengers disembarked—two lean, hurried, harried men with briefcases, and the sable-coated daughter of a millionaire. The men hurried to cabs; the girl was enveloped in a twitter of friends.

While this plane was being serviced, a mail plane was announced. Again the night turned blue. Again two lights were found aloft. Again a plane came down, but swiftly, swiftly this time. It banked dizzily as it swooped for a landing, drawing forth exclamations of applause from waiting mechanics.

"That kid's a wonder!" said a knowing voice behind Mr. Wilbur.

THE pilot came out of the cockpit, a nonchalant young man. He had taken the plane over at Kansas City, would have it in Columbus, Ohio, by midnight. While the mail was being unloaded and the plane gone over by inspectors, he strolled into the service depot. Very shortly he was back, pausing for a few final whiffs from a cigarette. As he took his place once more in the cockpit, a man gave him warning about some obstruction in a distant quarter of the field.

"Okay," said the pilot, just as Mr. Wilbur was wishing he might hear a word from him. "All clear?"

"Clear!" came the answer.

The motor was started. The propellers whirled. A great rushing wind lifted Mr. Wilbur's hat from his head, seemed strong enough to lift him from his feet. In that rush of wind the plane slipped free, sped to a far corner of the field then, it rose—up, up and away. Away into the night!

[Continued on page 48]



When you take a Laxative.. play safe!

For your health's sake, take care! Don't gamble. Be safe instead of sorry in the selection of a laxative.

Many laxatives, the doctor will tell you, are violent in their action. Such laxatives are not good for you—they invite after-effects that more than nullify the temporary relief they bring. Other laxatives are habit-forming.

What Doctors demand of a Laxative

You will discover that the medical profession has a very definite standard of requirements for a laxative.

It's important, doctors say, that a laxative shouldn't be absorbed by the system, and that it should limit its action to the intestines.

It should not rush food through the stomach. It shouldn't over-stimulate and irritate the intestines. It should not gripe. And it should not be habit-forming.

Ex-Lax actually checks on each of these points the doctor looks for in a laxative. That's why physicians everywhere approve of Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Yet, it contains one of

the most scientific of all laxatives—phenolphthalein—of the correct quality, in the correct proportion and the correct dose.

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The next time you need a laxative, take an Ex-Lax before you go to bed at night. You'll like its rich, chocolate flavor. And the following morning, you'll like the easy, complete way that Ex-Lax works.

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HE PLAYS outdoors in the fresh sunshine. He sleeps like a top. And how he eats! Watch him as he dips lustily into his Kellogg's Rice Krispies and milk and does *his* part towards building a strong body and rugged constitution.

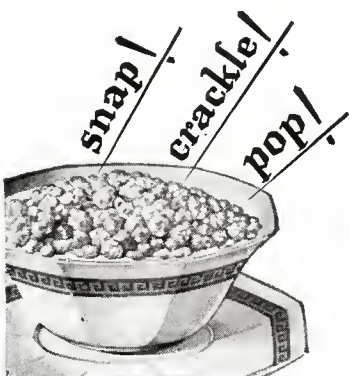
It's a thrill for parents when children enjoy their meals. You love to see them eat. When they only toy with their food — of course, you're really concerned about it.

That's why Kellogg's Rice Krispies are such a *satisfying* cereal to give to youngsters. Children can't resist it. Crisp, toasted rice bubbles that actually crackle in milk or cream.

Rice Krispies are one of the *best* cereals for children. So tempting, nourishing, and easy to digest. Splendid for the evening meal — they do not overtax like many heavy foods, and so they encourage restful sleep.

Rice Krispies are made with exacting care. Spotless ovens.

Gleaming machinery. Sunlit kitchens. No hands ever touch this cereal. And Rice Krispies are *sealed* in a protective WAXTITE bag which keeps them oven-fresh. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. *Quality guaranteed.*



FOR THE CHILDREN: Tune in Kellogg's *SINGING LADY* every afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays at 5.30 Eastern Time, over WJZ, WLW, WBAL, KDKA,* WBZ,* WBZA,* WGAR, WJR. At 5.15 Central Time, KOIL, WBEN, KWK; at 6.00, WGN. Songs and stories children love. *When available

ROSES AND A PIECE OF WEDDING CAKE

[Continued from page 47]

"Folks," said Mr. Wilbur solemnly. "I'll never forget it."

HE WENT home convinced that, whether this young man was ever named in history or not, he was a hero. For hours, for days, Mr. Wilbur held an ache in his heart that was for this gallant youngster zooming so indifferently off into the dark alone. That was the way Mr. Wilbur got his enjoyment out of things, just sitting and mulling them over.

For days he was deeply thoughtful. And he developed a queer, troublesome pain in his left side. It was a real pain, for he didn't mention it at home. He did, however, speak of it to a pal in the business, who told him that he ought to have a physical examination before he set out on any trip. The friend succeeded in worrying Mr. Wilbur sufficiently about the pain for him to agree to an examination. He meant fully to go through with it without any word to Mrs. Wilbur; but at the last he thought, if it should prove to be a pain of consequence, Mother would be hurt at his secrecy.

"Daddy!" she said sharply, expressing this time reproof and anxiety.

Of course, she insisted on going to the doctor's with him, waiting with compressed lips in the outer office while the examination took place.

The doctor thumped and prodded and questioned Mr. Wilbur and pronounced him the soundest specimen for his years that he had ever examined. The pain was heartburn from a stubborn attack of indigestion. Had he some worries? Such things sometimes put a man off his feed. No? Well, a dosage of magnesia and no pie for lunch for a few days. Fit to take a trip by airplane? Certainly.

Mr. Wilbur gave his wife the judgment as they left the building.

"What kind of magnesia?" she asked. "What kind—I don't know."

"Oh, Daddy!" So back she went to find out, while Mr. Wilbur went on down to open their car. There was a film of ice on the sidewalk. He slipped. When Mrs. Wilbur came out, he was prostrate and unconscious.

He was not hurt badly. The bump on his head had stunned him, but it wasn't severe enough to be called a concussion. And the only broken bones were three ribs. They made him uncomfortable, but they'd heal if he kept reasonably quiet.

No, he couldn't go to Panama. That would have been foolhardy. Louie Bollman and his bride went in Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur's places. They sent roses and a piece of the wedding cake out of gratitude.

Mrs. Wilbur cried. That made Mr. Wilbur feel ashamed, as if he'd taken the fall on purpose. He'd done no such thing. It was just too bad!

NEVERTHELESS, he could do nothing about the spell of content that enveloped him as he reclined on cushions in his adjustable chair in the living room the day the expedition set sail. It was cold outside and he was snug and warm and drowsily at peace. A fragrance filled the air. Out in the kitchen Mrs. Wilbur was baking some spicy apple dish for supper, which was imminent. She came in presently to look him over. Mr. Wilbur laid down a magazine, open at a picture of Holland's canals and windmills.

"There's a place I'd like to see someday!" he said genially.

"You make me sick!" said Mrs. Wilbur.

Mr. Wilbur sighed to think she still felt that way. He sighed, then he smiled. Frances' canary in the sunny dining room window was trying to cheer things up with song. It was a tuneless warble that swelled the bird's throat; but it went very well with Mr. Wilbur for "Home, Sweet Home."

IN THE PULPIT

[Continued from page 21]

in the dark except for the light of candles. For her life had stopped at the hour of her tragic disappointment. She met her sorrow with unconditional surrender, as so many do. It is the easiest method of all—just to give up, let go, sink into self-pity, and accept defeat; such is the way of weakness.

"Or we may be defiant and fight back, take our bitter pills with bitter spirit, and allow our troubles to make us cynical and hard. But this is only another way of surrender—the way of the strong, while the other is the way of the weak. A man gathers strength by the sufferings of life, but his grim fightings may overdevelop his pugnacity, and make him look upon all weakness with scorn rather than with sympathy. He becomes rocklike, but a rock on which ships are wrecked, not like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land where tired travelers find rest. There are few sadder losses than a lost sorrow—a sorrow that embitters rather than softens.

"No, there is a better, wiser way to take trouble. There are those who refuse to surrender to their sorrows either by turning cowards or becoming callous and hard. Instead, they make capital out of their calamities and change their losses into gain. It is to such souls that the world owes its supreme debt. They are the most useful and winsome men and women we know. As a rule,

the most helpful people are those who have had their hearts broken and found healing. Truly, capitalizing our calamities is one of the finest of all arts, mastery of which is more to be coveted than any other skill. How can we acquire the courage and power to make the best of our sorrows and not let them make the worst of us?

"First, we must believe in the possibility of it. Then, we must recognize the value of sorrow, for without trouble, testing, and even tragedy, man would not be of much value. Otherwise, we should live a ghastly, smooth life, dead of soul. But not all sorrows are in accordance with the will of God. Think of saying that a little child who died the other day of partial starvation in this land of overproduction did so by the will of God—it would be sheer mockery and a slander against God! Many ills we suffer are of that kind, due not to Divine providence, but to human improvidence, stupidity, or wickedness. How unjust it is to rail against God for what those who are hostile to God have done. Whether our sorrows come by the will of God or by the willfulness of man, our religion, if we know how to use it, will bring us through with honor, and make us the richer for our losses. That is what our religion is for, because it reveals a grace of God equal to all human calamity."

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Von Horn

EVERY TOOTH SOUND

By E. V. McCollum, Ph.D., Sc.D.

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

WHY teeth decay has long been a baffling question. Dr. W. D. Miller, one of the really great men in the dental profession, was the first to advance the theory that decay was caused by fermentation of tiny particles of food that were left in contact with the teeth. As long as forty years ago he said that the acid thus formed could penetrate and destroy the enamel of teeth. It was his theory that started the widespread use of the tooth brush and of antiseptic mouth washes and tooth pastes. But dentists now agree that it is impossible to check decay of the teeth through mouth hygiene alone.

For a long time scientists have suspected that the lack in our bodies of certain mineral elements—particularly phosphorous and calcium—was closely connected with the problem of tooth decay. This theory is supported by recent researches which indicate that the mineral composition of the *saliva* controls the condition of our teeth.

SALIVA is composed of water and many inorganic salts—chiefly sodium bicarbonate (ordinary baking soda) and certain forms of calcium and phosphate. These substances come to the saliva through the blood. Sodium bicarbonate, as it is found in the saliva, is important because it neutralizes acids which form in the mouth. Presumably this neutralizing power is low when the alkali reserve of the blood is low. To prevent this condition we should eat plenty of fruits, vegetables, and milk—foods which leave an alkaline ash in the body.

If our diet is poor in minerals, this lack will show up in the blood and in the saliva. When this happens the saliva seeks a new source of minerals—and discovers a rich supply in the enamel of our teeth which is made almost entirely of calcium and phosphate. Although this enamel is very

It has long been the hope of scientists that a race with flawless teeth might some day be produced. In this article one of the world's greatest authorities on nutrition tells how new discoveries about our daily diet are bringing this ideal nearer to reality

insoluble, saliva which is poor in quality can dissolve it and thus enrich its mineral content. Once the enamel is roughened, bacteria will collect, form acid, and start decay.

To prevent the enamel from being attacked by the saliva, we must plan our diet to supply enough minerals. Recent experiments have shown that drinking large quantities of orange and lemon juice helps to prevent tooth and gum troubles. This is probably due to the minerals in these juices. Until recently I believed we were getting enough phosphorous, but too little calcium. Now I am convinced that we need more of both these substances. Also, we need an adequate amount of the "sunshine" vitamin D to enable the body to use the calcium and phosphorous which our foods furnish.

Foods in their *natural* state will supply the blood and the saliva with all the elements which are necessary to protect teeth. Dr. Lennox, of South Africa, has pointed out that certain African tribes have healthy teeth while they are living on their primitive diets; but when they are given the diets of civilized people they soon develop tooth and gum troubles. What has changed our natural foods?

In the first place, many of our foods are robbed of phosphorous when they are refined. Then, too, we peel our potatoes, turnips, carrots, and other root vegetables, thus throwing away the part richest in mineral elements. Many valuable minerals are lost in the water in which vegetables are cooked.

As a nation we eat excessive quantities of sugar and starches. Normal amounts of these energy foods belong in the balanced diet but they should not be allowed to crowd out other foods which are rich in minerals, vitamins, and proteins.

In these various ways *we are stealing from thirty to fifty per cent of the vital elements which are present in natural foods*. We have been

paying for this mistake with dental disease and all the troubles which result from abscessed teeth. Since we are not likely to turn backward in our dietary habits the best advice we can give at present is to put back into the diet the minerals which have been taken out.

A GREAT deal can be done by eating more and more of the "protective foods"—milk, green vegetables, and fruits. A simple way to supplement a diet poor in minerals is to take two level teaspoons of dicalcium phosphate each day. This will furnish about the same amount of calcium and phosphorous as a quart of milk and should be taken in addition to the regular diet. It is a practically tasteless powder and can be mixed with mashed potatoes, cereals, buttermilk, orange juice, or water. And be sure to get plenty of vitamin D from sunshine, cod liver oil, or other sources.

When we have made sure that the saliva will have the proper chemical composition, we have gone a long way toward protecting our teeth. However, when food packs against the teeth, the saliva cannot wash the enamel; and if the food remains there for some time it will ferment and produce enough acid to cause decay. This may occur on the grinding surface of the molars when the grooves are unusually deep and the sides vertical. We must use the tooth brush regularly. Mouth hygiene is important for general health as well as for the health of the teeth.



●
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If your chubby youngster has become pale, nervous or thin, take care! Such danger signals should warn you that the child is weakening under the strain.

To protect your children, build up their health and resistance in every possible way. Cream of Wheat will help you. It's a safeguard that child specialists have been recommending for more than 36 years! Let your children have it *regularly*.

Cream of Wheat strengthens and fortifies a child. It *builds weight* steadily, solidly, in a *natural* way. It helps to prevent—or overcome—nervousness, listlessness and all

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Cream of Wheat is a safeguard tried and *proved*. Two generations of youngsters have thrived on it and grown strong. Let it help you to protect *your* children—to build up their resistance—to make them sturdy—to keep them safe through danger years.

Buy a box of Cream of Wheat from your grocer today. Observe how carefully it is packaged—in a hygienic, triple-sealed box that guards its purity. And notice the low cost; how much you get for your money.

Forty generous servings at a little more than half a cent each!

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We will also send you a valuable child health booklet.

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AS HIS clumsy "Clermont" first panted up the tranquil Hudson, Robert Fulton could hardly have foreseen luxurious liners like the "Ile de France" spanning the Atlantic in five days. But he was pointing the way.

When he first used electricity to measure minutes, Henry E. Warren *did* dream of putting correct time on tap at every light socket. Today, in America's power houses, Telechron Master Clocks check generator speeds — make accurate electric time possible. And in more than a million homes and offices, other Telechron Clocks supply time that can't be questioned.

Telechron-timed households are more pleasant, peaceful, prompt. No wrangling over

which clock or whose watch is right — if any. No daily or weekly winding to bother about.

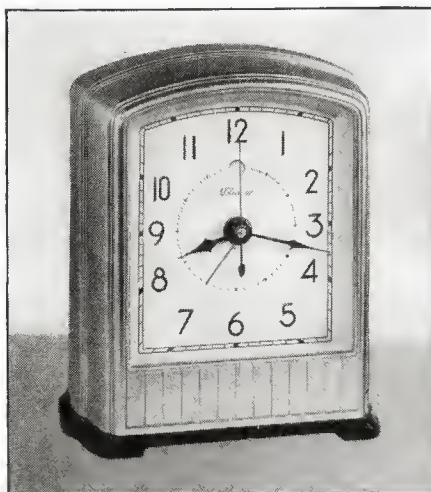
Insist on Telechron, the original self-starting synchronous clock — with the name on the dial. It is made in many models, deftly designed for every room in your house. There's a Telechron dealer near you, listed in the Classified Telephone Directory. Slip out to see him, next time you miss the morning train.

Telechron prices range reasonably as low as \$5.50. The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures strike and chime clocks with Telechron motors, priced from \$22.75 to \$650.

WARREN TELECHRON CO.
ASHLAND, MASSACHUSETTS
THE REVERE CLOCK CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

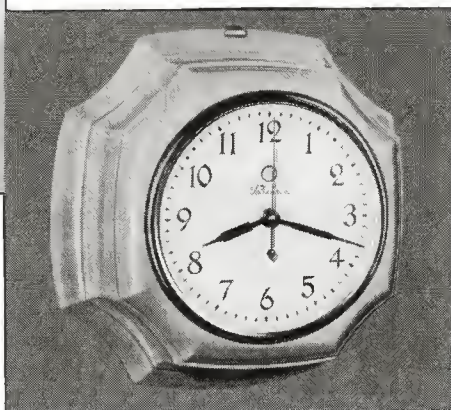
Telechron

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Warren Telechron Co.)



TELALARM — Non-tarnishing case. Pleasant alarm, \$8.50. With illuminated dial, \$9.95. In ivory, green, blue, or orchid, \$8.95.

No. 457 — For your kitchen wall. Metal case, lacquered light blue, light green, cream-ivory, or white. 7½ inches high. Only \$5.50.



TAILORED TOWELS

BUY big bath towels—it pays. This slogan is sure to please the masculine half of the household. The large sizes are more economical, not only because of the comfort in using and the fact that one is enough per bath, but also because equal weight and quality of weaving can seldom be found in smaller sizes. The standard bath towel is approximately 22 x 44 inches, but those 26 x 48 inches are very grand. Smaller sizes are really hand and face towels. They usually have single loops instead of

double ones; though they are very absorbent they are not satisfactory as bath towels.

The smartest new bath towels are conservative in design and might almost be called tailored towels. Designs are concentrated more at the ends—straight line effects are good, and the popular basque-stripe borders have been copied in deep pastels to harmonize with delicate color schemes.

The most interesting feature of all is the new texture effect developed in ordinary terry toweling. Through some trick of weaving there are herring-bone effects, ripples, dapples, ribs, and snowflakes. These new weaves are used in all-white towels, in colored border styles, and the all-over effect. In the latter, the texture makes an important contribution to the design, as in the fourth towel from the top, with the wave-like border. It is also said that these new texture effects, even though made of softer cottons, give a stimulating action similar to athletic friction towels.

WHILE talking of towels—what do you think of the new fingertip towels? They are only 10 x 15 inches and are correctly called one-use towels. The rosy red lipstick towels won't show telltale stains. Incidentally, linen towels are cheaper than they have been for years.

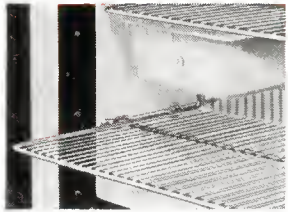
Towels, of course, are the first essential for comfort in a bathroom, but there are a dozen and one other small conveniences which the well-equipped bathroom should have. For instance, have you a costumer to hang bathrobes, etc., on? Have you enough cupboard space in which to stow all unsightly bottles and jars? Have you a covered waste container, a padded toilet seat, a neat painted wall rack to hold cleansing tissues, a non-skid rubber mat in the bath tub, a rubber tipped step-stool for the youngsters' use, nonbreakable water goblets, etc? These are only a few of the ingenious comforts possible. Why not give the bathroom a shower party?



By
Margery
Taylor

New dual-advantages in the Westinghouse Dual-automatic Refrigerator

NEW ROLLING SHELVES *and*



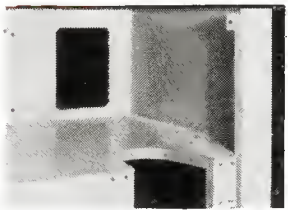
For your greater convenience in food arrangement, Westinghouse now provides in new models a shelf that *rolls* forward on steel rails. Brings food within easy reach. Nothing else like it.

NEW BUILT-IN CRISPING PANS



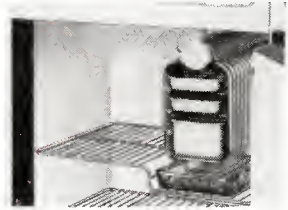
To keep your vegetables crisp and tasty, Westinghouse includes a new *built-in* porcelain Crisping Pan. Takes up a minimum of shelf space. Slides out easily for instant use.

NEW ALL-STEEL CABINETS *and*



Now . . . Westinghouse introduces amazing one-piece all-steel cabinets, *completely* insulated from the seamless porcelain interiors. Rugged life-time endurance . . . *plus* new-day efficiency.

NEW ELECTRIC-LIGHTED MODELS



Just open the doors, and the interior of your new Westinghouse is instantly flooded with brilliant light. You put your hands instantly on what you want. Light switches off when door is closed.



The Built-in Watchman, a million-dollar invention, assures never-failing Dual-automatic performance.

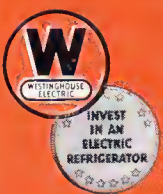
Now the modest budget which puts a Westinghouse Dual-automatic Refrigerator in your home purchases NEW dual-advantages to give you *extra* helpfulness, life-time food protection! For *in addition* to the desirable features originally embodied in the Westinghouse, these new models offer you *at no extra cost* the endurance of all-steel cabinet construction PLUS the convenience of *rolling* shelves . . . a *built-in* Crisping Pan PLUS electric-lighted interiors . . . all combined in the "most beautiful refrigerator in the world!"

New Standards . . . New Values . . . Mail Coupon for Details

Check carefully the advantages of every leading electric refrigerator — then compare them with Westinghouse *dual* advantages. You will find in Westinghouse every worthwhile feature that you want . . . PLUS the *exclusive* Dual-automatic feature which is your guarantee of *completely* automatic operation under all conditions. For complete information and interesting facts on refrigeration economies, mail the coupon below without obligation.

IT PAYS FOR ITSELF! Make us prove it!

This remarkable refrigerator will actually pay back every penny of its cost and more, through the economies it effects in your home. Let the nearest Westinghouse dealer show you the figures in black and white. Ask him, too, about the liberal terms—a nominal payment, and two years to complete the investment. Prices start at \$180. F. O. B. factory.



For every room in the house, the Westinghouse complete line of electrical products represents up-to-the-minute design and development in home-craft . . . guaranteed by one of the greatest names in electricity.



WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MFG. CO.,
Merchandising Dept., Mansfield, Ohio. (Mc. 5-32)

Send copy of Westinghouse Refrigerator Book describing Dual-automatic Refrigeration and money-saving features.

Name.....

Address.....

"WE BID YOU HOPE"

By
Charles
Allen
Dinsmore



IT IS interesting to realize that the Bible, whose authors (with possibly one exception) were Orientals, is the most influential book in the Western world. And though most of it was written two thousand years ago—some of it even a thousand years earlier—it surpasses our most popular novels of today as a best seller.

What gives the Bible immortal youth?

There seem to be two reasons—the truth it contains and the beauty with which that truth is expressed. Truth alone will not keep a book alive, but truth glowing with beauty knows nothing of dates nor of the flight of time. Only the truth must not be remote: it must be a lantern to light each generation along life's journey.

The humanity of God is the central thought of the Bible. All the great passages assume that his solicitude is infinite. Consider the beauty of this verse in the one hundredth and third Psalm: "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him, for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust."

Is there anything more powerless than dust? If the Creator remembers that we are dust, he knows how much we need his help.

Isaiah carries the thought still more persuasively into our hearts. Down in the deepest place of his soul he heard the Almighty saying: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted."

The language of consolation can go no further. We are like little children living in a bewildering world. Exposed to forces which wound us cruelly, we need comfort and protection. Especially in times like these do we seek a "refuge from the storm and a shadow from the heat of life."

BECAUSE the Bible is the record of men who have suffered greatly, whose words were born out of a faith achieved in agony, it holds our attention. It tells in vivid words the story of men and women as they learned the meaning of life by their failures, their sins, their passions, their victories. As you read about their tragedies and joys you discover the living truths for which you have been groping.

Let me mention just one example. I suppose the most satisfying experience we can have is to be profoundly aware we are living in a divine universe in which all things work together for good. You will remember that St. Paul quotes a Greek poet as saying,

"In him we live, and move, and have our being." This is a comforting thought—not quite as poetically expressed as Mrs. Browning's confident words:

"And I smiled to think God's greatness
flowed round our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest."

The picture flashed upon our minds as we read is of a calm ocean embracing the little island of our being. But now see how a Hebrew seer surpasses both the Greek

and the English poet in vigor and beauty of utterance when he declares in the thirty-third chapter of Deuteronomy:

"The eternal God is thy refuge,
And underneath are the everlasting arms."

He conceives God, not as an encompassing atmosphere in which we live, not as a silent ocean flowing about us, but as a father carrying his child. This is a figure of speech which all of us can understand.

The Bible is full of these pictures that stir our hearts. The Greeks, though the most brilliant people of antiquity, failed to show the way of salvation because they tried to make men better by appealing to their reason. But how few people control their actions by reasoning! The Hebrew poets and prophets, on the contrary, declared, "Out of the heart are the issues of life." And Jesus affirmed that the pure in heart shall see God, for the way of love is the way of life.

WHY are we here? Not for self-indulgence, not even primarily for happiness. We are here to become our best possible selves. Many of us fill our lives with bitterness because we forget that we are here for character and service. That was a wise sentence which Emerson wrote in his journal, "We are called sons, not darlings, of the Deity." We cosset our darlings, we train our sons for vision and power. God deals with us as with sons. Our instinctive desire is for happiness, but the Biblical ideal for us is blessedness. Blessedness comes through discipline bravely met. "Be thou faithful unto death"—how the words ring out like the thrilling notes of a bugle to soldiers hard beset.

But what light has the Bible concerning the dark to which we go? Here its voice does not falter. It tells us that there is something better further on, that what we think to be darkness is simply the excess of great light. "In my father's house are many mansions," says the Lord of the resurrection. "I go to prepare a place for you."

St. Paul still further elaborates this thought. It is, he says, as though a pilgrim who had been living in a shifty tent, shaken by every wind and undefended against assault, should take up his abode in a house which is perpetually secure. In dying we move from a tent to a house. Death is swallowed up in victory. We put on immortality like a garment. [Turn to page 122]

OLIVE OIL—the great beauty oil

... this much goes into every cake of Palmolive



Startling? Yes! And so vital in modern beauty care that 20,000 beauty specialists have united in recommending the daily use of Palmolive

OLIVE OIL is nature's great beautifier. It soothes, penetrates and *protects* the skin.

But, can you get enough olive oil in soap? Palmolive answers: YES! And shows you just how much of this priceless ingredient is blended with oils from palm trees in the famous Palmolive formula.

What about other soaps? Do you know

what's in them? Can you risk using them on your skin?

Palmolive labels every cake: made of olive and palm oils. That's why more than 20,000 beauty experts have, for years, urged its use. They believe in the beauty value of olive oil in soap. Listen to their advice. Use Palmolive to protect skin, to keep it young.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time

She smokes **FRESH** cigarettes

... not parched or toasted

WHEN you buy Camels you get *fresh* cigarettes. That's why women particularly prefer them.

Cool, refreshing smoke that is mild all the way down, with no trace of parch or bite to sting the tongue or rasp the throat.

That's because Camels are *made* right and *kept* right.

Made of choice Turkish and sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos that are properly conditioned; that contain just the right amount of natural moisture.

Kept in factory-prime condition until they reach the smoker by the air-sealed, Camel Humidor Pack.

The select tobaccos that go to make up your Camels are never parched or toasted.

The Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat guarantees against that.

If you've never experienced the delight of a cigarette that has never been parched or toasted switch to Camels, then leave them—if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMELS

Made FRESH — Kept FRESH

© 1932, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

"Are you Listenin'?"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY'S COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAMS

Camel Quarter Hour—Columbia Broadcasting System

Prince Albert Quarter Hour—National Broadcasting Company Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time

PROBABLY SHOWERS

[Continued from page 12]

didn't he? Anne and Mary were both married and therefore safe, but here was Kathleen, prettiest of all, running around nursing in big houses and getting big ideas in her head. It was a wonder that a smart girl like that wouldn't know a good fellow when she had one hanging around for a year. The outside door was opened with a wide fling and a bang and young Jimmie Burke roller-skated across the threshold and into the room.

"Andy Tiernan's outside in his car," he yelled informally.

He directed this bit of information at Kathleen. Andy Tiernan had been known to pay a dime and as high as a quarter for service such as this. He paid high for information as to when Kathie was expected home from a case. Jimmie Burke could scarcely imagine how anything in connection with one of his sisters could be worth that much money, but he accepted it as just a part of the general craziness of grown-up people.

"Shut the door," said Ed, "and don't yell so, and take off those skates."

"Aw, gee, I'm going out again," said Jimmie, and he ducked nimbly over the doorsill and banged the door behind him before there could be any further effort to restrain his liberty.

Mary's baby woke and cried with increasing determination. He was upstairs.

"You eat your supper, Mary," said her mother. "I'll run up and bring him down."

"He's yelled all day," said Mary. "It's his tooth. I hope he didn't keep you awake, Kathie."

"No," said the girl loyally. Not one of the Burkes ever admitted that the addition of a young baby to the household was anything but a pleasure. Len, who worked in one of the town's manufacturing plants, had been out of work for some weeks. In this crisis he and Mary and the baby had come home to live for a while. Even Ed adored the baby. They all understood that.

"He ought to be left alone to cry it out," he offered, but it didn't mean a thing.

"You would be the first one to be running up there if no one else did," said Mary.

"Well, you'll never do it as long as Mom will do it for you." This was just routine come-back, but Kathleen had a desire to defend her sister.

"Mary was up almost all night with the baby, Ed, and I guess if you had been, you would be tired too—"

"It's a funny thing about girls. They can dance all night and not be a bit tired," offered Len amiably.

"Why, I haven't been to a dance in two years," said Mary tragically.

"Well, I don't suppose we will go for two years more," stated Len, helping himself to more fish.

FOR an instant Kathleen hated him. Len was so dumb. So ineffective. It was terrible to think that Mary, who had been so pretty, who had loved to dance, who had had her hair done every week when she worked in the office, who had been so gay, was now this thin, white-faced girl who never went anywhere, who never could go anywhere again because she had married this good-natured, stupid boy who

couldn't support her. When you thought about being married that way—

Mrs. Burke came back with the baby wrapped in the familiar blue and white blanket. His golden head and tear-stained blue eyes were lifted bravely above it. Kathleen stopped hating Len.

"Give him to me, Mamma."

In Kathleen's arms he gave little jumps inside the blanket. She put a cool finger between his lips.

"Let Kathie see the big tooth, darling."

The baby stared at her intently, then he smiled and gurgled.

"Oh, good heavens, it's come through," said Kathleen. "Well, you sweet old angel, you. You've got a great big tooth."

She kissed his ear. "Poor little pet. He's such a good baby. He's just like me."

"Yeah?" said Ed. "I suppose you think it's a swell idea to keep a fellow sitting out in a car waiting for you on a cold night—"

"Oh, I'd forgotten all about going to work," said the girl, jumping up. "Here, take the baby. Yes, I had enough supper, Mamma."

She pulled on a small, perky hat that dipped outrageously toward one eye. Then she powdered her nose and slipped into the belted, dark blue coat that was impudent and practical all at once.

"Do I look perfectly terrible?" she asked Mary seriously.

"You certainly do," said Len and Ed in a breath.

She kissed her mother and ran out into the early spring twilight.

ANDY TIERNAN was an electrician. He was quick and clever at repair work. That was his reputation in town. He worked for the Mills Electric Company. Mr. Mills, who was the company, was quite old; he stayed in the store and sold toasters and electric light bulbs while Andy went around

and did the work. Life, Andy thought, was a pretty good thing. It was not alone good when he thought of Kathleen Burke. It was wonderful. It had lighted for him as completely and suddenly as the big Christmas tree in the park had lighted at dusk. It had happened last summer. She had brought her mother's elec-

tric iron to be repaired and after supper that night he had taken it home himself. The Burkes were all on their front porch, and he had stayed to talk for a while. He had known Ed since grammar school, but he had never seen Kathleen until that afternoon.

When he looked back on it now, he guessed that he had known right away what seeing her had done to him. Still, it wasn't only her looks. It was everything she said. It was the wonder and excitement about her. It was her voice, now gay, now slow and wavering. It was her blue eyes laughing in a snow storm, and her way of saying seriously that when the wind blew, she felt like going somewhere and jumping up and down. It was, he knew well enough, being in love. Not very confidently yet, but as if almost touching a great happiness. When he had

[Continued on page 58]

WHAT WOULD YOU CALL HER?



• MAYBE THAT'S TOO MUCH •

THIS girl's husband looks at her with dismay. He thinks she's a sad caricature of her former self. He remembers her fresh good looks. And what's become of her pretty spirited ways, her gaiety and energy?

Yes, she is a dreary creature! Just her fretful mouth tells her story. Tired and cross from morning to night. Even the best cosmetics can no longer help or conceal the state of her skin, dull and brown-spotted and blemished.

Yet the remedy is simple. For she's merely one of the thousands of women suffering from a lack of *internal cleanliness*. And what she needs is to keep internally clean with Sal Hepatica.

For Sal Hepatica promptly clears away accumulations of intestinal waste, from

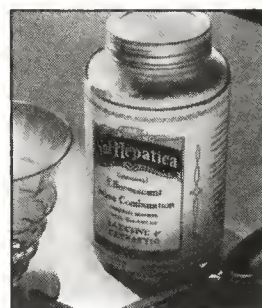
which health and beauty-destroying poisons are absorbed into the blood.

To drink salines for health's sake, and especially to make the complexion brilliantly clear and fresh, long has been the habit of lovely Europeans. To Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, they go each season, to drink the saline waters daily.

Sal Hepatica, the most efficient of all these salines, provides you with an equivalent saline rejuvenation. By clearing away poisons and acidity, it checks colds, auto-intoxication, rheumatism, constipation and other ills.

Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean one week. See how much better you feel, how much fresher and younger you look!

Copr. 1932, Bristol-Myers Co.



Sal Hepatica

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. F-52, 71 West St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____ Street _____
City _____ State _____

PROBABLY SHOWERS

[Continued from page 57]



MASSAGES THE GUMS
AS IT CLEANS THE TEETH

~~WAS 50¢~~

NOW
25¢
MASSO
Dental Type

TOOTH BRUSH

*finest bristle, sterilized, in
sanitary cellophane package*

2,000 dentists dictated their professional specifications for the *ideal* tooth brush. Our laboratory produced 82 models. Above is pictured the brush finally selected as meeting every requirement.

It is the MASSO, the new, small-type brush which most dentists use themselves, now priced at exactly half its former cost. Note the sharply pointed tufts for cleaning crevices. Note, too, the wide spacing between tufts, which permits bristles to flex, insures rapid drying, and prevents accumulation of old paste.

It's the nimblest little brush you've ever had in your mouth. Permits individual cleaning of every surface of each tooth. Makes your mouth "feel like a million" in the morning. Puts a healthy tingle into your gums at every brushing before bedtime.

The bristle is finest pearl quality, extra resilient. The entire brush is quality guaranteed. Each Masso is sterilized and sold in a sanitary cellophane package. You see the color of the handle, and the bristle, through a cellophane window in the box. Thus you know that no hands have ever touched it before you use it.

Don't buy the Masso merely because its price is 25¢. Switch to it because of its superior results—from whitening teeth to keeping gums in the pink of condition. Obtainable at most druggists in a choice of handle colors and medium or hard bristle.

MASSO BRUSH COMPANY
FLORENCE, MASS.

Look for the Masso Display
on your Druggist's Counter →



driven her up to the hospital in the evening, he could go home, feeling that life was so wonderful that it almost took your breath away.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," said Kathleen. "Why didn't you go off and leave me?"

"Why would I ever do that?" he asked simply.

HE MADE no secret of this devotion, but he hadn't thought to go on in return. Sometimes he mused that Kathleen liked him a lot. Sometimes he couldn't tell. He felt a little unsettled tonight, because he was seeing her for such a short time. He wanted to talk slowly to her. Seriously. He wanted to tell her about Bob Lacy's idea. But he couldn't get that started without some preliminary remarks. Kathleen was talking.

"Do you know the nicest time to be out-of-doors, Andy, is always when people have to go in and eat their suppers? Imagine all the women who have never seen a sunset because they had to be cooking supper."

He guessed that Kathleen was deep. He had never thought out anything like that. They drove out to the hospital by way of the park section. They passed the Watson house, a roomy brick house with a colonial doorway.

"Isn't it lovely, Andy?"

"It's kind of pretty," said Andy.

"I mean, wouldn't it be lovely if everyone could live in a house like that?"

"I guess that couldn't happen, Kathleen."

"You should have heard Ed jumping on me tonight," said Kathleen. "I was saying how I thought everyone should have ten thousand a year when they got married, and Ed had a fit. He was so mad and funny," she added, with the frankness of family affection.

"You mean ten thousand a year to get married on," asked Andy soberly.

"Well, I just picked that because Mary was telling that Stan Bronson gets that, and because with that you could be safe and comfortable and not owe the doctor all the time. I'm late, Andy. Do you mind hurrying?"

He speeded up the car, and they turned out of the parkway onto the street that took them to the hospital.

"You mean you wouldn't want to get married on less than that, Kathleen?" He was terribly in earnest about this.

But Kathleen was in a kind of delicious unsettlement. It was coming spring, and life, wide and delicate, stretched ahead. Anything might happen. Lovely shaped things. Great white boats. Old stone buildings covered with ivy. She wanted years and years of this possible loveliness. She had forgotten about the ten thousand a year. What was anything, except this strangely exciting sense of life waiting for you?

"I wouldn't want to marry anyone for years and years, Andy. I couldn't be shut up in a house all the time,

as Mamma and Mary are, cooking the same things over and over, and wearing old aprons when it's spring. Do you know what I mean, Andy?"

They were at the hospital door now, and Andy brought the car to a stop. He thought he knew all too well what she meant. It changed everything in the world—except one thing. He loved her. This hardly seemed important enough to mention, since he couldn't give her any of these other things that seemed so important. Still, he might have said so, stumblingly, but it was eight minutes to seven, and Kathleen was out of the car.

"Good night, Andy. Thanks a lot for bringing me," she called.

"Good night, Kathleen."

The hospital door swung open and shut, and ten minutes later the life within had absorbed her completely. The hospital was a small institution, and she was so familiar with its routine that she slipped into it as easily as she slipped into her uniform. She accepted life here as a complete and separate thing in itself, and when she went into a sick-room she left behind her the half understood restlessness that

sometimes pursued her outside. Her whole interest, for the time being, centered in the person who needed her. She knew how to make life more bearable in those first weary, heavy hours following an operation, and she did just that, skillfully and quietly, all during the long night. Her mother, Mary, Len, and the baby, Jimmie, Ed. and Andy were all outside this drama. For these long, deep nights the hospital was a cloister, and she was apart from all these familiar figures.

In the morning, when she walked home early through the pleasantly deserted streets and came in upon her family at breakfast, she became a part of them again. She was no longer the cool-headed, efficient girl who had been equal to the emergencies that were thrust upon her. At home she was just Kathie, to be admired, loved, bullied, spoiled, and imposed upon in turn.

SOMETIMES, in bad weather, she slept at the hospital in a tiny room around the corner from the linen closet. And so it happened this week. The weather settled into a steady and insistent downpour that lasted three days. When she telephoned her mother, the world on the other side of the rain crept along the wire.

There had been a note from school that Jimmie's deportment was unsatisfactory.

"What a surprise for us," said Kathleen blithely.

Mrs. Burke had made a cake iced with fresh coconut and wished that Kathleen had a piece of this delicacy.

"Send it up by Andy," advised Kathleen.

They hadn't seen Andy for several days.

"He'll show up," said Kathleen.

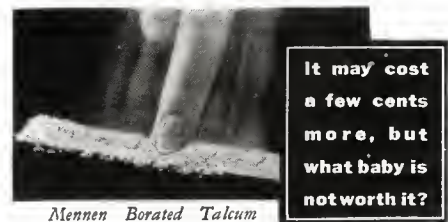
[Continued on page 60]



Why does
it make
babies so
kissable?

MENNEN
BORATED
TALCUM

neutralizes acids



Mennen Borated Talcum
neutralizes acids as proved
by this litmus paper test

It may cost
a few cents
more, but
what baby is
not worth it?

WITH the advance of science, ideas about baby talcum have changed greatly. Nowadays it is recognized that a baby talcum should be more than just a fine, smooth powder—it must also promote skin-health.

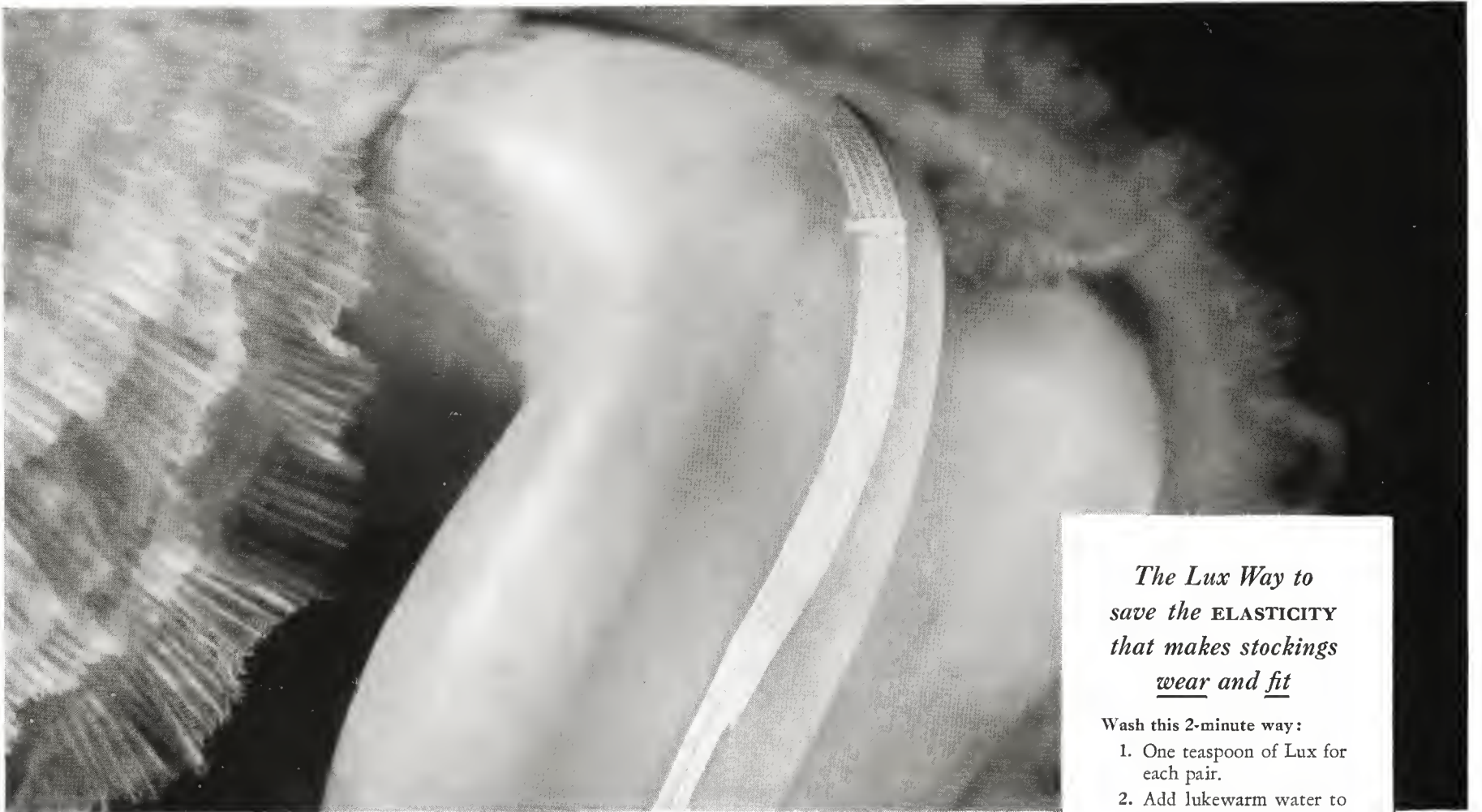
That means that one of its foremost functions should be to neutralize perspiration-acids. Mothers know that in their own case these acids destroy silk stockings; no wonder, then, that in babies they irritate the millions of nerves in the delicate tissues of the baby's skin?

One talcum is preeminently a skin-health preparation. It neutralizes perspiration-acids. Prove this for yourself by moistening a piece of pink litmus paper and rubbing some Mennen Borated Talcum into it. The pink paper turns blue—chemical evidence that the talcum neutralizes acids. No wonder Mennen Borated Talcum makes your baby more comfortable. More than that, it starts his skin on the road to life-long health and beauty. What could be more important—more worth looking into? See the coupon.

And for the wee infant—
MENNEN BABY OIL

FREE Mennen Co., Newark, N. J. Send me free Mennen Gift Packet, containing booklet giving latest information about talcum and baby's skin-health; also samples of Mennen Borated Talcum and Mennen Baby Oil (and litmus paper for above test).

RUNS RUNS *Runs*



Why blame stockings when YOU may be at fault?

Are you washing away the Elasticity that makes stockings wear and fit?

"Another pair gone!"—natural, isn't it, to blame the stockings? But do you know *you* may have caused those expensive runs?

When your stockings are new, each silken thread is "live"—*elastic*. It *gives*, instead of breaking under strain. Stretches and springs right back again.

But if you wash away this precious elasticity—rub stockings with cake soap so the

fibres weaken, lose their supple "give"—then they *break*. At the slightest strain. Even bending your knee or putting on your garter may start a wretched run!

Fit, too, is spoiled. Lifeless silk sags, causing horrid wrinkles, crooked seams.

So why take chances that may ruin stockings? Lux is especially made to *preserve* elasticity—all the "live" quality the silk has when it is new: Simply Lux your stockings every night—it offers you the sure way to make them *wear*—and keep their perfect, flattering *fit*.

*The Lux Way to
save the ELASTICITY
that makes stockings
wear and fit*

Wash this 2-minute way:

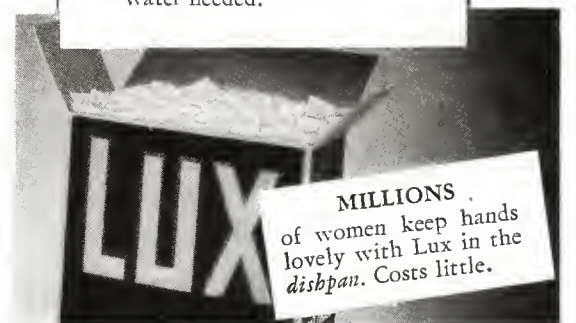
1. One teaspoon of Lux for each pair.
2. Add lukewarm water to Lux, squeeze suds through stockings, rinse well.

Don't rub with cake soap. It destroys the elasticity. With Lux there is no rubbing.

Avoid ordinary soaps—cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens silk threads, fades colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.

Don't use too-warm water—it fades color. With Lux you use lukewarm water. No hot water needed.

LUX saves stocking E-L-A-S-T-I-C-I-T-Y





One dress—for everything? Unthinkable! One hat? Never! One pair of shoes—no smart woman would stand it.

And now, for the same sake of glamorous variety, it's more than *one color* for your fingertips! The time, the gown, or the man may decide the shade you wear.

Imagine—for 50c the fun and the flattery of a *second* Glazo wardrobe for your nails—a brilliant climax in the harmony of your costume! It will even make an old frock look new!

In all its 5 glorious shades, Glazo is color-perfect! And witness Glazo's practical virtues! It brushes on satin-smooth—dries in a jiffy. It never cracks, peels

nor turns white. Neither hot nor salt water can mar its matchless beauty. And you'll sing loud praises to the new bake-lite cap that "sits up," holding the brush completely away from tabletops.

Select at least 2 GLAZO Colors or all 5

-  **NATURAL**—delicately accents the natural tones of the finger-nail.
-  **SHELL**—is a lovely pastel pink of flower petals—alluringly feminine.
-  **FLAME**—a delightful coral shade, one of the smartest of 1932 colors.
-  **GERANIUM**—an enchanting rose shade for your gayest occasions.
-  **COLORLESS**—gives a clear brilliance to your finger-nails.

GLAZO

THE SMART MANICURE




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191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
I enclose ten cents. Please send me samples of Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and the new Cuticle Remover Crème. (If you live in Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Glazo Liquid Polish and Polish Remover—come together in this famous twin package. Both for 50c.

Glazo Cuticle Remover Crème—is the new gentle way to soften and remove excess cuticle. 50c a tube.

PROBABLY SHOWERS

[Continued from page 58]

She had no doubt in that matter at all. He and the little black car that seemed to have a special attraction for mud were like a clock that ticks all the time, so that you may know the hour when you wish.

ONE afternoon it stopped raining; the sun came out, and it was spring again. Spring, several laps ahead. The air that flowed in over the window-sills was like a curling feather. Mrs. Watson was enough improved to have callers, and Kathleen sat in the chart room with the other nurses and talked about spring clothes and the patients until it was time to go down to the diet kitchen for the supper trays.

The diet kitchen was small and crowded. Jennie was now occupied getting the trays off the dumb waiter. She knew them all by sight.

"Here's yours, Miss Perkins." That was the one with the three watery vegetables. The soft diet belonged to Miss Haines. The meatless tray went to Miss Carter.

Miss Burke's tray was late. Her patient had a sweetbread which had to be cooked special. That should be ready now, and there were other matters that Jennie had to negotiate with the kitchen below. For the time being her head and shoulders were lost in the waiter shaft.

"Listen, where's that sweetbread for Room 9? We shoulda had it an hour ago. And listen, have I got to tell you every time we need an extra salad for that all vegetable diet? And listen, Miss Perkins wants to know where is that buttermilk she ordered this morning."

She drew her thin, gingham-covered shoulders back into the room and sat down on a high stool to enjoy a moment of relaxation, preferably with conversation. Miss Burke was standing near the open window, looking down upon the green lawn. Jennie sensed that Miss Burke was more attracted by the lawn than she was by the diet kitchen, but she knew how to start a conversation even under handicaps.

"When does your patient go home, Miss Burke?"

"Next week, early."

"Are you going with her?"

"Yes, for a few days."

"My cousin helps there when they have parties. She says they got a swell house."

"It looks it from the outside," said Kathleen cheerfully. She continued to look out of the window.

Jennie chewed her gum for a minute. Then she had a new idea.

"You know that tall dark fellow I saw you at the movies with, Miss Burke. He's gone away, hasn't he?"

"Gone away?" said Kathleen. She had the sense of having stepped too quickly on a slightly slippery surface. "I was at the depot the other night with my sister-in-law to find out what train she wants her mother to take home, and right in front of us was this fellow with a big suitcase and a lot of money in his hand for the ticket, and I tried to listen what he asked for, but I couldn't make out because my sister-in-law was talking to me. She's an awful talker. Didn't that fellow used to work for Mr. Mills, Miss Burke?"

"Yes," said Kathleen. She had a curious conviction that he didn't work for Mr. Mills any longer.

Mr. Vernon Watson was a tall, pleasant, thin-haired man of middle age. He seemed to be always reading a newspaper in some other room. He was not a man to make a clatter in the house. Neither was the tall, rather pale little boy who came in to see his mother each afternoon after school.

"What did you do at school today, Vernon?"

"We played outdoors during recess."

"Does he drink his milk, Anna?"

"Yes, Ma'am. He's been a very good boy."

Vernon managed to preserve an air of intactness while he was being discussed in these personal terms. It startled Kathleen to hear that he was almost as old as Jimmie.

No one had to inquire whether Jimmie drank his milk. More likely you had to watch him to see he didn't also drink some that belonged to someone else. He had brought shame on the entire Burke family one night by drinking Andy Tiernan's cocoa when that young man had his eyes elsewhere.

It had begun to annoy Kathleen Burke slightly when she found so many common, everyday trains of thought ending up with something about Andy Tiernan. She told herself that it made absolutely no difference to her that Andy had gone away, and that she was only annoyed because Len acted as though he thought she ought to know all about it.

She was only thankful that Ed had not been there to take part in that conversation. Len had wanted to know whether it was true that Andy had gone out West with Bob Lacy to buy a sheep ranch.

"Maybe you should tell me," offered Kathleen, with grand indifference.

"Well, I thought you would know."

"And why?" She was trying on a new pair of

pumps, stretching one slim leg at a time to view them better. "Why should I be interested in Bob Lacy?" she continued airily. "I've never seen him at a dance in my life."

"Well, he's a practical fellow; he don't go in for dancing and necking."

"What does he do with his spare time?" inquired Kathleen sweetly. The conversation had been safely transferred to Bob Lacy.

"Well, he had an uncle that had a fruit farm in Florida or Cuba—"

"I thought it was Canada," said Mary.

"Well, wherever it is, this uncle dies and leaves it to Bob, and I heard he was going to sell it and buy a ranch."

"Do you like this alligator heel, Mary?" worried Kathleen.

"If you're goin' to have one of them talks, I'm leaving," said Len.

THERE were tall, oddly-colored tulips in the Watson garden, strange shades of bronze and purple and orange on high, straight stems. There was a low and spreading lavender plant, fragrant and delicate as the spring afternoon. There were low bushes just coming into flower inside the high, clipped hedge. It was all quite perfect, and so was the house.

Kathleen's duties were light. Mrs. Watson was so much better that she scarcely needed nursing care, but she had taken a fancy to Miss Burke and wanted her to stay on a while longer.

[Continued on page 62]

*You would expect it
in the unmarried . . .*



... BUT EVEN MARRIED WOMEN DO NOT KNOW ...

CAN you blame a married woman if she grows a little resentful at the difficulty in getting the information which she wants . . . and really needs? With some women it is more than a difficulty. It seems to be an impossibility. No matter where they turn they are met with evasions or with statements that they cannot, they *will not* believe. They cannot believe all they hear because everyone says something different. They will not believe—because they cannot bear to believe—what some people say on the subject of feminine hygiene.

About caustics and poisons

It is unfortunate that a practice as important as feminine hygiene should be so misunderstood. It is not the fault of the doctor. He takes a very decided position from which he cannot be moved. He knows the necessity for surgical cleanliness and he is entirely in accord with the woman who will not be satisfied with any lower standard of hygiene.

However, your physician makes clear one fact. If you insist upon using caustic and poisonous antiseptics you are doing so against his

express advice and warning. Of course, there must be an antiseptic. And many women, even in this day and age, still believe that an antiseptic must be harsh and poisonous to be effective.

This is not true any longer, although it used to be true. For now you have Zonite, the modern antiseptic-germicide. *Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body.* Yet Zonite is not caustic. It is not poisonous. It is really gentle and soothing in its action. Zonite is strong—but it can never do any damage! This combination of strength and safety makes Zonite the ideal antiseptic for feminine hygiene!

You need have no embarrassment in asking for Zonite because it is used everywhere for cuts, wounds; in gargle and spray; and on any occasion when an effective antiseptic-germicide is wanted. It comes in bottles at 30¢, 60¢, and \$1.00.

Get complete information

Here is an invitation to women who have difficulty in finding out what they want to know! Mail the coupon at right. You will receive a copy of "Facts for Women," a new booklet



Trained nurses...they know how women fear the unknown...There is enlightenment in truth.

filled with the latest information. In fact this book is just off the presses.

"Facts for Women" is as honest a piece of writing as you have ever read, and so frank that it might have been considered daring a few years ago. Women are showing a remarkable interest in this book. They are talking about it. Send for your copy. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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- ☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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ONE cleansing TWO toning THREE soothing

THE ELIZABETH ARDEN WAY TO LOVELINESS

Elizabeth Arden's formula for the acquisition of beauty is as simple...and logical...as One...Two...Three. *Cleansing*, in the Arden manner, removes, tenderly and gently, the grime that is one of the chief causes of coarseness. *Toning* brings about the activity of circulation that skin health requires. *Soothing* smooths away the wrinkles, softens the texture and refines the pores. The faithful observance of these three steps will result in skin loveliness.

ONE...Cleansing: The skin must be cleansed thoroughly...but kindly. Elizabeth Arden's Cleansing Cream softens and clears the skin as it cleanses. This superb preparation liquefies when it touches the skin, then penetrates every pore, ridding it of all accumulated dirt and dust. Night and morning, and during the day when you want to freshen your face or change your make-up, you should follow this program of cleansing: With a towel or band, secure the hair firmly away from the face. Squeeze a piece of absorbent cotton out of cold water. Moisten with Skin Tonic and dip in Cleansing Cream. Cleanse the face and neck, using upward movements.

TWO...Toning: Next your skin needs setting-up exercises. Patting is the method Miss Arden counsels. Dip your Elizabeth Arden Patter or a pad of cotton into cold water, then into Skin Tonic or Astringent. With rhythmic movements pat, pat, pat, until your face tingles with health. There is nothing so refreshing as a drenching of pungent Skin Tonic or Astringent.

THREE...Soothing: Now that your skin is in a receptive mood, apply nourishing cream to soothe it and rout lines of age or fatigue. For a skin that requires a rich diet, Miss Arden advocates Orange Skin Food. For a skin that needs to be soothed but not fattened, she recommends Velva Cream. For the average skin it is wise to apply Orange Skin Food at night and Velva Cream in the morning.

This One-Two-Three formula which Miss Arden has developed is the basis of every successful face treatment...an essential twice-a-day routine that should become as habitual as brushing your teeth. Try it...and you will understand why!



DEMAYER

THE PREPARATIONS REQUIRED FOR THESE THREE STEPS ARE:

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM...Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

VENETIAN ARDEN SKIN TONIC...Tones, firms and whitens the skin and keeps the tissues healthy. 85c, \$2, \$3.75, \$9.

ARDEN VENETIAN PATTERN...An ingenious device whose flexibility and resilience give the same accurate patting strokes as the skilled fingers of an Arden expert. \$5.

VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT...Tightens the skin. Prevents flabbiness and sagging. Indispensable to aging faces. \$2.25, \$4, \$10.

ARDEN VELVA CREAM...Keeps the skin smooth and fine without fattening it. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

ORANGE SKIN FOOD...In delicate form it brings to the skin just those nutritive elements which are needed to acquire that desirable well-cared-for look. \$1, \$1.75, \$2.75, \$4.25, \$8.

For complete instructions in the use of Elizabeth Arden Preparations please send for "The Quest of the Beautiful"

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PROBABLY SHOWERS

[Continued from page 60]

Sometimes she ventured little personal questions. She was curious about the life of such a pretty girl.

"It must be nice having such a large family, Miss Burke."

"It makes for a lot of noise," said Kathleen.

"Sometimes," said Mrs. Watson, "I wish we had a little more noise in this house. We seem to get rather lonely at times."

Something in her voice brought a quick response from the girl.

"That's a dreadful feeling, isn't it, Mrs. Watson?"

"But surely you are never lonely?" said the older woman, smiling.

"There isn't any reason why I should be," said the girl. "I don't know what made me think of it."

As usual, she telephoned her mother today. "Any letters," she asked casually, at the end of their talk.

"Just the bill from the cleaner's, Kathie."

The next afternoon Mrs. Watson felt strong enough for a short drive. They rode through a countryside that was coming white with wild plum blossoms. All around the valley was filling itself with loveliness, and the hills ahead looked like new ones, they were so freshly green. Kathie and Andy had driven one day along the narrow dirt road that went over those hills. There were tiny farms up there, with old dry wall fences and apple orchards. It would be lovely to ride up there now and let the spring wind blow through your hair.

"I think this is far enough for one day," said Mrs. Watson, and they turned around.

They stopped to admire the garden.

"How many of those black tulips came up, John?" asked Mrs. Watson of the man who was working there.

He counted fifty.

"That's just right," beamed Mrs. Watson. "There were fifty bulbs."

THEY went into the smoothly functioning household again. Dinner was on time, as always. It was served quietly and expertly by Anna in a black uniform. Kathleen could not become accustomed to an entire lack of confusion preceding dinner. Meals, in the Watson house, somehow gave the impression of having been prepared secretly, or perhaps down the street. It wasn't a house where you ever smelled an onion cooking.

Conversation at dinner was pleasant and unexciting. Mr. Watson had been reminded of his trip to Cleveland, and he was allowed to tell about it without interruption, argument, and advice as to his next trip. All of which he would have in the Burke household. There was never any mention of money, nor any cheerful allusions that these lamb chops were pretty good for shoulder chops. There were never any discussions and battles over movie stars and crooners.

"I think they're all crazy." Thus Ed's stand.

"You would think so." From Mary or Kathleen.

She liked the Watsons. They were agreeable, appreciative people. They were very kind to her. After dinner she was at liberty to do as she liked until it was time for the light massage that put Mrs. Watson to sleep. In the pleasant guest room which she had there was a comfortable chair and reading lamp. There were new magazines and books. But tonight she could not settle down to reading. She did not even put on the light. Instead she went to the window and stared down

at the garden. There were fifty black tulips down there, just as there should be. Suddenly she knelt down by the window-sill and burst into tears.

On Saturday evening it rained. She telephoned her mother to say that she would be home tomorrow afternoon. Mrs. Watson was fully recovered. If the hospital called, they were to say that she was free for a new case.

"All right, Kathie."

"Any letters, Mamma?"

"No letters," said Mrs. Burke, "but Andy is back," she added.

"Who?" Kathie had to be sure that she heard that right.

"Andy Tiernan. He stopped in to see if you were home, and then he went up to the store—"

"What store?"

"Mr. Mills' store."

Kathie put down the telephone, trembling. Wherever he had been, in Cuba, Florida, or Canada, picking fruit or raising sheep, he was at home, and he had stopped to see her—

"Well, pull yourself together," she told the excited reflection in the mirror. "You'll see him tomorrow, probably."

AFTER doing the necessary telephoning, Mr. Watson went upstairs to reassure his wife. The Mills Store had promised to send a man right away with a new fuse. It was just the lights in the back of the house, the dining room, and Miss Burke's room. Anna was out, but Miss Burke said she would answer the bell and show the man the fuse box.

"It's right here," said Kathleen, as she led him along with a flashlight into the laundry.

Andy Tiernan knelt before the box and tested things with the point of a screw driver. It took about a minute to repair the damage. Then he stood up and looked at Kathleen Burke, and Kathleen Burke looked at him, and the earth seemed to be trembling violently.

"I blew it out," she was saying. "I did what you told me never to do, with the metal chain inside a close-fitting shade, so please don't charge Mr. Watson very much, Andy."

And then they were both saying strange, contradictory things at once.

"I thought you didn't care—"

"It was you—you went off raising sheep—"

"I never did. I went to New York with Bob Lacy, because we are buying Mr. Mills out, and we wanted to get a line on the newest equipment."

"And you never wrote me, and I was so lonely—"

"But, darling, how was I to know? I knew I had to get a lot of money first, and, of course, it will be years before we got on our feet with this thing. Bob is furnishing capital and I have experience, and maybe in five years or so—if you'll wait for me, Kathie."

"Well, I don't want to. I mean, I would rather marry you now, Andy."

"But we'll be poor, Kathie, and you might have to cook supper during the sunset."

"I want to be poor and cook your supper when the sun sets."

He gave up trying to understand her. Perhaps, if you loved a person this much, it wasn't really necessary to understand. At any rate, Andy Tiernan proved himself to be a very wise man, with the makings of an excellent husband. For, not understanding her at all, he stopped talking and took her in his arms and kissed her.

And that seemed to take the place of a lot of explanation.

"These Automobile Men are Clever!"



My job is writing advertising directed to women. Fashions, food, furniture, cosmetics and even cigarettes are an old story to me. But it just happened I'd never written about automobiles. "Go take a look at the new DeSoto," said my boss. And it turned out to be the most thrilling assignment I'd ever had in ten years of copy-writing.—Helen Brown

"Only engineers who understand women could build a car like this new Smart-looking DeSoto Six"

"I THOUGHT I understood women. But I can't compete with these men who designed DeSoto. It's simply uncanny, the insight they have into a woman's likes and dislikes.

"Comfort . . . I didn't know what it meant until I rode in a DeSoto. There's no engine vibration to get you all tired out and nervous. It really seems strange at first. You just glide along as though you were in an airplane . . . or in a dream.

"The seats are simply luxurious . . . the sort of upholstery and springs you'd choose for your living room.

"There's even a little shield to keep the sun out of your eyes when you're driving. And there's a little rubber guard on the accelerator pedal to keep your heel from slipping off.

"And as for brakes, they're smooth as satin. Just the slightest pressure of your foot is all you need.

"In fact, the whole business of driving is ever so much

simpler. You can forget the clutch, entirely. You don't need to use it even to start or back up. There's no sense of strain . . . no anxiety. It's really twice as much fun to drive this car.

"I've purposely left style till last. DeSoto looks as though one of the famous French dressmakers had designed it. It has an entirely new rhythm.

"The colors are rich and warm without being in the least gaudy. And you can't help loving the fenders. They swoop down and cover up the axles and springs and give the whole car a *finished, well-groomed air*.

"DeSoto has personality all right. It's young and spirited. I knew, the very minute I laid eyes on it, I couldn't be happy until I had one to call my own."

• • •

P.S. "The price is a miracle. It took shrewd shopping to build such a smart-looking car for less than \$700. That's another thing women are going to like about DeSoto."

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★ You have put your baby on a bottle . . . Is all going well? Does his formula agree with him? Is he gaining regularly? If so, you are fortunate.

★ But if, on the contrary, there is cause for anxiety—if the scales each week fail to show those hoped-for extra ounces—then you may wish to read some facts about a remarkable baby food.

"Eagle Brand saved my baby's life" write thousands of grateful mothers

★ Gail Borden, famous as the pioneer in the movement for pure milk, gave Eagle Brand to the mothers of America just 75 years ago. Since then millions of babies have been raised on this food—and countless babies owe their very lives to it.

★ Again and again, Eagle Brand has come to the rescue when other foods have failed. Many a baby, literally starving to death because he could not digest his food, has found in Eagle Brand the life-saving nourishment that brought him back to rosy health.

What is Eagle Brand?

★ What is Eagle Brand? Simply pure, fresh, whole cow's milk, modified by the addition of refined sugar and condensed by the removal of most of the water. The sugar supplies carbohydrates required by all infants. The milk supplies bone and tissue-building material and growth-promoting

vitamins—the same food elements that are supplied by pasteurized Grade A milk. But here is the difference: Eagle Brand is so easily digested that it is comparable to mother's milk in this respect. It is so readily and perfectly assimilated that every drop of it goes to nourish the infant—to build firm bones, strong muscles, healthy tissue.

For physicians—new scientific evidence of Eagle Brand's value

★ Recently, in a world-famous hospital, two physicians fed a group of fifty normal babies on Eagle Brand for several months. Every detail of their progress was recorded—bone and tooth development—increase in weight and height. Blood tests were made. And all these records were checked against similar records of other groups of babies, fed on other formulas. In both groups, of course, the usual supplementary foods were given.

★ By every test, the comparison was favorable to Eagle Brand. It showed conclusively that Eagle Brand can satisfactorily be used throughout the bottle-feeding period—meeting, when properly supplemented, the normal baby's every food need.

★ The full details of this hospital investigation are sent to doctors upon request. And we shall be glad to send any mother, or prospective mother, the booklet, "Baby's Welfare". Just mail the coupon.

FREE! Complete booklet on baby care!

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Please send me—free—the new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare".



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READING AND WRITING

[Continued from page 21]

the table of contents. And I cannot help feeling a kind of editorial glee in noting that Stefan Zweig, for all his skill and all his learning, could say nothing on the subject of mental healers half so telling as *his* table of contents. The book is a group of three amiably critical biographies, and, in all the glowing pages devoted to them, none is half so effective, so fraught with implicit and unforgettable comment, as the one on which you discover that he has chosen for his group Mesmer, Mrs. Eddy and Freud—Franz Anton Mesmer, who, much as Columbus discovered America (that is, without knowing it) discovered the therapeutic power of suggestion and hypnotism; Mrs. Eddy, the wasted New England invalid who launched, before her own astonished eyes, the gospel of Christian Science; and Sigmund Freud, the Viennese physician who, in our own time, has taught the trick of exorcism to a world which had forgotten about it.

When you read this book of Zweig's, or any treatise on the art of healing, there is a fact to which it is wise to cling just as the bather clings to the rope in surf. That fact is the human body's own incomparable skill in curing itself. When you cut your finger, for instance, there will swarm to the danger point, unbidden by the conscious mind, a million invisible guardians, all hot to do battle with the enemy. That is only one of many ways in which the intricate coöperative community of living cells, which you vaguely call yourself, attends to the primal business of survival. So when you hear of cripples casting away their crutches at some sanctified tomb, or of paralytics bounding across the room after a brief chat with a psycho-analyst, or of chronic invalids restored to vigor by the violet-

ray, or of pain-racked neighbors finding peace under the fingers of some chiropractor, and so on, just remember that some eighty-five per cent of the grateful testimonials come from patients who, bless their hearts, would have got well anyway.

I should be glad if this article were to prompt anyone to examine the works of Zweig in the nearest library. To Middle Europe he needs no introduction. There, indeed, all the young writers work with the thought in mind of his reading their efforts. Poems, plays, novels are dedicated to him. One such is on my desk now, a translation from the German monograph on David Octavius Hill, one of whose early calotypes accompanies this text. Hill was the first great photographer, and the portraits he took with his home-made camera ninety years ago have not been equaled since. This book submits eighty of them as an exhibit bearing on the question whether or not the world does move. Of course it does. But in what direction?

ALL of which leaves me space to report that Frederick Palmer's life of Newton Baker is a tardy but satisfying tribute to the Cleveland lawyer for whom I would like to vote next November; that *Mary's Neck* is a jolly and likable yarn of the Maine coast, told in Booth Tarkington's happiest vein; that the author of that timeless classic, *Captain January*, has, at the age of eighty-odd years, tossed off an engaging book of memoirs called *Stepping Westward*; and that I do not expect, in 1932, to come upon a novel more richly and continuously entertaining than the one by the uncanny Anne Parrish called *Loads of Love*, which arrived on the bookstalls in February.

ON THE STAGE

[Continued from page 4]

for several years the lover of a young fashion artist. When the play begins their affair has become chiefly an ardent friendship. They have grown fond of each other rather than enamored. And so the young man marries a more conventional young woman. She is presented at the beginning as an attractive and understanding person. But that is just to fool the hero and the audience. Once the marriage has taken place, the wife is revealed as mercenary and sensual. The play ends with the hero putting on his hat and exclaiming, "I'm going back to my wife." He intends to convey the impression that a legal ceremony may be less than a sacrament and that his true allegiance lies with the woman whom he first loved.

SUCH a scanty sketch does violence to various amplifications of Mr. Barry's theme, but he himself has hardly rounded out the circle of his plot. Cecelia Henry, the unfortunate spouse, is doomed from the start. She is created simply to be slaughtered. Shaw is almost the only living playwright who finds the time and energy to give all the characters in a controversy a fair chance to state their case. The rest have not grown out of the melodramatic conception of a world populated by villains and heroes.

To be sure, Barry is not tilting wholly at the less fortunate folk among his cast of characters. *The Animal Kingdom* has a broader thesis than a personal equation. The moral of it all is not too plain, but I think that Philip Barry intends to say that physical love

is not enough. This, I will admit, is less than revolutionary doctrine.

I was not entirely for Mr. Barry's hero because it seemed to me that he did not give the two competitors for his love the same sort of test. With the first young woman he lived through transports into a serene spirituality. It seems to me that even a wife has a right to a honeymoon.

I have said that a novelist has certain advantages over a playwright in developing human personality and foibles, but the latter may also profit by other things peculiar to the theater. There is, for instance, such a thing as the art of acting. An uncommonly good cast has been assembled for *The Animal Kingdom*. The star is Leslie Howard, one of the finest young players in our theater. It is the privilege and the pleasure of the first-rate actor to take what may be merely a suggestion in the manuscript and make it come aglow and pointed. Unfortunately this is also the privilege of the bad actor, who points even harder and in the wrong direction.

But there are no palpable flaws in the performance accorded to Mr. Barry's comedy. If Leslie Howard adds nuances which scarcely exist in the script itself, that is for the best and he is backed by the brilliant work of Frances Fuller as the fashion artist. In fact, I'm a little afraid that her personal attractiveness may have served to make me skeptical about the plot. I could not for the life of me understand how the hero could ever have wanted to marry anybody else.

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You yourself reveal the same genius for lovely simplicity when you serve for dessert "Philadelphia" Cream Cheese, salt wafers and preserves.

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You will find "Philadelphia" delightful in fruit and vegetable salad combinations, and its wholesomeness, you will be quick to discover, is most desirable in children's sandwiches.

Indeed, these days, you may cook with it, as many women are doing, for this famous Cream Cheese is now selling at the lowest price in forty years! For recipes, address the Home Economics Dept., Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, 404-e Rush St., Chicago, Illinois.

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THE LOVE of children is never so tenderly expressed by a mother as during her baby's earliest months. Then it is that she watches over her infant with a loving vigilance.

For these are critical days. To nourish and strengthen the helpless little one is the sacred duty of every mother...which she gladly recognizes and fulfills.

Most important, of course, is the *diet* of the child. The food must be pure and nutritious...it must provide all the elements necessary to sound development...yet placing no strain upon the delicate digestion of the baby.

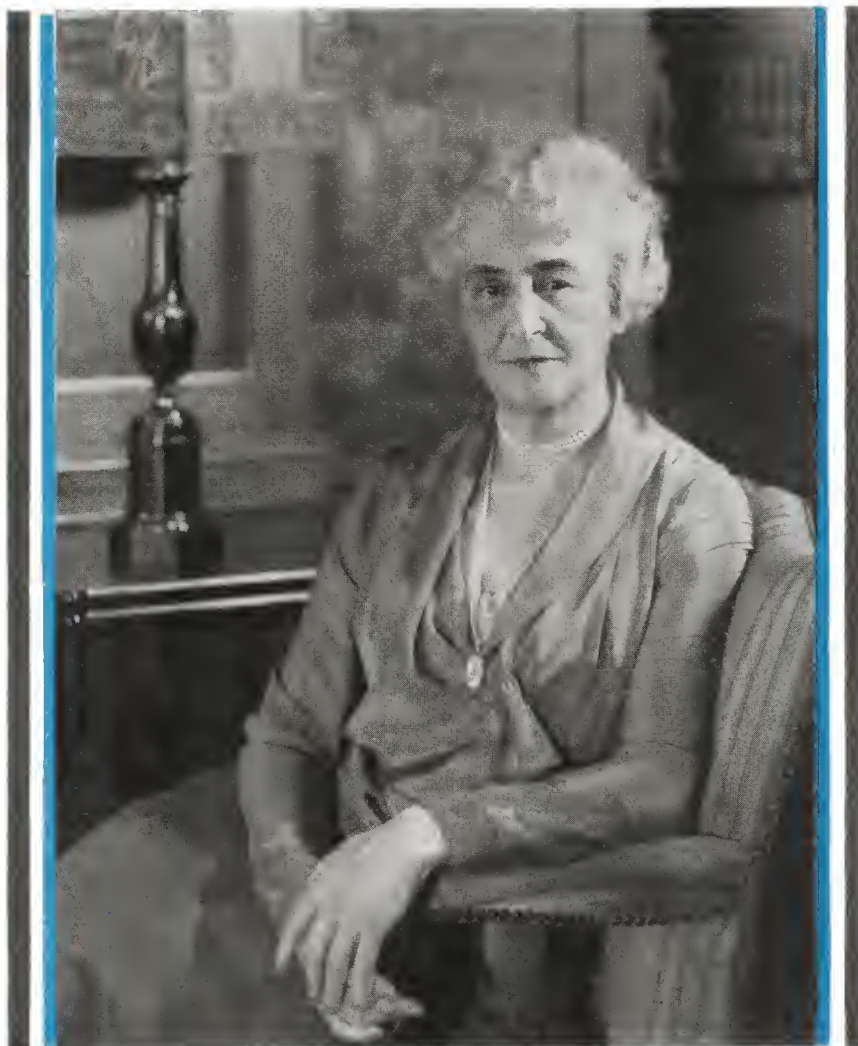
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de Wetter

2000 WOMEN TALKED ABOUT THEIR JOBS

By Anne Morgan

President of The American Woman's Association

WITHIN a few weeks a small army of girls will graduate from school and college to start on the exciting, bewildering, urgent quest for a job. Even now they must be aware that desirable openings are less numerous than two or three years ago and that, as newcomers, they will have to start at the very bottom of the ladder both in salary and importance.

What they do not realize, perhaps, is that when they land that coveted job they—in common with every other wage-earning woman—will have to make good as never before. Education alone will not keep their jobs for them. Neither will ambition. The secret of success is far more complicated. But it is *not* a mystery, as the survey of which I have been asked to tell you will show.

A year ago it was estimated that from thirteen to fifteen per cent of all self-supporting women in New York City had lost their jobs. This disturbing figure had

just confronted us at The American Woman's Association, when the President's Committee on Employment appealed to us for information: How were business and professional women faring? What proportion of *them* had lost their jobs? How many had suffered reduction in earnings? Which lines of work had been most affected?

WHAT THEY SAID

The safest jobs are those that serve basic human needs — or else those that are supported by public funds. Teachers, doctors, home economists, librarians, and Government employees have been least affected by the business crisis. Workers in "luxury" businesses and in the Arts have suffered most. ¶ Training — technical or general — is the best job insurance. ¶ Employment is made more secure by remaining with one employer. The lowest rate of unemployment was among the women who have not changed their jobs within five years. ¶ Older, more experienced women are less likely to lose their jobs than younger, less experienced women. ¶ It is easier to get another job if you can do *well* more than one kind of work

We realized that if we could get this information from our own members we should be doing a service to them and to all wage-earning women. For our membership of 4000 consists almost entirely of what might be called "successful New York business women"—women who have made good in the most competitive field in this country, perhaps in the world. They represent practically every business and profession open to women.

At dinners at our Clubhouse it is no uncommon occurrence to find at the same table an artist and a bacteriologist, a doctor and a public accountant, a beautician and a civil engineer, a playwright and an aviator, a stock broker, a buyer, an actress, an advertising woman, a dietitian, a teacher, a saleswoman, a bank executive, a secretary, and an interior decorator. We even have in our ranks a judge, a state senator and an ex-governor.

So the Association presents an
[Turn to page 68]



\$1 worth of Pepsodent Antiseptic equals \$3 worth of ordinary mouth washes . . .

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC goes 3 times as far, because it is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. It can be diluted with 2 parts of water and still kill germs in less than 10 seconds.

That's real economy for you!

FOR your protection against unpleasant breath (Halitosis) remember: There are really only two leading kinds of mouth washes. On the one hand you have the mouth wash that *must* be used *full strength* to be effective. On the other hand you have Pepsodent Antiseptic—utterly safe when used Full Strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with 2 parts of water and still kill germs in less than 10 seconds. Pepsodent Antiseptic is at least three times as powerful as other

leading mouth washes. Hence, it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money—and gives you extra protection against Halitosis (Bad Breath). When choosing your mouth wash, be sure you choose the one that kills the germs even when you add water! It's bad enough to have Halitosis *before* you gargle—but it's a lot worse to have Halitosis *after* you gargle. So—insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—and be safe! Be safe—save money—enjoy peace of mind!

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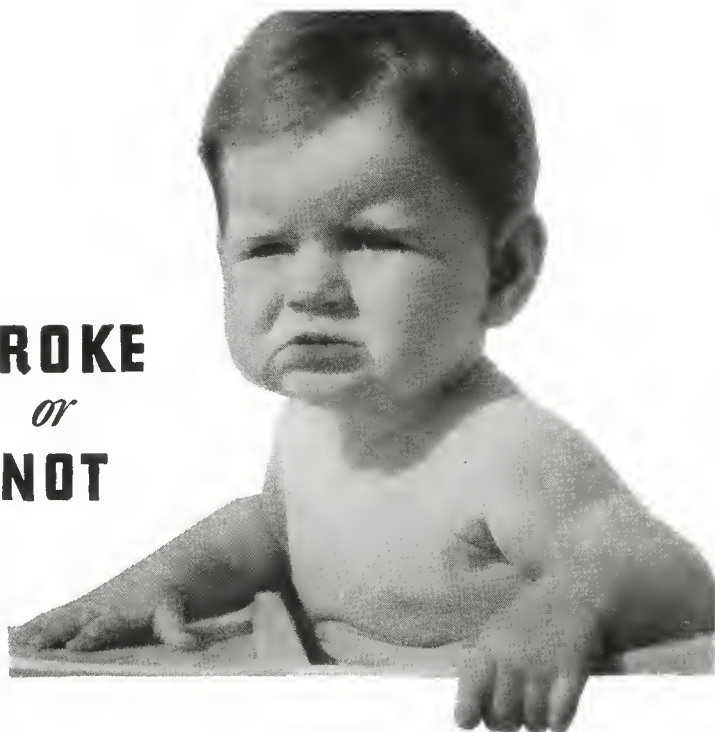
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Throat Irritations
Voice Hoarseness
Bad Breath
Cold Sores
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Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C.

Pepsodent Antiseptic

**"BROKE
or
NOT**



WE MEN *must* HAVE OUR NOURISHMENT!"

YOU'VE probably read the stories in the papers—how people have actually *lived* on bananas... sometimes a week or longer... these tough times. They found that bananas gave them more energy and food value for their money.

We're not advocating such curtailed living. What we *are* saying is just what so many other people have found out: *You'll have a hard time finding more food value for the money than you get in bananas.*

Doctors could and *do* tell you. They order ripe bananas crushed and fed by the spoonful to babies for health and vigor. They use them in hospitals, too, as well as in normal every-day diets for all ages.

This is a year to get your money's worth. Eat bananas and milk and you've spent but a few pennies for a *balanced* meal. Try fried or baked bananas (a few cents' worth) as a *fresh* vegetable.

Buy bananas *regularly* for their three vitamins...their minerals... as a means of combating any tendency toward acidity... as *cheap* health insurance for these trying times. Happily they're a pinch hitter so delicious they blend with every type of table food.

BANANAS are delicious baked in the skin—just as you bake potatoes. Place on rack of moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Before serving, partially peel, add butter and a little lemon juice, and garnish with bacon.



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WOMEN AND THEIR JOBS

[Continued from page 66]

almost perfect cross-section of self-supporting women on the higher levels—the "Lace Collar Workers" as one New York newspaper called them; and we decided to send out a carefully prepared questionnaire to them. 2000 of our members responded by filling it out in detail.

What did the complete returns reveal? What did these 2000 established New York business and professional women say about their jobs in a year when jobs were of an importance beyond almost anything else in life?

First of all, out of the thirteen to fifteen per cent total of unemployed women in New York, only a little more than six per cent of our members had lost their jobs.

Why should this particular group have come off so much better than other New York working women? Was it because our members were, as a group, rather better prepared to hold their own in the midst of conditions under which the less well equipped were bound to go down?

We are by no means a collegiate group: in fact only about one-fourth of the women who filled out the questionnaire were college graduates, and only a very small fraction of these had postgraduate degrees. But four-fifths had graduated from high school, or had taken technical training which had enabled them to bring to their jobs highly specialized knowledge.

Of the women who had been thrown out of their positions, only a small proportion were in this trained group. Practically all teachers were still serenely at work—and still drawing full pay. Doctors and lawyers (in salaried positions), salaried nurses, librarians, social workers, and women with home economics degrees were all going on much as usual.

We found exceptionally high averages of unemployment among the women who had neither finished high school nor equipped themselves for business with any other sort of training.

There were exceptions, of course, but in each of these cases we felt that we could tell why it was an exception. Here, for instance, was a woman earning \$7000 a year who had never gone beyond grammar school. But—at what was she earning it? Running a tea-room. We happened to know that in her case there had been a very special knack for cookery, and an intensive early training in the kitchen at home by a mother who was called the best cook in her state.

AND so, after poring for hours over the answers to our questions, I personally have come to the conclusion that what counts is bringing to your job a unique personal contribution. This may be the highest scholastic learning: there are not, for instance, many people who would even attempt to take the job of an astronomer or a bacteriologist away from her. Or it may be a practical talent for cooking: there never have been enough really inspired cooks in the world.

But it must be something more than a plodding doing of routine service—for the simple reason there are so many plodders in the world.

From the life stories glimpsed behind the answers to the questionnaire, it was evident that some members—even without academic education or special training—had got ahead rapidly at first through sheer youthful enthusiasm and vitality. But if they neglected to cultivate and develop their powers and aptitudes, they began to stand still or to lag behind. And then, when the crash came and they were unable to point to a contribution which had made them indispensable to their employer, they were dropped from the pay roll. There seems to be no doubt that "earning means learning."

OUR survey was limited to New York City, as I have said. But it seems to me it has a message for self-supporting women everywhere. When two thousand women are willing to pool their personal business experiences for the benefit of their fellow-workers, a feeling of partnership is established that makes present hardships a little easier to bear. Reading their statements, one's courage cannot but revive at knowing she does not face the crisis alone: that other women, too, are making readjustments or even a fresh start with the determination that wins out. When one remembers that a sense of security is a fundamental human need one is profoundly impressed with the gallantry of all these women.

If another period of widespread unemployment is to be prevented, women will have to contribute their help to searching out its causes and cure. A survey like ours is only the beginning: groups of other self-supporting women in other parts of the country will have to add their experiences to the picture.

One fact relating to girls who are beginning their careers stands out. Let me quote from our report: "In considering the fact that some women in the A. W. A. group have been able to enter the most specialized fields and reach the very highest income goals in spite of meager education, we must take account of the period when they established themselves. The majority of the women are mature and began their careers 15 or 20 years ago. Today the competition in business and professions is so much more intense that the young woman with the best educational resources to draw on has the surer chance. The girl without education may still get on—in time—but now as never before she starts with a serious handicap."

Which is only another way of saying that no matter how much—or how little—education you have you must still keep growing.

Just one more thought: When you come to New York—either to advance your career or on a visit—we want you to know that the doors of The American Woman's Association are open, and its members waiting to extend to you the hand of fellowship.



THE UP-TO-DATE HOSTESS

She is always correct. Just how she serves every meal and how she sets her table is explained in our booklet *The Up-To-Date Hostess*, 20 cents. The Service Editor, McCall's, Dayton, Ohio

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You can trust your skin to
Conti Castile Soap
made from pure olive oil



Your own doctor will agree:
You can trust your hair to
Conti Shampoo

"That's what your mother asked me twenty years ago"

A SECRET beauty formula? That's what your Mother asked me twenty years ago. And I'll tell you what I told her. There's only one road to beauty and that is health and cleanliness. Your skin, if permitted to, will keep itself fresh and beautiful.

Nature has provided for its constant renewal and rejuvenation but if the delicate mechanism of nature gets clogged up with dirt and grease or powder, the pores do not perform their normal function and sallowness, blemishes, blackheads and all sorts of troubles result.

But keep your skin clean—and I mean the cleanliness obtainable only with warm water and the fine-knit, velvety lather of olive oil soap—and it takes care of itself as nature intended it should.

To my mind there is only one soap for this purpose and that is the one we all recommend for the delicate skin of the new-born baby, the soap made from pure olive oil—Conti Castile. That is what I prescribed for your Mother's skin twenty years ago and it is what I prescribe for you *Now*.

Now, what Conti Soap does for your complexion, Conti Shampoo will do for your hair. It's delightful to use—lathers instantly—

rinses like a flash. It will keep your hair rich and luxuriant.

You have youth, my dear—and beauty. Unhappily, youth is fleeting, but if you will take an old doctor's advice, beauty will last through the years.

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But all such day-time veneer must be washed off your face at night.

You can't keep or build a beautiful complexion on powder-parched skin or cream-clogged pores. The answer is Conti's pure Castile Soap. It's safe—it agrees with every complexion—and it's effective.

Now I'm through preaching. I hope you'll use my prescription—and follow in your charming Mother's footsteps. She's been a deb for thirty years."

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Sun-Maid Puffed are the only seeded raisins ready for instant use. Sun-Maid Nectars are the only seedless raisins scientifically pasteurized. Both are improved raisins because of the exclusive "Thermo-Jell'd" process.



MUSIC

[Continued from page 21]

attention and applause, regardless of the merit of the work performed.

IN THE case of most first performances, however, people rather expect to be disappointed. "At least it was new," is the ready answer, and so our concert artists and operatic impresarios are constantly encouraged to risk a fairly obvious dullness for the sake of novelty. A musician must present something new now and then in order to appear progressive, even though it be obvious that success lies in the most hackneyed numbers of the repertoire.

If a piece of music is intrinsically worth while, its novelty certainly adds to its interest, but to argue that mere novelty, as such, is a virtue, must strike even the casual observer as a rather stupid procedure. It is equally stupid to say that every new work deserves a public hearing, and that only thus will musical progress be achieved.

With the current season almost over, it may be profitable to review a few of the new compositions, in the hope of finding some justification for their presentation beyond that of mere novelty. Opera comes first, because of its size, complexity and expense.

The Metropolitan Opera Company scored a real success with Weinberger's *Schwanda, der Dudelsackspfeifer*. (That long word means nothing more than "bag-piper," and the rest of the title is the name of the hero.) This opera was a fairly safe bet, for it had already proved itself the most popular work of recent years on various European stages. It is tuneful and folk-like in its material, with some real humor, and such appealing touches as an up-to-date scene in Hell. Nobody is likely to take it very seriously, but everybody is fairly sure to like it, which is reason enough for its introduction even in so serious a place as the Metropolitan Opera House.

The exhuming of von Suppe's *Donna Juanita* by the same organization is less justified. Notice was served last season, in *Boccaccio*, that the Metropolitan was inclined to substitute good operetta for mediocre Wagner, and also that the beautiful Jeritza was recognized as possessing other assets than her voice. In both of these warmed-over Suppe concoctions she played parts that called for male attire at least a part of the time. And the audience liked it.

But if New York's temple of opera is becoming shy of music drama, why not some Gilbert and Sullivan or other recognized classics in the lighter style? *Donna Juanita* has little to recommend it. The music is conventional, the biggest dramatic climax comes in the releasing of some toy balloons, and the weakness of the libretto is artificially and inartistically bolstered by English interpolations relating to bootleggers, municipal politics and other matters of the day.

Alban Berg's *Wozzeck* is already an old story to Philadelphians, but it came as a novelty this year to the Metropolitan Opera House, played by the regular company of the Quaker City and its world-famous orchestra. It is difficult to describe this work, for it is not

opera at all in the accepted sense. Neither is it music or drama, by common standards. It falls short of realism, even though it sacrifices all claim to melody or tonal beauty. Yet it gives the impression of power and of an elaborate technique, with every evidence also of complete sincerity.

The story is not a pleasant one, having to do with a downtrodden, dull-witted soldier, who loses his mistress to a resplendent drum-major, and eventually murders her and drowns himself, while their child gayly rides about the stage on a hobbyhorse. All of this is dragged out at some length, with piercingly ugly orchestral sounds and vocal noises that waver between exaggerated talking and out-of-tune singing. Even the chorus succeeds in uttering something without a suggestion of harmony.

Wozzeck may represent a new form of art, and it may be a masterpiece in this form, but it certainly has little to do with opera or drama or music as they have been thus far established. Even with a succession of hideous noises as its constant allotment, the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Stokowski, made its greatness felt.

JOHN ERSKINE and Louis Gruenberg tried an operatic experiment, first at the Juilliard School of Music and later in a Broadway theater, with the title of *Jack and the Beanstalk*. Mr. Erskine expressed some admirable ideas of opera in advance of this performance, but unfortunately neglected to carry them out, and Mr. Gruenberg seemed uncertain of just what form his music ought to take. There was a singing cow, and a giant with a streak of effeminacy, and altogether the opportunities for enjoyment were many. But somehow *Jack and the Beanstalk* fell between the naïve simplicity of *Hansel and Gretel* and the sophisticated methods of *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*, and the result was uncomfortably close to a conventional school production.

In the concert field, more novelties have recently been introduced than could possibly be mentioned here.

Special attention was paid to a new violin concerto by Stravinsky, played by Samuel Dushkin, with the Philadelphia Orchestra. It proved to be utterly unworthy of either the composer or the interpreters, dry and uninteresting in its materials, disjointed and seemingly haphazard in form, with only an insistent rhythm to recommend it.

A far better showing was made by a young American, Harold Morris, who first presented a piano concerto with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and later a set of variations on a negro spiritual, through the New York Chamber Music Society and New York String Quartet. Both pieces showed splendid imagination and a finely developed musical sense, without any artificial striving for the sensational. They are not of the immediately popular type, partly because of the modesty of their style, but they are the sort of music that will eventually receive the recognition it deserves.



My second baby taught me how to manage



I USED TO THINK the hardest way must be the best way, too—and spent just as many needless hours shopping for vegetables—cooking them in an open vessel, and straining them through a sieve. When Junior came, and was old enough for daily vegetable feedings, I really learned how to manage this problem. Doctor told me about the Gerber Strained Vegetables. They are simply marvelous! They are specially prepared—and are better for Junior than the feedings I used to fix with my own equipment at home. They save you at least two hours a day—and that means something to the baby as well as to you. Why don't you ask your doctor about them?

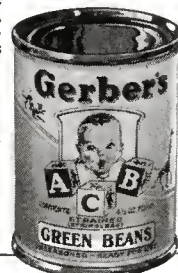
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There is no grease in Ambrosia to get in your hair; no grease to wipe away. Can even be used while wearing your coat and hat. Like a wind from the sea, this cooling, zestful liquid banishes dust and fatigue, leaves you clean and refreshed.

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"READ THAT..

.. if you want the truth!"

Georgia had not meant to speak so bluntly to Leona. It was a brutal thing to do. After all, Leona was one of her best friends, and her roommate. But when Leona accused her first of flirting with one of her men friends, and then hinted that Georgia was leaving her out of "double dates" with attractive men and asking some other girl, Georgia's Texas temper got the better of her.

"You know that isn't true, you little

fool!" Georgia cried. "If you've been left out of things, it's your own fault. I've never had the nerve to tell you until now." And, seizing a magazine, she flipped it open to a current ad. "There!" she snapped. "Read that if you want the truth about yourself."

And Leona read.

Maybe if more friends were as frank as Georgia, the world would be a pleasanter place to live in.



HE NEVER CALLED AGAIN

Often a charming and attractive girl finds herself unpopular and is at loss to explain it.

More often than not the cause is halitosis (unpleasant breath), although frequently body odor may also be to blame.

Halitosis, however, is the most common cause. It is the unforgivable social fault. You yourself never know when you have it. And your best friend hesitates to tell you.

Why not make sure that you do not offend this way by gargling twice a day with Listerine? Listerine halts fermentation, the cause of 90% of mouth odors, and then gets rid of the odors themselves. No other mouth wash possesses such marked deodorant properties!

As to body odors—mere soap and water will not overcome them. After your bath, apply Listerine to the guilty areas. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

A WISE ★ AND WINNING MODE

Wise in its way of doing away with non-essentials! Winning in its way of making the most of essentials! Waistlines, for instance, are skyrocketing. Skirt sections soar way above their traditional stopping-off place, with the belt, if any, remaining at normal.

Slowly but surely the waistline is shifting. Before we know it, we'll be under the sway of the Empire and we'll like it. No other detail is quite so capable of giving that long slender look which has been an ideal of beauty since Grecian women affected the tunic to gain the same elongating effect.

The straightened skirt aids and abets the mode in the achievement of its purpose—gentle flares are dropping low in position and pleats are rising high in favor. Shoulders remain high and wide. It is no secret that width above accents slenderness below. Capelets and epaulets are a factor in this respect.

Sleeves resort to all sorts of byplay. There is the sleeve that daringly contrasts (Design No. 6908, page 82). And the sleeve that Lyolène and Vionnet blouse over an elastic. And the sleeve that Augusta Bernard puffs in honest-to-goodness leg o'-mutton fashion.

Necklines are important and varied, with the scarf responsible for no small part of their dramatic success. Jacket costumes represent a large quota of daytime fashions. Evening gowns copy day modes in raising waistlines and necklines and in carving slim, sleek contours.

All we can do about fabrics and color and the contrast of both is to refer you to these pages. A glance too, will reveal the new thin and supple silhouette, the simplicity, the variety, the safe and sane way in which the mode has approached the shaping of 1932 fashions.

May Piper Spear

No. 6926. The typical formal gown of Summer, 1932. Of angel skin lace . . . with shoulder capelets . . . reversed cowl . . . fitted bodice . . . tie belt . . . low-placed flares . . . and trimming that is conspicuous by its absence.



For back views and yardage see page 134.



6907

6928

6907

A PRE-VIEW OF FASHIONS

No. 6928. Interest makes a thrust above the belt with a sash which molds the diaphragm according to all rules and regulations of the mode.

For back view and yordage see page 134.

No. 6907. When yoke and sleeves merge, slim bodice and slick hips are inevitable. The sash is the result of a movement for bigger and better belts.



6909

6933

6921

FOR SUMMER AFTERNOONS

For back views and yardage see page 134.

No. 6909. A built-up belt in front to manage the uplift movement . . . o sosh in the back to accomplish the frugal waistline . . . and a new draped neckline.

No. 6933. A gifted use of bordered fabrics is still another way of calling attention to the waistline of a frock and its generously bloused sleeve.

No. 6921. There's not a designer of note who is not using stripes in clever ways that break their up-and-down character and give a costume lots of chic.



6938 • 6906

6934

6916

HIGHER TIDE IN WAISTLINES

No. 6938 (Blouse). No. 6906 (Skirt). This combination proves the total chic of blouse plus skirt with the latter appearing as a regulation style in repose and as the convenient culotte in action.

No. 6934. The *pièce de résistance* here is a so-called corselet belt which represents still another French way to give that new and necessary well-knit look through the axis of the silhouette.

For back views and yordage see page 134.
No. 6916. A jacket on midget proportions! A contrast combination that gives its two shades a fairly even break! A skirt that rises restlessly above the waistline! And pleats for straightness!



6901

6889-6939

6923

STRAIGHTER SAILING IN SKIRTS

For back views and yardage see page 134.

No. 6901. The contrast of contrast is a medieval military note which has been put to good use in the modern mode. The little sleeve pleasingly echoes the shoulder capelets. And still more pleats!

No. 6889 (Blouse). No. 6939 (Skirt). The smart blouse mimics frock designs in its use of brittle contrast and brief sleeves. The skirt rises above the waistline in the interest of the uplift movement.

No. 6923. The more detail the sports coat eliminates, the more chic it acquires. Thus, this model concentrates on clever shoulder cut and scarf color, shown here in the smart white corduroy.



6925

6920

SCARFS FOLLOW DEVIOUS ROUTES

No. 6925. Contrasting sleeves and scarf are fashion facts no less important than precise contours and conspicuous button accents.

For back views and yardage see page 134.

No. 6920. Here, as you may plainly see, Paris talks of many things . . . of scarfs and pleats and fitted lines . . . of meshes and of plaid.



6918

6935

6930

JACKETS TAKE A SHORT CUT

For back views and yardage see page 134.

No. 6918. So high-hand are stripes, special models have been created for them. Midget jacket and giant belt cooperate for chic.

No. 6935. Sleeves are making all stops between armhole and wrist, with the below-elbow halt appearing as one of the most popular.

No. 6930. Three colors of significance. And three details of the same order . . . scarf neckline, the Etan and the high-waistline hint.



6936

6915

6917

A TAILORED INFLUENCE IS BEGINNING

For back views and yardage see page 134.

No. 6936. Paris gives prints and plain fabrics a fairly even break and makes a point of building-up the skirt on the bodice to avoid a break in lines.

No. 6915. Here again, the built-up skirt joins the bodice peak-wise to intensify length of line. The jacket repeats these diagonals for the same reason.

No. 6917. Just to show that the made can change its stripes by creating special models in which lines diverge in three directions at one and the same time.



6919

6924

6922

TO TELL ON MODES FOR ALL OCCASIONS

For back views and yordoge see page 134.

No. 6919. A waistline that is on the up-and-up . . . a skirt that is on the straight . . . shoulders that have a broad accent . . . and you have the new formula.

No. 6924. A scarf neckline is a new star in the sky and new detail designed to shed glory on the wearer's face. Again the bloused below-elbow sleeve.

No. 6922. In this case, the newly revived fashion of the incidental flower pleasantly repeats the theme of a green printed silk.



6908

6931

6927

SLEEVES DISOWN THE REST OF THE FROCK

No. 6908. Frequently sleeves express a strong opposition to the main color scheme but make a concession in the matter of the significant scarf.

No. 6931. This gigola style is one of the ways and means used by Paris to raise the waistline without losing sight of the belt at normal.

For back views and yardage see page 134.
No. 6927. To a lot of white, add a dash of red stripes as seasoning and the result is a tasty concoction. Lowered shoulder lines suggest sleeves.



6929

6911

6910

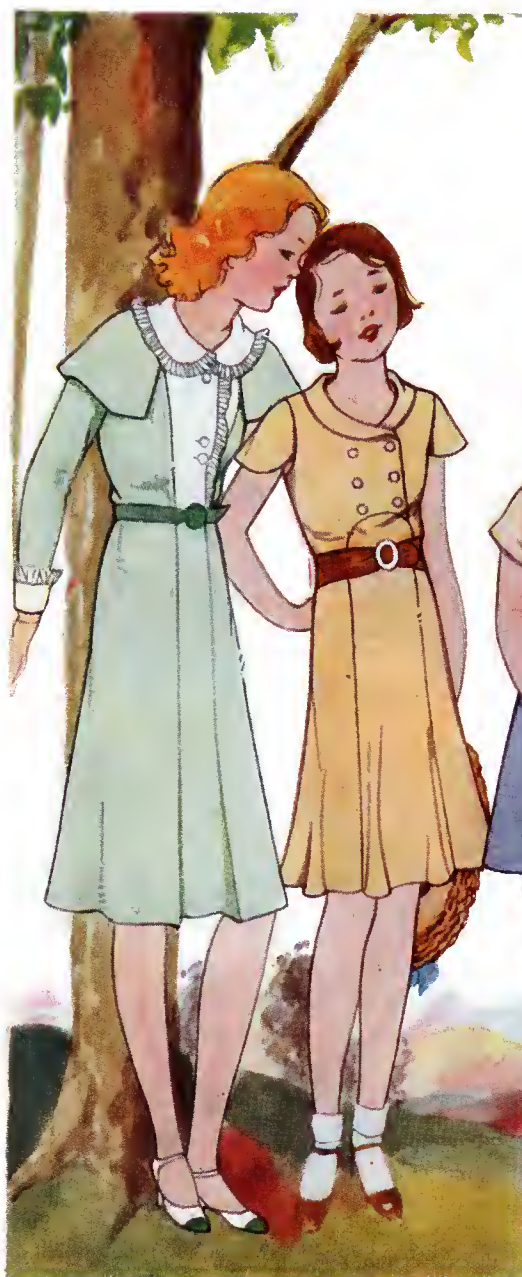
BY GOING IN FOR CONTRASTING FABRIC

For back views and yardage see page 134.

No. 6929. A tailored lingerie collar is one way of expressing that new "neat finish". The tag-end sleeve is the bright idea of a bright designer.

No. 6911. A wide-wide belt . . . a short-short sleeve . . . a conservatively contoured skirt . . . and as becoming a frock as you would ever want to wear.

No. 6910. You can't keep the Eton down and the sharper it is, the more dashing. This one diplomatically follows a line where print meets plain.



6912

6871



6914



6872

No. 6912. Youth must be served with up-to-date details in the way of capelets . . . higher necklines . . . and straighter skirts.

No. 6871. Buttons march double file down the front . . . a skirt section rises high to meet them . . . sleeves show cape influence.

No. 6914. As in all good fashions for youngsters, skillful cut underlies a simple effect and contrast gives necessary 1932 tempo.

No. 6872. Print and plain get a fairly even break in this frock that comes out boldly for the important fashion of higher waistlines.

No. 6886. This is the way we dress when we go to parties . . . in unpretentious but clever designs carried out in lightsome fabrics.

No. 6888. There's nothing like having a bolero when you're eight or under, even if its only an indication outlined with contrast.

No. 6913. A petal-like bertha does a good job of keeping adolescent angularity a secret and gaining compliments for the wearer.

No. 6900. A rose and a ruffle and a bit of shirring assures a belle-of-the-ball air to the wearer of this frivolous little frock.

YOUNG STYLES PLAY FOLLOW THE LEADER WITH CURRENT ADULT MODES

For back views and yardage see page 134.



6886

6888

6913

6900

Is 29 an age to DREAD ?

Screen Stars know the Secret of *keeping* Youthful Charm

TWENTY-NINE—nearing thirty! Is that an age to dread? The screen stars say no!

"I'm 29," says Anita Stewart. "But I don't dread my next birthday a bit. No woman needs to look old if she is

willing to take sensible care of her skin. Since I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I never worry about my skin."

"I'm 29," says Esther Ralston. "No one need fear birthdays. Women on the screen, of course, *must* keep their youth-

ful charm. And a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary! For years I've used Lux Toilet Soap."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

You have often marveled at the way these beautiful stars keep their skin so youthful! Of Hollywood's 694 important actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use this fragrant soap which is so beautifully *white* no other soap can rival it!

"I am 29.."
Esther Ralston



Photograph by Russell Ball, 1931

ESTHER RALSTON, the lovely star who owns Esther's Beauty Salon in Hollywood. "A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary," she says. "That's why I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

"I am 29.."
Anita Stewart



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr, 1931

ANITA STEWART, charming screen favorite, says: "From the day I discovered Lux Toilet Soap I've never worried about my skin. With this nice white soap I keep it smooth and clear—so easily!"

LUX Toilet Soap - 10¢

"Of course her skin is lovely
.....she's young"



CONSTANCE CUMMINGS . . . photographed in Hollywood, for Woodbury's, by Will Connell

Even at 21 . . . as at 40 . . . one must fight skin dryness. Like other film celebrities, this young star is using beauty creams prescribed by Hollywood's leading dermatologist.

Constance Cummings is a budding star of the movies. *Of course* her skin is lovely now. She is so YOUNG! Her responsibility is to KEEP it that way for many years to come.

Just as a precaution, youthful "comers" of filmdom go to Hollywood's leading dermatologist for beauty counsel. And he tells them:

"Most skins don't age into wrinkles. They *shrink* into lines while you are still YOUNG. When the skin is kept moist, supple, it has resilience to *resist* wrinkles.



Woodbury's
COLD CREAM
FACIAL CREAM

AND OTHER SCIENTIFIC AIDS TO LOVELINESS

Tune in on Woodbury's Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T.
Leon Belasco Orchestra, WABC and Columbia Network.

Wind, sun, heated houses, poor circulation, all exhaust the natural oils of the skin, Woodbury's Creams correct this tendency.

"Woodbury's COLD Cream puts back into the tissues, oils essential to keep the skin smooth and firm . . . Woodbury's FACIAL Cream protects the skin. Spreads a film over the surface to shield the complexion from weathering, to keep dust from entering the pores.

"These two Woodbury Creams both conserve and restore . . . keep a young skin young, make an aging skin youthfully moist and elastic again!"

This Hollywood dermatologist is the guardian of the most precious complexions in the world! Follow his advice for YOUR skin. Buy Woodbury's Creams TODAY. Use Woodbury's COLD Cream for softening; Woodbury's FACIAL Cream as a powder base. On sale, with other Woodbury's Scientific Aids to Loveliness, at drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere.

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE
John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6217 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10c.

Oily Skin ☐ Coarse Pores ☐ Blackheads ☐
Dry Skin ☐ Wrinkles ☐ Sallow Skin ☐
Flabby Skin ☐ Pimples ☐

Name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____

© 1932, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

THE TOWN'S TOO SMALL

[Continued from page 15]

"I'd love to, if I can. And I'll bring somebody, if you don't mind. Probably my Bimbo. Is it all right to leave it that way?"

"Of course. It isn't a party."

"Thanks a lot. Goodbye. I've got to take the covered wagon through this trackless snow into the settlement. Tell your lecturer to remember we're all innocent pioneers and to guard his tongue. See you later."

SHE meant to. It wasn't Josie's fault that she did not attend the lecture on "The Search for a New Morality." The financial depression and the weather conspired to keep her from going. For, with the grain commission business and the mining industry both practically at a standstill, many of the younger men of the town had time very heavy on their hands. They had to be amused, and a girl who had any interest in grain brokers and thought she might marry the most eligible one when business picked up or got worse, as Josie thought she might, had to do her share of the amusing. Eight of them gathered at Lotta Crane's that stormy afternoon and, as the bridge and the blizzard both grew prolonged, Lotta asked them to stay for dinner.

"If you like liver," she said. "The cook says we were going to have liver, and that's healthy. Do stay and get healthy on liver."

"I was going to the lecture," said Josie.

"I'll lecture you, darling," promised Bimbo, "any time you say. Never double on a hand like that."

She made another effort after dinner, but by that time it was nine o'clock.

"If you go down there now, Josie, you'll be a sensation. They'll think you're just trying to attract attention. You don't want to be so terribly misunderstood, do you?"

"Don't wear yourself out being funny. I told Phyl I'd come."

"She'll never miss you. And we all bought tickets. We've done our duty."

"Those ranting Englishmen make me tired, the way they come over here and take money out of America."

"I only wish they'd show me how to take a little money out of America."

"We'll all have to go down and meet him, anyway," said Josie definitely. "Phyllis is having him at her apartment afterward. I want to see what he looks like. She says that he's a charmer."

"Isn't Phyl getting chummy with celebrities, though?"

"Sure, we'll all go down and look him over."

"About an hour and a half from now."

But by that time the weather had decided otherwise. It was four miles from the Crane house to Phyllis' apartment.

The storm had kept up all day, as if its temper were steadily growing worse. The northeast wind took the softness out of the snow and made a stinging weapon of it. It rushed at people and conveyances as if it wanted to envelop them.

At about four o'clock Nancy Lowry telephoned her husband.

"It's getting frightful out here," she told him. "Why don't you come home

early? You may have trouble getting into the garage later."

"I thought we were going out tonight."

"Only to that lecture. And that's not worth the trouble on a night like this."

"There's no reason to be particularly afraid of the weather. They'll heat the theater, and the snowplows run all night."

"Well, I certainly won't stir out. I've a cold coming on anyway. Are you so keen on going?"

"I thought it might be interesting."

"From the way Stephen Confer writes, I don't know that I care such a lot about hearing him. After all, there is such a thing as decency. Did you promise Phyllis you'd go?"

"No—why should I?"

There was a blank half-minute of silence. Then Nancy said surprisingly, in a cool, clear, dangerous voice, "Why don't you stay down and go by yourself? You can get your dinner at the club."

"Not without you," he protested.

"Why not? The thing doesn't interest me, and if you feel differently I don't want to keep you at home."

"Well, I'll see how the weather looks. Maybe I will."

"Do just as you please."

He wasn't sure whether Nancy meant that as a challenge or permission. But he knew that she would assume now that he was interested in the lecture for sentimental reasons. She'd take it out on him later, whatever he did now. Since there would probably be trouble anyway, he might as well put it off. A streak of resistance hardened in him. There was no reason why he shouldn't stay down once in a while, if he liked. He thought that he probably would, even if he didn't go to the lecture.

AS FOR the novelist and lecturer himself, he stood for almost half an hour at his hotel window, looking out at the storm whirling over the city. Then he pushed a table over by the window and sat down at it to write. It was a letter, one that posterity might be eager to unseal some day.

"This is another smallish city," he wrote. "Not big enough to be impersonal and, I should imagine, not small enough to be intimate. It is built as if it had rushed up the side of a hill to protect itself from a storm or a bleak lake which sullenly confronts it, and doesn't like to

have it here. Or perhaps it climbed the hill to escape from being run over by the trains which clatter by below all day long. Just now the whole place is deep in snow and it makes the buildings insignificant and blurs their purposes. There's a funny effect of stage setting about the look of the town. A couple more days of snow and there'd be no trace of the city left, and would that matter, I wonder? Everything here is just more of what there is too much of somewhere else. Nothing rare or valuable.

"This has been a peaceful day. I manage to escape ladies' luncheons on this trip because of the firm hand of my manager, who writes in advance that I am savagely unsocial. I saw a reporter this morning who had

[Continued on page 88]





CAPTURES CAKE AWARD AT FRIENDLY FIFTEEN CLUB

Gives Credit to Calumet Baking Powder

"Thanks to Calumet!" to quote her words, Mrs. Lester Hamilton is the proud possessor of the coveted cake award given at the cake contest of the Friendly Fifteen Club, Center, Iowa.

The cakes were exhibited and Mrs. Hamilton's Coconut Cake captured the prize because of its creaminess and flavorsome ingredients. "I use Calumet," says Mrs. Hamilton, "because it is so easy with this baking powder. My cakes are always perfect."

SOLDIERS FIGHT FOR CALUMET CAKE AT ARKANSAS REUNION

It may be hard to imagine any cake being wonderful enough to start a battle, but a delicious Calumet cake made by Mrs. D. F. Slagle of Harrison, Arkansas, did that very thing at a reunion given to soldiers on furlough. Private Lloyd Slagle, who had previously sent his wife a Calumet cake, was sliced into sorts of other soldiers and fought for it.

IOWA FAIR WINNER GIVES BAKING TIP

Success Easy with Calumet, She Says

Even if you are a beginner, baking like an expert is an easy matter if you use Calumet Baking Powder. That's the opinion of Mrs. Alphas Meyer, of Lytton, Iowa, who holds many prizes for her baking. "I have been keeping house only two years, as I used to teach," says Mrs. Meyer. "I had very little experience in the kitchen. I read about Calumet in the magazines. I took it to the county fair and won."

YOU CAN'T FOOL MRS. ARKANSAS! YOU CAN'T FOOL MRS. IOWA!

THEY KNOW THAT CALUMET'S DOUBLE-ACTION IS THE THRIFTIEST WAY TO PERFECT BAKING

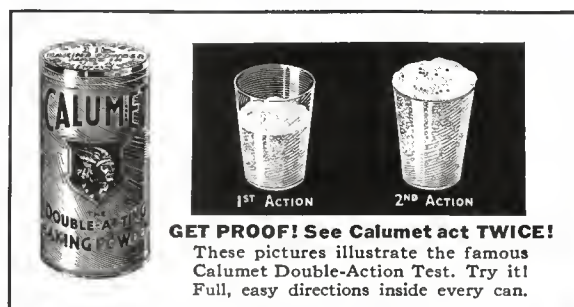
WHEN it comes to thrift—you can't beat the farm women. When they choose a baking powder—you can be sure it's a bargain!

These women demand perfect baking—every time. They've found from experience that Calumet brings perfect baking—every time. Baking so superlatively perfect that it captures prizes and honors. The clippings above tell the story. Farm women everywhere know that Calumet brings the utmost value for their money, the utmost return in baking quality—complete satisfaction. Add to that the fact that Calumet is reasonably priced, and you, too, will agree that from every angle Calumet is a real baking powder bargain.

For remember, baking powder is a small part of any recipe. Its cost, compared to the cost of eggs, flour and other baking ingredients, is trifling. Yet it is baking powder that very often determines whether your baking will be poor—just fair—or perfect. Calumet makes it perfect—prize-winning perfect! That's why Calumet is to-day the world's largest-selling baking powder.

What is Calumet's secret?—it acts *twice*! And Calumet's Double-Action is different—it is *scientifically balanced*! So perfectly timed and controlled that your baking is protected at every step. In the mixing bowl, Calumet's *first* action begins. It starts the leavening properly. Then, in the oven, the *second* action be-

gins. Steadily, evenly, it continues the leavening. Up! . . . up! . . . it keeps raising the batter and holds it high and light. All your cakes and quick breads—all your baking is perfectly leavened, beautifully baked. Super-fine and delicate! Super-light and delicious!



CALUMET

the double-acting
baking powder

Notice, too! The recipe given here calls for only *one* level teaspoon of Calumet to a cup of sifted flour. That's the usual Calumet proportion and should be followed for best results. An added economy for you—thanks to the perfect efficiency of Calumet's leavening action. Calumet is a product of General Foods Corporation.

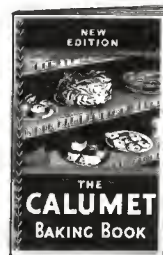
COCONUT LAYER CAKE (3 eggs)

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour	1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder	3 eggs, unbeaten
1/2 teaspoon salt	1/2 cup milk
3/4 cup butter or other shortening	1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Double recipe to make three 10-inch layers. Spread boiled frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake. Sprinkle each layer and outside of cake thickly with Baker's Coconut, Southern Style, while frosting is still soft. This cake may be baked in greased loaf pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches, in moderate oven (350° F.) 55 minutes. All measurements are level.

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FREE!—Send for this new baking book!



MARION JANE PARKER
c/o General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me, free, a copy of the new Calumet Baking Book.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address

This offer not good in Canada

He said: *What a fine-looking watch.*

He thought: *I wonder if it will keep time?*



Give a watch that keeps time...an Elgin!

The name Elgin is your guarantee of time-keeping accuracy

TAKE care! Choose that watch for accuracy as well as beauty. For it's a reflection on you if it doesn't keep time.

Investigations show that 42 in every 100 gift watches *fail* to keep time satisfactorily. A significant warning! Take no chances on watches of unproven merit. Give a watch that you *know* is accurate and dependable—an Elgin!

Elgin has perfected marvelous precision inventions, unique and secret. A method of making tiny parts unfailingly precise. That is why Elgin watches are recognized throughout the world for their superior timekeeping service.

Your jeweler will show you the latest Elgin models in a wide variety of exquisite case designs. And you may buy from him with confidence. The fact that he is an Elgin jeweler doubly assures you of honest dealing, fair policy.

Elgin prices range from \$16.25 to \$500. Elgin National Watch Company, Elgin, Ill.



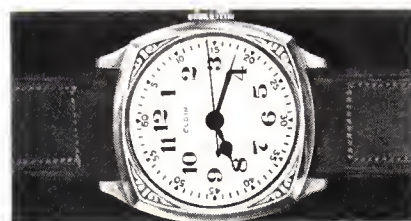
Elgin has perfected marvelous inventions to make tiny parts unfailingly accurate—a precision advancement



Handsome, yes! And a movement of uncanny accuracy inside. 17 jewel movement, with 14k white or yellow solid gold case \$100



Tiny as a jewel . . . yet uncanny in its accuracy! This diminutive model comes with 14k solid gold case, with marvelous 15 jewel Elgin movement. \$60



Something new! A watch for men with sweep-second hand. 7 jewel movement and 14k gold-filled case. \$27.50

ELGIN

To Elgin—first among watchmakers—is entrusted the making of those delicate aircraft instruments which guide the modern aviator through darkness, fog and storm. A remarkable tribute to the supremacy of Elgin in building precision timepieces.

THE TOWN'S TOO SMALL

[Continued from page 86]

never read a thing I've written—and never will—and he wanted to know what was to be done about the English unemployment situation and the dole system. I told him that among the kind things God had done for me—I didn't mention you, dearest—was to make me neither a politician nor a soldier. He said, 'May I say you don't believe in war?' I think he'd better have a copy of *Fools with Guns*, don't you?

"The local impresario was rather a surprise. She is not literary and apparently has no manuscript up her sleeve which she would like me to read and criticize. Nor is she old. She is a corn-colored girl in a tan fur jacket, quite lovely and not quite ready to shed her seriousness. Rather a remarkable speaking voice. I'm to see her again after the lecture.

"Nine more of these talks and I'm through. It's fun to check them off. I get a little feeling of exhibitionism in the middle of most of them, and sometimes a touch of crusading fever, but when I am done, what I have said feels like ashes in my mouth. However, it doesn't matter about that; and it is interesting to see all these cities that American civilization has dropped in its flight across the continent. They're like splashes—often untidy. Every day is different from the one which pushed it into place. Today, as I looked over this whirlwind of snow, I thought that somehow, somewhere, we must share a snowstorm. I'm much stronger and quite able to do things like that now. I'm able to do everything except get along without you, Caroline. You're so strangely out of place in this stark American hotel room, yet here you must stay as long as I stay. I can't do without you. I'll take you back to your own dear places, your marsh lands with their gray, windy, submissive beauty, and your pink brick walls with the sun baked into them. I know you think you're there now. But you're not. You're here—"

He broke off—the telephone was ringing. It was Phyllis, asking if there was anything he wanted.

"No. I'm very comfortable. I'll be at the theater about eight. It's only two doors from the hotel. I find. There's only one thing I wanted to ask. Have you any instructions concerning my talk?"

"Instructions?"

"I mean—are there things I shouldn't say? Sometimes the ladies who have been responsible for my appearance elsewhere have asked me to modify or omit a point of view, here and there."

Phyllis heard the tolerant amusement in his voice and could imagine what he thought of the panicky women who had cautioned him to be discreet. She did not like the idea of being grouped with them, and her answer was a trifle arrogant.

"Why, say what you like. Say what you think is true. That's what we want to hear."

"I shall be very glad to do that," said Stephen Confer.

AT FIVE o'clock Dr. Allen asked his younger colleague, Michael Kane, to make a call for him. The increasing frailness of the elder doctor made him confine his work almost exclusively to his hours at the clinic and hospital, and Dr. Kane often took over cases which, like this one, involved distance or fatigue.

Dr. Allen told him about the patient. "I took care of this old sailor one time when they brought him into the

hospital all smashed up. He's a great character. He called me up this afternoon and told me that his wife was sick. It isn't our kind of case—I should turn it over to Verstein, ordinarily—but I wish you'd look it over just to satisfy the old fellow. See what you can do for the woman. If Jan likes her, she deserves good care."

She was getting good care, but she was very sick. Dr. Kane found the little cottage, on the edge of one of those vacant lots that make the unprosperous end of a city even more bleak. There were two rooms, both clean without grace or neatness, as a man might keep them clean. In the inner one a thin, middle-aged woman was burning with fever and indifferent to everything that happened. Her grizzled, inarticulate husband did not know what to make of it.

Mick did what he could to give the woman relief and make her sleep. Then, after a half hour, as she drowsed, he went into the other room and faced the leathery Norwegian, whose eyes were as brightly blue as if they had caught their color on a sunny day from one of the lakes he had sailed on.

"She get well all right?" Jan asked.

"We'll do our best. I don't know yet. She'll go to sleep now, anyway."

THE sailor opened the stove door, and the draught made the fire roar as he threw in a few sticks of wood.

"Hilma—she been too hard worker," he tried to explain.

"I can see that." Mick had seen it in the work-wrung hands and arms, in some of the strained, almost deformed muscles that had been used to the neglect of others. "You'll have to get some help in here."

"Sure. My girl she come from Ashland tomorrow. She leave her place."

He followed Dr. Kane to the door.

"Hilma get well all right?" he asked again, trying desperately to get a promise from authority and knowledge.

"I'll do everything I can."

"I live with her a long time," said the sailor. "We live together now thirty-four years. I hope she don't die. I have no wife then."

Mick knew what he was trying to say, that he was trying to explain how much he cared, how little would be left. He put a firm hand on the old bent shoulder.

"Don't you worry yet," he said, "and keep your fires up. It's a bad night out. I suppose you've seen lots of storms as bad as this."

"Sure. But Hilma not so sick."

It was well past eight when Mick reached the downtown district and, picking up his plans again, he remembered the Confer lecture. Mick had meant to hear that.

Since the night when he had seen the strange man go up to her apartment, Mick had not seen Phyllis alone. He had not repeated his call, though he did not admit to himself that there was any reason for that. The next time he had seen Phyllis had been at an outdoor winter party at the Country Club, and, as he watched her red-clad figure fly down the hill and out over the smooth curves of snow, he had again admired the way her courage fitted her beauty. There had been other times when they had met, and she seemed always to be on the crest of a wave of enjoyment. But for all that he had a curious feeling that she was not safe and that the wave might dash her into its trough at any moment. He heard the intermittent question as to whether she could make a

[Continued on page 90]

MOTHERS MUST BE

good sports

Help keep youthful energy with these "better bran flakes"

AMONG the champions of women's sports today, you'll find as many married women as single ones. Many a time, too, you'll see a mother teaching her daughter the first strokes of golf, tennis, and swimming.

Modern women stay active. That's why they retain their youth and charm. And they've learned an important lesson—to eat wisely and healthfully.

Whole wheat is the natural food for active people. Nature has made it a storehouse of iron and other minerals, of vitamins and proteins—a building and nourishing food. All the food value of whole wheat is waiting for you in Kellogg's PEP Bran Flakes. *Plus* the wonderful flavor of *Pep*. And the healthful regulating effect of bran.

Here's one of the most healthful dishes you can eat. With milk—these crisp, tasty flakes are virtually a perfect food. That's why they're called *better bran flakes*. So have them often.

For breakfast, luncheon, a bed-time snack. Let the whole family enjoy their matchless taste, and their healthful regulating effect and nourishment.

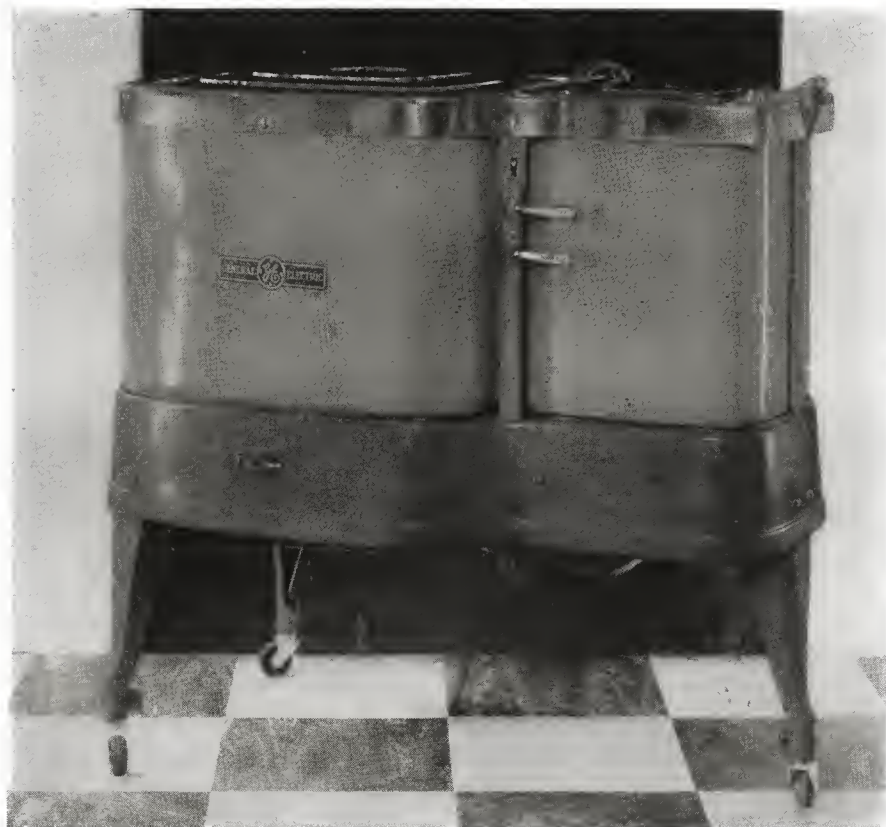
Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Sold at all grocers in the red-and-green package. *Quality guaranteed.*

FOR THE CHILDREN: Tune in Kellogg's *SINGING LADY* every afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays at 5.30 Eastern Time, over WJZ, WLW, WBAL, KDKA, *WBZ, *WBZA, *WGAR, WJR. At 5.15 Central Time, KOIL, WREN, KWK; at 6.00, WGN. Songs and stories children love.

*When available.



MADAM... you are looking at A COMPLETE LAUNDRY!



**The beautiful new double-tub G-E...
which washes and damp-dries at the same
time...with new speed...new safety...new ease**

This new washer is now on display at your dealer's, Madam. See it, and you will instantly recognize three big advantages.

First: The double-tubs which enable you to wash and damp-dry at the same time.

Second: The real beauty of the stream-line design, lustrous blue enamel finish and tarnish-proof chromeplate trim.

Third—and by far the most important: The exclusive ACTIVATOR, with its entirely new, quicker, safer washing action. This ACTIVATOR is so constructed that it washes each garment separately, even in a tubful...gives it the cleansing of clean, soapy water rushed through the garment again and again...flushing out the dirt safely, without rubbing.

Other important improvements: New type spin basket which whirls the water out of clothes better than ever before. New automatic pump drain and filler hose which *do all* the water handling. Vibrationless, high speed operation. Convenient controls.

This new washer is but one of a complete line of efficient G-E models. It can be bought on easy terms...down payment as low as \$15.

When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E Wiring System. It provides adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.

Of special interest to women—Join the "G-E Circle," on the air every week day (except Saturday) at noon E. S. T. For the entire family, "Just a Song at Twilight," every Sunday afternoon 5:30—6:00 E. S. T. over a nation-wide N. B. C. network.

G-E Flatplate Introduces THE NEW, EASY WAY TO IRON

So easy...you could iron blindfolded...and the Flatplate irons 300 square inches of clothes at one time.

A big, padded, ventilated ironing board, and an electrically heated flat plate on rollers, that fits down over it. That is all there is to the new G-E Flatplate. That is why it is so easy to use...why you could even iron blindfolded.

It irons everything...beautifully and smoothly...from the heaviest overcoats to the daintiest, laciest baby things.

Your G-E dealer will gladly arrange a home demonstration and will offer you easy terms, with only \$10 down payment.



**GENERAL
ELECTRIC**
HOME LAUNDRY
EQUIPMENT



Accept This Trial Offer

Send the coupon below for free booklet, "Secrets of Laundering," and free demonstration of the new G-E double-tub washer in your home.

Section H 875, Merchandise Dept.,
General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Conn.

I would like to accept your free trial offer.
Please send my free booklet to:

Name.....

Address.....

My electrical dealer's name is

THE TOWN'S TOO SMALL

[Continued from page 88]

success of her project. And there were other questions.

"Confer?" Mick heard a man say one day. "Why is she bringing a fellow here to talk on free love? Birds like that ought to be run out of town!"

For, out of all the books Confer had written, out of all his academic discussion of the novel form and his very careful sifting of modern ideas, only one thing had given him unlimited notoriety in the United States, and his name was identified with a much-quoted statement. He had said, besieged on landing by persistent reporters, that marriage was the only unsuccessful institution that America tolerated, and that it was more patient with outworn morals than outworn machinery. The press had quoted him widely.

DR. KANE stopped at a cafeteria for a cup of coffee and a hot roast beef sandwich and arrived at the Aldwych Theater rather late. As he came in out of the whirl of pricking snow, he saw that the lecture had begun. It was badly attended. Not more than three hundred people had braved the storm. Mick saw several heavily-built ladies and knew them instantly to be of the temperament that never missed a lecture and never was affected by one. He noticed a boy of about twenty, leaning slightly forward with his eyes riveted on the stage in obvious hero worship. Mick put his own attention on Confer.

He saw a tall, fair young man who appeared underweight and whom he knew instantly was sacrificing his body to his mind. He was talking earnestly.

"I am only quoting from the best contemporary thinkers in saying that in the development of the modern community supplementary types of marriage will soon have to be allowed to stand beside the normal, everyday marriage which is now the only permitted form."

A man beside Dr. Kane pulled an envelope out of his pocket and began to scribble on the back of it. He was obviously a reporter. Catching the doctor's eye, he grinned.

"Hot stuff," he said.

Hot stuff to the reporter. Doctrine to the boy. Mick, casting his eye over the slim audience in search of Phyllis, was surprised to see his cousin, Kenneth Lowry, sitting alone, far over on the side. That was odd, because Nancy wasn't in sight anywhere.

The lecturer was attempting to prove his point, but Mick couldn't take what he said very seriously. It was literary talk. They can't change the nervous system by talking about it, thought the doctor to himself.

"One of these fallacies," the lecturer was saying now, "has been to confuse love with habit. Those who celebrate their golden wedding are not necessarily romanticists or even sentimentalists. They are winners of the supreme endurance contest!"

A corner of the audience laughed, and there was one smart clap. No more. Dr. Kane listened to the trim sentences and thought, without any deliberate intention, of Jan, the old sailor, suffering at the thought of losing a wife who had lived with him for thirty-four years. Jan cared for that

old, broken-down woman tonight as he had probably never loved in greedy hours of passion. He cared now with more complexity. Of course, there was something in what this fellow was saying. He evidently was trying to see straight. But what was the use of all the talk? It didn't have any effect on anyone. In the end, people did what they must, what life and energy and circumstance and temperament let them in for.

Just then Dr. Kane saw Phyllis. She was in a dark dress and almost lost in shadow about two rows in front of Kenneth, near an aisle. Mick liked the shape of her head, but he was annoyed by her concentration. Drinking all that stuff in, he thought. Any junk can get by, if it dresses itself up as modern thinking or as romance. There it was. The very word.

"Romance," said Confer, "is the one thing that man will never deny himself. It brings man to one of the highest points—perhaps the very highest one—in his conceivable experience."

No more high points for me, thought Michael Kane, as memories of Rosalie and himself drifted a little mockingly through his mind.

The thin stream of audience poured out of the theater, a trickle of people whose minds became instantly beset with the problem of meeting the storm. Dr. Kane, going without hurry to the lobby and lingering there, met Kenneth Lowry.

"Well," they said to each other, and Mick asked where Nancy was.

"Coming down with a cold," Kenneth explained.

"Tell her to take care of it. It's a heavy storm, isn't it? No wonder people stayed home."

"He's a good talker."

"Yes, but you can't use those ideas much inside the city limits. Hello, Phyllis."

She spoke to both of them, but Mick knew that it was Kenneth of whom she was conscious and who brought such beauty into her face.

"Wasn't it a dandy flop?" Phyllis remarked cheerfully.

"Didn't you like it?" Mick asked, with some hope.

"Tremendously. But isn't it a shame that more people didn't hear him?"

"For him or them?"

Her brows went up. "Oh, then he didn't suit you?"

"He'll be all right when he finds out how things are. Seemed a little underweight to me. Maybe I'm wrong."

CONFER, detaching the reporter who had been sitting beside Mick, came up and was introduced.

"And Dr. Kane," said Phyllis, "who isn't very bright. He doesn't seem to be satisfied with your talk."

Confer laughed. He was always relaxed when a lecture was over, and these friendly, frank, good-looking people were his own kind.

"Quite the way I feel about it myself," he agreed.

"Then you're both wrong. We're going out to my apartment to talk it over. Don't you and Ken want to come?"

"Not to talk it over," said Mick; "I haven't got a full set of words."

[Continued on page 92]

Like milk or butter Coffee must be delivered fresh

Our swift trucks rush this delicious coffee
to you at the **PEAK OF ITS FLAVOR**

HERE is coffee delivered like the *fresh food* that coffee really is! Rushed straight from roasting ovens to grocers . . . by the same swift trucks that deliver Fleischmann's Yeast fresh regularly.

Chase & Sanborn instituted this unique system of delivering fresh coffee, because of certain scientific facts recently discovered about coffee.

Scientists have discovered that in every pound of coffee there is approximately half a cup of delicate oil. *Fresh*, this oil carries the marvelous flavor and aroma you love in good coffee. *Stale*, this oil becomes rancid and toxic . . . is a frequent cause of indigestion, headaches, nervousness, sleeplessness. And this rancidity develops in days, not months, after roasting.

THAT IS WHY we take such careful precautions to make sure you get Chase & Sanborn's absolutely fresh . . . Why we stamp each can with the date it reaches your grocer . . . We replace any can that has been on your grocer's shelf longer than ten days.

You can't get a stale can of this superb *dated* coffee . . . The date is your guarantee of full flavor

• *Enjoy the satisfying flavor of this superb coffee . . . famous among coffee lovers for 66 years. Try it just once!*



• *We now know that coffee is a fresh food . . . perishable, like milk and butter. Stale, it becomes rancid and toxic.*

. . . your absolute protection against the dangers of staleness and rancid oil.

Buy a can of this delicious **DATED** coffee today. Enjoy the wonderful flavor famous among coffee lovers for 66 years!



**LOOK
FOR THE
DATE
ON THE CAN**



TO GUARANTEE FRESHNESS, EVERY CAN OF CHASE & SANBORN'S COFFEE IS DATED THE DAY YOUR GROCER RECEIVES IT

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THIS BOOK

Should be in every American Home

Here's a book just full of ideas for saving money—for saving time—and for adding variety to everyday and company meals. Use it in the kitchen and watch it bring cheer to your dining room. "Food Economy" was written for you by an eminent food authority who knows exactly what your household problems are. Send the coupon for it. It's FREE! It's valuable.

FOOD ECONOMY
Recipes for Left-Overs

FULL OF IDEAS LIKE THESE

Page 20—How to use left-overs:
If you have left-over fruit or vegetables or even meat or fish, don't throw them away, make them look and taste like brand new dishes in a Knox Gelatine Salad or Dessert. Below is the Knox Foundation Recipe—the "foundation of food economy", say thousands of women. Just add your "left-overs" to it. This jelly may also be served as a plain salad served on lettuce leaves with a salad dressing or as a dessert with custard sauce, whipped cream, fruit or fruit juices.

KNOX FOUNDATION RECIPE (6 Servings)
1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water—1 cup boiling water— $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar— $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt— $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mild vinegar or lemon juice.
Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes and dissolve in boiling water; add sugar and stir until dissolved. Add vinegar or lemon juice and salt. Allow jelly to thicken somewhat, then stir prepared vegetables or fruit through, and turn into wet mold. When firm, unmold. When canned fruit is to be molded, the fruit syrup may be substituted for part of the boiling water and less sugar used.

Page 21—Left-over Tomato Soup saved:
...and made into a delicious Tomato Jelly. Take one and one-half cups of any left-over tomato stew or soup, bring to the boiling point and dissolve in it one level tablespoonful of Knox Sparkling Gelatine softened in minutes. Season well. A little may be added for flavor. Strain into wet mold and chill. When firm remove from mold and cut in thin slices and serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise, or mold in individual cups.
If any hard-cooked eggs are at hand, place slices in bottom of small cups and fill with the tomato mixture. Or the Tomato Jelly may be molded in a thin sheet, cut in squares, spread with cream cheese and put together sandwich fashion.

Page 23—Coffee left from breakfast:
...makes a delicious dessert. Take a cup of left-over coffee, reheat and dissolve in it one level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine first soaked in one-half cup cold water about five minutes; add the juice of a lemon and a small amount of sugar. Turn into wet mold and chill. When firm, unmold. This may be varied by beating into the thickening jelly the white of an egg, and a most delicious Coffee Sponge is the result.

36 Pages! Hundreds of Hints!
Not just a book on gelatine but one that is just full of all kinds of ideas for making kitchen work easier and saving money on food. Tells how to make expensive foods go further and inexpensive foods taste better—how to use left-overs, etc. Send coupon for copy today.

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is the real GELATINE

KNOX GELATINE, 108 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.

Send me your two **FREE** books, "Food Economy" and "Dainty Desserts and Salads".

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



THE TOWN'S TOO SMALL

[Continued from page 90]

"Come for food then."
"That's a real offer."
"Is it a party?" inquired Kenneth.
"No. I don't know who's coming, if anybody. The Demorests, because they live in the next block. Bimbo and Josie. I expect, and some of that crowd."

Phyllis wouldn't urge him. He had to come all the way.

"I'd like very much to stop in for half an hour."

"That will be fine."

When those two looked at each other, Mick wanted to stop them. It meant trouble.

"Got your car, Phyllis?" Ken asked.

"No. I put it up this afternoon when the driving got so bad. We're going to take a taxi out."

"Let me take you. My car's right here."

"Fine. And Mr. Confer can get a taxi back later so you won't have to come downtown again."

"How about you, Mick? Coming with us?"

"I'll trail you. It's bad luck for a doctor not to have his own car. And I think I may have to go to the hospital later."

PHYLLIS' rooms were so bright they denied the storm. The cars struggled through mounting drifts to get there, but both Kenneth and Mick were expert winter drivers. The Demorests were the only other people who came, but the smallness of the company made it even more pleasant. In the kitchen Phyllis and Kenneth and Bess Demorest assembled the supper. Thinly cut rye bread and lobster salad and coffee and the sliced onions that everyone agreed upon were piled on Phyllis' largest trays and the low oak stretcher table was pulled up before the sofa in the living room to receive them. There were pewter mugs with cold drinks mixed according to Jack Demorest's excellent ideas. It was informal and intimate. They all liked the young Englishman at close range. He might take his ideas seriously, but he didn't take himself that way. He and Phyllis caricatured both audiences and lectures. Between them they left no absurdity unturned.

"What a good time I'd have if you'd come along to run my show," said Confer. "Would you do it?"

"Oh, I might do anything."

Kenneth gave her a quick, almost jealous glance. He'd better be careful, thought Mick. He'll burn up like paper in that fire. But he's finding out how it warms him to be near it.

"Do you mind if I ask you why you choose to live here?" Confer asked Phyllis. "I thought that all beautiful, young American women—free like yourself—almost inevitably sought the big cities."

"She stays because we couldn't get along without her," said Bess Demorest.

Phyllis threw her friend a smile.

"I don't know exactly. Perhaps I stay because it's so obvious and almost conventional to go away. I hate to have the pattern of living worked out for me. And then I've a funny idea that everyone belongs somewhere and that it's a kind of desertion to abandon your place unless you've a good reason. It's my sense of order. Or just inertia. And, of course, I like St. Vincent. I can guess how it looks to you."

"The most casual glimpse is all I've had," he began in apology.

"And that showed you an awkward sort of city, not very old, not new enough to have a pioneer flavor. You

probably just see it as gawky and inhibited and rather ridiculous. But it's different with me. My grandfather was captain on a lake boat—an old whale-back—and this was the port he came home to. He thought it was a beautiful place, and so do I. I could prove it to you by showing you the birches on the hills in the winter. Silver against black spruce. Or a sunrise over the lake."

"So it's beauty that holds you?"

She laughed at herself.

"That's just my story. I stay because it's so interesting! I know why Mrs. Ellery Davis poisoned herself and what made the mayor resign and who owns all the houses and what they do with their money. I stay because so many people call me by my first name and because I like to see the tops of buildings. In other words, I'm a hick. Won't somebody tell Mr. Confer what a hick is?"

The talk slipped along, idle, and yet, somehow, significant. Dr. Kane was sorry that a telephone call from the hospital put an end to it for him.

Phyllis went to the door with him.

"Good night. Too bad you didn't like the talk."

There was always a challenge between them, but it was never bitter.

"Well, don't you believe all they tell you," he warned her.

"Or what you tell me?"

"You've already made up your mind on that, haven't you?"

"We must all go," said Mrs. Demorest, when the door closed on the doctor. "It's well after midnight."

"I didn't know it was that late," said Kenneth, looking startled. "I'll have to go along. Would you like to have me run you downtown, Mr. Confer?"

"No, thanks. It's a good deal out of your way."

"I'll telephone for a cab for him," said Phyllis. "It's really better. You take the Demorests as far as their house, for they didn't bring a car. That's on your way."

On your way home, she thought. The home you have without me.

Kenneth put on his coat and took Phyllis' hand.

"I've enjoyed it ever so much," he said. "Thanks a lot."

SHE did not answer. The trite words seemed to fall to the ground between them. For a second they stood there, shocked by their own separation. Then he was gone, and Phyllis, alone with the young novelist, waited for his taxi to come and tried to keep her thoughts on him and her talk spirited.

"I'm sorry to overstay like this," he said at length, looking at his watch and seeing it was nearly one o'clock.

"You're not. But you must be tired."

His nervous, sensitive face showed that. He was almost haggard.

"It's the traveling," he admitted; "and London favored me with a dash of pneumonia in November."

"Then probably you shouldn't be doing this lecturing."

He gave her a very disarming smile. "I rather must. It's profitable and books aren't always."

"Do you like profits?"

"I need them. I'm going to be married, and there's a certain house I want to live in."

"Then you do believe in getting married, after all?"

"It's a bit more comfortable," he answered. "We like living in the country, and villages are stubborn."

[Continued on page 95]

THE LONESOME MRS. K.



by ALBERT DORNE

THE FIRST TIME NEIGHBORS CALLED ON MRS. K., THEY THOUGHT HER CHARMING



SHE WAS ASKED TO SEVERAL PARTIES, BUT SOON INVITATIONS CEASED. SHE WAS HURT, BEWILDERED



THEN BY CHANCE, OVER HER PARTY WIRE, SHE OVERHEARD THE REASON WHY SHE WASN'T WANTED. . . . "B.O." (BODY ODOR)



NOW SHE USES LIFEBOUY—LOVES ITS CLEANSING, REFRESHING, PROTECTING LATHER. FINDS HER SKIN CLEARER, TOO



NO "B.O." TO SPOIL HER WELCOME NOW! TODAY SHE HAS MANY INVITATIONS — SCORES OF FRIENDS



Why gamble with 'B.O.'?

(Body Odor)

PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily. We don't notice this odor in ourselves, but others detect our carelessness at once.

Play safe. Always wash and bathe with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, searching lather cleanses and deodorizes pores—ends all 'B.O.' danger. Its pleasant, extra-clean scent, that vanishes as you rinse, tells you Lifebuoy purifies.

A complexion secret

Millions of complexions owe their loveliness to Lifebuoy. Every night, massage Lifebuoy's pure, bland lather well into the skin; then rinse. Pores are gently freed of beauty-robbing impurities, dull complexions toned and freshened to clear, healthy radiance. This same Lifebuoy lather removes germs from hands, protects family health.



She Learned About Washday From Him

by C.A. Voight

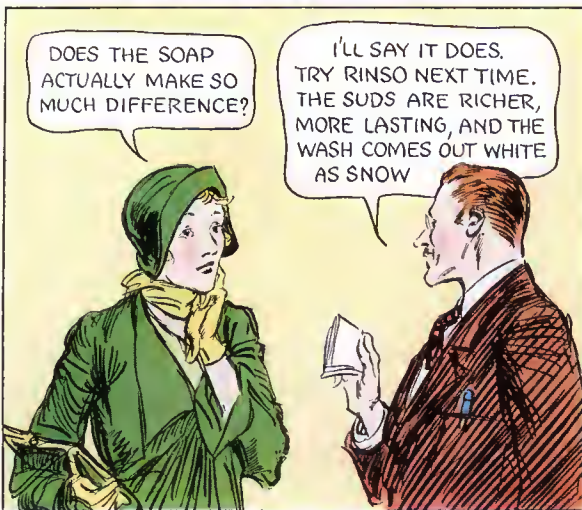
I DROPPED IN TO SEE YOU ABOUT THE WASHER YOU SOLD ME. I CAN'T SEEM TO GET MY CLOTHES WHITE ENOUGH

IT'S PROBABLY THE SOAP YOU USE, MRS. GREEN. WHAT KIND ARE YOU USING?



DOES THE SOAP ACTUALLY MAKE SO MUCH DIFFERENCE?

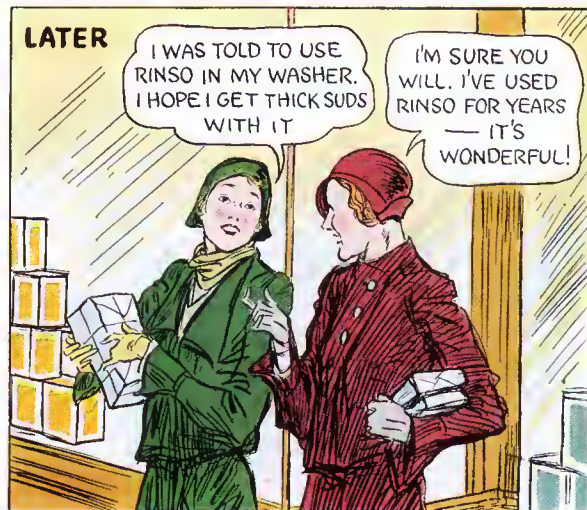
I'LL SAY IT DOES. TRY RINSO NEXT TIME. THE SUDS ARE RICHER, MORE LASTING, AND THE WASH COMES OUT WHITE AS SNOW



LATER

I WAS TOLD TO USE RINSO IN MY WASHER. I HOPE I GET THICK SUDS WITH IT

I'M SURE YOU WILL. I'VE USED RINSO FOR YEARS — IT'S WONDERFUL!



NEXT WASHDAY

YOU WERE RIGHT MR. WALLACE. RINSO IS WONDERFUL! IT MAKES THE THICKEST SUDS I EVER SAW AND GETS THE CLOTHES SNOWY



WHAT'S THIS — A NEW SHIRT? IT'S SO WHITE IT LOOKS NEW

THAT'S AN OLD SHIRT, DAN. THE REASON IT LOOKS SO WHITE IS BECAUSE I WASHED IT IN RINSO, TODAY



"Use Rinso!" say makers of these 40 famous washers

A B C	Conlon	Laundryette	Speed Queen
American Beauty	Decker	Laundry Queen	Sunnysuds
Apex	Dexter	Lincoln	Thor
Automatic	Edenette	Magnetic	Triplex
Barton	Fairday	Meadows	Universal
Bee-Vac	Faultless	One Minute	Voss
Blackstone	Fedelco	Prima	Whirldry
Boss	Gainaday	Princess	1900 Whirlpool
Cinderella	Haag	Rotarex	Woodrow
Coffield	Horton	Savage	Zenith

Great for tub washing, too

Rinso soaks out dirt—saves scrubbing, boiling. Clothes come whiter. Cup for cup, Rinso gives twice as much suds as puffed-up soaps—even in hardest water. Get the big box.



Millions use Rinso in tub, washer and dishpan



Gelatin flavors fade quickly. They actually lose 50 per cent of their strength in five weeks. That's why freshness is vitally important . . . why Royal is handled like a perishable food.

GELATIN *flat, tasteless... "shelf-stale"?* — *not* ROYAL !

Rushed to grocers twice a week—
Royal flavors are fresh . . . full strength . . .
rich as the fruit itself

DO YOU KNOW that fruit gelatin loses nearly 50 per cent of its flavor when the package is a few weeks old?

You can tell when you taste it . . . whether or not it's *fresh*.

If it's flat and weak-tasting . . . if you can scarcely tell the flavors apart—it's a sure sign

the gelatin you bought was "shelf-stale."

The makers of Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin believe that fruit gelatin should be handled like a perishable food. Should be *fresh, full flavored*, when you buy it.

Royal Gelatin is delivered to grocers twice a week, in very small quantities . . . by the

same fast delivery trucks that rush Chase & Sanborn's DATED Coffee and Fleischmann's Yeast to your grocer.

If you've never tasted Royal, get a package and serve it tonight. Plain or fancy. Garnished with chopped fruit, nuts or whipped cream. See what a difference freshness makes!

Six flavors in all: Orange, Lemon, Lime, Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry. Every one *quick setting*—nearly twice as fast as ordinary gelatin desserts. And really *fresh*.

Also two *new* quick desserts—Royal Chocolate and Vanilla Puddings—both made with arrowroot.

ROYAL
STRAWBERRY FLAVOR
GELATIN DESSERT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ROYAL
Quick Setting
GELATIN DESSERT

DELICIOUS MIX-
TURE OF PURE GEL-
ATIN AND FRUIT SU-
GAR. A NAT-
URAL PRODUCT OF
GRAPES OR LEM-
ONS) WITH U.S.
CERTIFIED FOOD
COLOR ADDED

3 1/4 OZ.

STRAWBERRY FLAVOR

STRAWBERRY AND RHUBARB DESSERT — Cut 1 lb. young strawberry rhubarb in one-inch pieces. Steam until tender, but unbroken. When nearly done, add 2/3 cup granulated sugar. Dissolve 1 package Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin (Strawberry or Lemon flavor) in 1 cup boiling water. Measure juice from rhubarb and add water to make 3/4 cup. Add to gelatin. Add 1/4 cup orange juice. Chill until it begins to thicken; fold in rhubarb. Pour into mould; chill. Unmould and garnish with fruit.

Serves 8. Approximate cost 22¢.

THE TOWN'S TOO SMALL

[Continued from page 92]

Phyllis laughed and went over to her desk to telephone the taxi station again. It was hard to get a connection, and the man's voice that finally answered sounded indifferent and ungracious.

"I telephoned for a taxi more than thirty minutes ago."

"What's the address?"

She gave it again.

"We can't get any cars up that hill tonight. The snowplows haven't gone through that district yet. The last two cabs couldn't make it."

"But I must have a taxi."

"I can't send one over the telephone, lady, and that's the only way to get one out there now. The street cars may still be running over on Locust Street."

Phyllis went to the window and pushed aside the long curtains to look out, shielding her eyes from the lights inside.

"It is pretty bad," she said.

She could see nothing except a whirl of frozen snow. Kenneth and Mick had probably got off all right, but they went down the hill and both had powerful automobiles.

"So I can't get a taxi?" asked Confer.

"Apparently not."

"Isn't there any other way?"

"There's a street car line about two blocks away. I'll telephone and see if that's held up, too."

SOMEONE at the car barns told Phyllis pessimistically that the service was irregular. There had been no cars out that way for an hour. Perhaps later on there would be some. "But you can't stand on the corner and wait," she said to Confer. "You'd freeze."

"I can walk," he said.

"It's a mile and a half," said Phyllis, looking at his thin, delicate face and remembering the pneumonia. "No, you can't. It might kill you. You'll just have to stay here."

"But that's not convenient or possible, is it?"

"Anything's possible on a night like this. I know what I can do. There's a furnished apartment across the hall—a one-room flat. I know it's empty. I'll find the night janitor and get him to open it for you. Wait a minute."

She came back with a sleepy-looking man who did what she asked. He unlocked the door in question, evidently worried by the irregularity, but over-persuaded.

"This ought to do," Phyllis said to Stephen Confer. "There's a comfortable bed anyhow. I'll get you an extra blanket. And in the morning, if you come across to my apartment, I'll have breakfast ready about ten. That's early enough. Your train doesn't go until afternoon."

He took her solicitude quite simply and without protest, but with an appreciation that made them friends. The janitor went shambling down the hall, and Phyllis blew a kiss at his back, as she came back from her room with the blanket.

"He thinks it's irregular, but he likes me. He always does what I want."

"Don't most men do what you want?"

"Far from it. The one I wanted to marry especially didn't."

She didn't know why she told him that. It didn't seem to matter.

"He was there tonight, wasn't he?"

She nodded.

"I thought so," Confer hesitated. "You can perfectly well tell me to mind my own business, but sometimes it's foolish to go in for resistance and revenge and all that sort of thing."

"I don't," she said. "But I've got to feel above ground. I have to have air. Thanks. Good night."

"You're lovely," said Confer. "I shan't forget about you."

"Don't forget about breakfast!"

THE grapefruit were empty shells, and eggs and toast and marmalade were on Phyllis' breakfast table by the window at ten-thirty the next morning. Outside a clear bright sun had taken control of the weather and the undisciplined confusion of the storm was hard to credit.

Someone knocked briskly at the door, and Phyllis went to open it.

"Hello. Come on in," she said to two young women, silky in well-cut fur coats.

Josie and Lucia Weatherstone entered together.

"I just want to say," said Josie, "that I was terribly sorry I couldn't get there last night."

Lucia began to speak, then stopped, seeing Phyllis' guest.

"It's Mr. Confer," Phyllis told them. "Come and meet him."

Mr. Confer stood and bowed. He looked handsome and rested and young.

"You'll get a much better breakfast here than at your hotel," said Josie. "I don't wonder that you came out."

"He didn't. He couldn't get a taxi or a street car in the storm. I got him that cubicle of an apartment across the hall."

"Oh!" Josie's comment stopped with the exclamation. Almost involuntarily she looked down at the newspaper she was carrying. On the front page she could see the headlines of one column. "Novelist Says No Virtue in

Lasting Sex Bond.
Calls Golden
Wedding Endurance Contest.
Free Love Crusader Gives Talk."

Lucia Weatherstone seemed to be in a hurry. She couldn't wait, not for a minute.

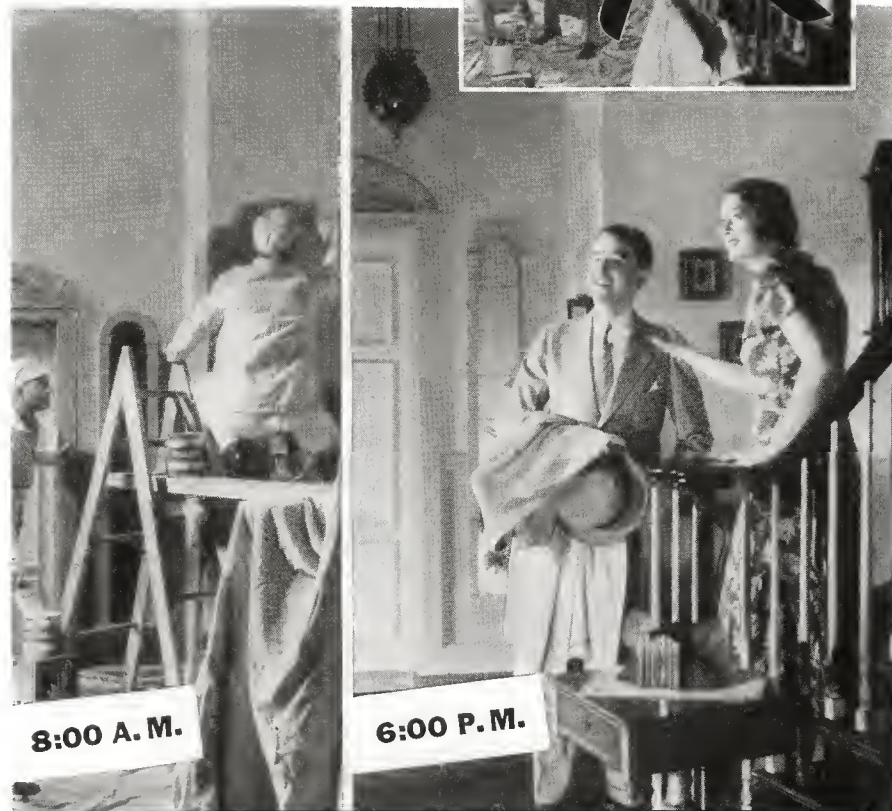
All the opinion didn't run one way. Nor did the judgment. Old Julius Canfield, reading the morning paper in the lounge of the City Club, chuckled to himself and muttered that he was glad somebody had spoken out. The president of the Women's Contemporary Club said that something must be done to prevent the expression of such ideas and took it up with a Board Meeting on the same day, where it was referred to a committee for condemnation. An editorial writer saw a chance for a leading article and began it, "Speaking of endurance contests, how long must we endure certain upstart English novelists?" A minister, with a kind, long-ago-inspired face, began to write a gentle sermon.

Rumors slipped adroitly away from facts. It was said before long that Confer was quite drunk when he gave the lecture and that he had conducted himself scandalously at his hotel. Quotations from his talk were expanded or turned topsy-turvy. But it was among people who knew Phyllis Seaman best that the discussion was more fluent.

[Continued on page 98]

Gone! . . .

Those days of muss and painting disorder →



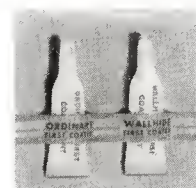
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WALLHIDE
The "Vitolized Oil" Wall Paint



HOW MANY OF THESE ARE

PAUSE, gentle reader, and survey this portrait gallery of friendly helpers. Here are the health crackers—oatmeal, vegetable, zwieback, rye, and whole wheat—with their offering of food value plus. There are the children's favorites—crackers made in the image of animals, toys, and characters from the comic strips. Gazing benevolently out at you are filled crackers for dessert; shortbreads for the berry season; crisp salty pretzels for soup and salad. And look at the stylish descendants of grandma's old stand-bys—the soda crackers, ginger snaps, graham wafers, and saltines.

Your grocer will be able to show you these and many more from which you can easily make a selection to meet the needs of your particular household. When they are gone replenish your supply—perhaps with an entirely

different collection. In this way you can be sure of getting variety into your menus.

Here are a few suggestions for using crackers.

CANAPES—Some mixtures will always taste best on plain salted crackers; but others will be greatly improved by being spread on snappy flavored crackers. Possible combinations are: plain or butter-sprayed crackers spread with caviar, anchovy, and minced ham. Whole wheat crackers with pâté de foie gras or other liver paste. Caraway seed crackers with cheese and olives, or sardines. Cheese crackers with chopped egg and celery.

Crackers which have been sprinkled with paprika, and toasted are good with deviled ham and chopped pickle, Roquefort or Swiss cheese. Or if you prefer,

serve three or four of your favorite canapé mixtures in bowls, together with a wide assortment of crackers and let your guests choose their own combinations.

SOUP—Thin cheese, whole wheat, butter, or caraway crackers, or tiny pretzels make excellent accompaniments for the thin clear soups such as consommé and bouillon. These crackers may also be used with vegetable and cream soups, if desired, though most persons prefer a plain cracker, salted or unsalted.

MAIN COURSE—Have you seen those delicious, flaky puff pastry squares? Warm them in the oven, then split in as many layers as desired, and serve with any of your creamed meat and vegetable dishes or rarebits. You have a happy surprise in store for you if you haven't already used them. Rusk and zwieback also fall into



ON YOUR CRACKER SHELF?

line here. They can be used instead of rolls and biscuits, or as a base for creamed dishes. Then I have two other ideas: wrap a slice of bacon around a piece of rusk, break an egg on top and bake in a moderate oven until the egg and bacon are cooked. And on top of hot rusk serve crushed pineapple and cream cheese.

Soda and other unsweetened crackers can be used to make savory stuffings for roast meats, poultry, and liver; also for stuffed vegetables such as tomatoes, green peppers, cabbage, onions, and eggplant. Like bread, crackers can be used to extend other foods such as meat and fish.

Finely crushed crackers may be used with cheese for au gratin dishes, and for a coating for fried foods. If you want to save time, you can buy the cracker meal

ready for use, instead of crushing the crackers yourself.

Right here I must say a word about that famous American dish, **CRACKERS AND MILK**. Don't always stick to soda crackers. Especially delicious with milk are: cream crackers, slightly sweetened lunch biscuits, pilot biscuit, whole wheat, rye, oat, graham, and vegetable crackers.

SALAD—Crackers with salad? Why, of course! There seems to be almost no limit to the possibilities—plain, whole-wheat, salted, caraway, paprika crackers; cheese straws; and even chocolate, lemon, and vanilla wafers. When choosing salad accompaniments remember that crackers which are not rich go best with the heavy salads such as fish, chicken, and meat. Save the richer crackers for lettuce, romaine, vegetable, and fruit salad.

DESSERTS—In the last year or two amazing additions have been made to the dessert type cracker, among them shortbreads, both plain and filled; puff paste squares; bridge party biscuits; and squares with fruit stuffing.

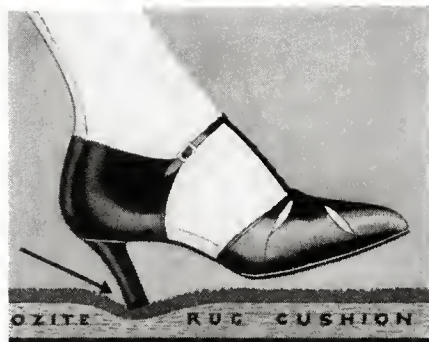
Because I have reached the end of my space I cannot begin to tell you all I wanted to about cracker desserts. But if you will write, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope we will gladly send you some special recipes and suggestions. Address The Service Editor at McCall's Magazine, Dayton, Ohio.

Bessie V. Gillman

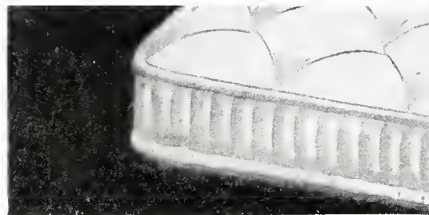
"Why, my old rug is soft as a mattress now! ... with an OZITE Cushion underneath"



Your rug is crushed to death between the grinding heel above and hard floor below! Ozite eliminates this wear!



See how the rug sinks unharmed into the Ozite Cushion. And the protected rug becomes a joy to walk on!



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SOFTER than the day you bought them—those rugs on your floor that you now call "old!"

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Why be without this softness and this economy—that means so much to your home? You can telephone your nearest store for Ozite Rug Cushions. Or send the coupon for free sample.

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☐ Also a free Bridge Score Pad.

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Address.....
City..... State.....

THE TOWN'S TOO SMALL

[Continued from page 95]

"Well, what of it?" asked Josie Gray. "It's her affair. After all, Phyllis ought to be able to mind her own business. This town's getting so country that it will end up on a rural free delivery route!"

"Bess Demorest said that right in front of them Stephen Confer suggested that Phyllis travel with him."

"But she said herself that was nothing but a joke. Heavens, if you're going to begin to take casual conversation at a party seriously, I don't know who'd have a shred of reputation left."

"All this clatter about reputations is awfully middle-aged!"

"And middle class and Middle West. What can you do with a reputation if you have one?"

"Keep it for a rainy day."

"Keep it for a blizzard!"

"Phyllis certainly needs to take care of her reputation, living by herself that way," declared Lucia.

"I suppose," said Nancy Lowry, "that girls who live alone like that do sometimes get a little abnormal. I don't wonder at it. I think I would. But don't you think they're rather apt to pursue men?"

They were in Nancy's house about a week after the lecture. The usual half-a-cent crowd had gathered for a game of bridge, and the end of the fifth rubber had left them free for discussion. It was going on in Nancy's modern sitting room. There was a great 'eal of chromium and glass, cream-colored curtains edged with black, a carpet of a soft pervasive ashen color. It was an effective background for the white velvet pajamas that Nancy was wearing this afternoon. But Josie was unimpressed, and there was a caustic note in her voice as she picked up Nancy's question.

"You mean that you think Phyllis goes after men?"

NANCY laughed, as though it wasn't in the least important. "I don't know. Though she certainly shanghaied poor Ken the other night and dragged him along to this funny party she was having in her apartment."

"Was he as defenseless as all that?"

"Well, you know how Ken is. He hates to be rude."

"Tell us more about your hero," said Josie, in a tone just light enough to keep from being insulting, but Nancy preferred not to hear. Someone else was talking to the point.

"But the story that he couldn't get back to his hotel is too silly. I know my nurse came home after two that morning. I asked her about it—she's quite a young girl and I do feel responsible for her—and she said the cars had been stalled. But they did get through all right."

"Yes, and Billy Everett said that he got a taxi home about three."

"Where was Billy until three?"

"I don't know! But the storm did let up before two."

"Even if it hadn't, men can walk. We don't usually shovel frozen men out of drifts after a snowstorm."

"But he's a stranger, and Phyllis told me that he'd had pneumonia," Josie said sharply.

"Oh, is it pneumonia that makes him that way?"

Everyone laughed a little excitedly. In a way, it was their own scandal, because it involved someone whom they knew so well.

"I don't think there's a thing to it, of course. But I hate to see Phyllis do anything to hurt herself."

"What she does is her own business, and heaven knows I despise all this

Victorian fussiness about a room and a girl and a midnight."

"Yes, but in a town this size you can't ever get away with anything."

"What's on your mind? What do you want to get away with?"

They were rather generous. They didn't care. The gossip woke a restlessness in some of them. They were well used, as Josie had reminded them, to free enough talk, to their own flirtations. But this was different. It was Confer's opinions that put a dangerous face on the whole thing. If such opinions held, there would be no stability, and, vaguely, they all knew it. They were gay and light, but they relied on security of marriage as they did on security of income. To the young men of St. Vincent, all occupied in earning their own living, there was something very unacceptable in a fellow who was evidently trying to start trouble and be paid for doing it.

KENNETH LOWRY heard the talk.

It was the kind of opinion that normally he agreed with, and he did not go against it now. He was glad whenever he heard Stephen Confer spoken of contemptuously or mockingly. He hated the thought of him and yet his words and his point of view kept lingering in Kenneth's mind along with a tangled, maddening thought of Phyllis. He wasn't sleeping very well.

He did not like Nancy's modern room. He had never been comfortable in it, and several little scenes that had been staged there had added to his uneasy association with it.

So he didn't go in this afternoon when he went home, but only called a greeting as he passed on the stairs.

"Oh, come in, Ken," she insisted.

He stood in the doorway and looked at his wife. Her hair was bright and her smile clear and the wide white pajamas clung to her body as if they loved it. I ought to be crazy about her, thought Kenneth in some cold place in his mind.

He wasn't. He remembered that last night the house had been a place of estrangement and suspicion and dissension. It still seemed to reek of those things, in spite of her calmness and her smile.

"Have a good day?"

"Very. I'm going to get all the Killam-Crosby law business. Mr. Killam sent for me today."

"Darling! How grand!"

"Yes. The retainer is ten thousand alone. It may work up to more."

"Mr. Killam's always been such a friend of Father's."

Kenneth frowned. He didn't like the implication that it was probably due to his marriage that he had this profitable increase in his business and his income.

"I guess I'll be worth his ten thousand to him."

"And we can use the money. I would like a little place in the country next summer, Ken."

"We'll see about that," he said, without spirit.

"You'd like it, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, sure."

She came closer.

"Who's been tiring you?" she asked sweetly.

It was like prying. He tried to divert her.

"Nobody. Mick Kane's ex-wife got married."

"Oh, did she? To whom?"

"Some very rich man. The papers had the story. He's that important."

"I wonder how those women do it."

[Continued on page 101]

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

A new taste-thrill for you
when you taste the new
DOLE *vacuum-packed* Pineapple



A color photograph

but you must
look for DOLE in the top
of the can if you want
to be certain of getting
vacuum-packed
pineapple!



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★ ★ ★ ★ ★
PUDDING WAIKIKI

Drain juice from 8 slices (contents of 1 lb. 14 oz. can) DOLE 1 Sliced Pineapple. Add enough water to juice to make 3 cups of liquid. Boil, adding gradually 4 tablespoons minute tapioca. Cook until clear; add ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup sugar and a small lump of butter. Place slices in baking pan. Pour tapioca over them. If desired, dust with cinnamon and a little nutmeg. Bake 15 minutes in moderate oven. Serve cold with or without cream. Serves 8.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Read about the three DOLE grades!

GRADE 1 (DOL 1) In Sliced, or Crushed,* or Tidbit form. The pick of the pack, in appearance and flavor. In richest syrup.

less sweet and therefore less expensive.

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GRADE 3 (DOL 3) Broken slices and half slices. Therefore the least expensive. Packed in the same syrup as DOLE 2.

*All DOLE Pineapple is vacuum-packed, except Crushed, which has its special process.

SEALED tightly beneath the DOLE can-top stamped DOLE 1, or DOLE 2, or DOLE 3 is juicy, golden-ripe pineapple with a flavor and a fragrance beyond your fondest dreams. The minute you lift the can-top the wonderful bouquet of plant-ripened pineapple greets you.

For the new DOLE vacuum-pack process captures the full flavor of the ripe fruit—with all its delicate "aromas"—captures and seals it right in the can so that none of it

escapes until it reaches you. And then, what a feast! Lovely golden slices dripping with delicious syrup.

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"Cream of
the Crop"



Helen
Twelvetrees



Copyright, 1932,
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Tobacco Co.

"I swore off harsh irritants"

THE LONGEST NAME IN
MAZDA LANE!

"Twelvetrees" is a tough name on electric lights, but Helen wouldn't change it...not even after she middle-aided it. Helen is Hollywood's best bridge player. She loves to climb mountains...where even the goats have to wear skid chains. Watch for her new RKO-PATHE PICTURE, "PANAMA FLO." Helen's smoked LUCKIES for two years...and there was no price tag on her statement...LUCKY STRIKE is grotefull

"Certainly I am on the LUCKY list. Last summer, while camping in the high Sierras, I hiked six miles to get my supply of LUCKY STRIKES. I swore off harsh irritants when the talkies first started—and I've smoked LUCKY STRIKES ever since. And that improved Cellophane wrapper of yours—with the little tab for easy opening—is a gem."

Helen Twelvetrees

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough
And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh

TUNE IN ON LUCKY STRIKE—60 minutes with the world's finest dance orchestras and Walter Winchell, every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening over N.B.C. networks.

THE TOWN'S TOO SMALL

[Continued from page 98]

"What women?"
"Unscrupulous women like that. They just want to see what they can get out of a man."

"And some of them do pretty well," said Kenneth. "What have you been up to that makes you look so stunning?"

"Only a game of bridge."

"And a lot of conversation."

"Yes, there was a good deal of talk about your friend."

"What friend?"

"Phyllis, of course."

"I thought you were going to drop that subject."

"I have dropped it. They brought it up. You can't control the talk of your guests, you know. I'm really sorry for Phyllis, in a way."

He made no answer.

"Someone was saying that living alone makes a girl a little abnormal. Do you think so?"

"I don't know. I've never been a girl living alone."

"But I don't think anyone ever needs to get in a queer position unless she wants to."

"You're turning very philosophic. What's on tonight?"

"We're going to the Weatherstones' for dinner."

He didn't want to go there. He was tired of the procession of Lucia's possessions.

"Suppose I can break away after dinner? I have to go downtown."

"To work?" asked Nancy. "Again?"

"This Killam business is going to crowd us," he told her.

IT WAS not a lie. At least, he could defend himself from a lie by that half hour at the office, turning over plans for the new business. But all along he knew that it was not the reason he was there. He had come to his office several evenings in the past week. He had worked there, without admitting that there was anything else in his mind, or that he could not rid himself of the impulse to see Phyllis again. There was nothing reasonable about it. It roughly demanded obedience.

It was past nine when he called her apartment and found her at home.

"Hello, Phyllis. It's Kenneth Lowry speaking."

"As if I didn't know it."

"Busy?"

"Not so very."

"Going to be home for an hour?"

"Absolutely."

"I was downtown doing a little work, and I thought I might stop in on my way home with that book you were talking about the other night. I have it here."

He'd had it for four days, waiting.

"Good."

"I won't be a bother coming so late?"

"No. Do come."

It was like waking up to see her. She looked strong and yet frail.

"How have you been?" he asked.

"I've been all kinds of ways. Ready to commit murder and laughing my head off. Stephen Confer certainly doesn't know what he's stirred up. You can't get a book of his at any shop in town. They're all sold out. But I'm afraid it's going to hurt my next program."

"You don't sound much worried."

"I must set a day aside soon for worry. I will. But not tonight. It's been too good a day. I went out on skis this afternoon through the woods on the North Shore."

"By yourself?"

"No. Mick Kane went along."

He hated the thought of Mick's pleasure in being with her. Kenneth hated it with a false sense of possession. Mick was more free than ever, now that his first wife was re-married.

"Doesn't he have to work?"

"It was his half-day off at the clinic. And he said he was celebrating. He didn't say for what."

"Shall I tell you?"

"You'd better leave it for him, if he wants it to be a secret. Is it hot in here?"

She went toward the window, and he opened it. Pulling the curtains back, they looked over the city together.

"It's a nice view," she said. "It makes you feel important, but not egotistic. All the little lights that are houses look like reflections of stars, don't they?"

He wasn't listening. He was too close to her.

"Phyllis," he said. "Darling." And that was enough. She put her arms about his neck, in the same way, the way he had been trying to forget.

"Oh, how long it's been," she said.

"How desperately, desperately long!"

"It mustn't be again."

"No."

"I can't get along without you," he said. "That's what I came to say. Living's no good without you."

"I'm glad it isn't! I'm mercilessly glad. Oh, darling, mistakes aren't final. We'll manage everything, and we'll try to do it kindly."

She was pale. Emotion gave her its rare, strange, passing beauty. Kenneth could see it, offered to him and still just out of his reach. It put every nerve on edge.

"Of course, we can manage. Why shouldn't we? Just as that fellow Confer said the other night, the whole world's doing it."

He had suddenly pricked her transport of happiness.

"Doing what?" she asked.

"You know what I mean. The modern way—the supplemental relationship. Everyone knows that marriage is more or less of a flop. It's only a formality that has to be preserved."

Phyllis said, "I'm not quite clear. You mean that your marriage is still to be preserved? You've come to me—and you've not left Nancy? You're not thinking of divorce? What exactly do you expect of me?"

There was no feeling in her voice. It was as quiet as judgment.

"You know I love you," he answered. "I can't make it clearer than that. No one else means anything to me at all. It's all you."

"But you're going back to Nancy?"

"Surely you see I can't let her down publicly. I'd be ruined. We'd all be ruined. I can't do that."

"No," said Phyllis, "you can't. That's the very word. You can be cruel. But you can't be quite honest."

SHE spoke without anger, as if she were tired, and for a moment he took it for a waning resistance and moved toward her with an attempt at comfort.

"You mustn't take it like that. After all, Phyllis, you're a modern girl. You see things as they are."

But he could not manage to touch her.

"Yes," she repeated, "I'm modern. I'm so modern that you'll never have me unless you call up Nancy now and say that you're here and not going back to her!"

The silence was like something being torn.

[Continued in JUNE McCall's]

do husbands like fingertips tinted or natural?



Both! But choose your color to suit your frock . . . and it will probably suit him . . . says world authority on manicure



Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes—is best with bright colors—red, blue, green, purple and orange.

Rose is a lovely feminine shade, good with any dress, pale or vivid. Charming with pastel pink, blue, lavender . . . smart with dark green, black and brown.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues" . . . black and dark brown. Wear it also with deeper colors (except red) if not too intense.

Cardinal is deep and exotic. Contrasts excitingly with black, white, or pale shades. Wear Cardinal in your festive moods—be sure your lipstick matches!

Colorless is conservatively correct at any time. Choose it for "difficult" colors!

FOLLOW THIS EASY CUTEX MANICURE

Scrub the nails. Then remove old lifeless cuticle and cleanse beneath nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover and brush on the shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. End with Cutex Nail White—Pencil or Cream—under tips for accent. Before retiring, use Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream to soften the cuticle.

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WITS WORK WONDERS

By Mary Davis Gillies

THIS is a laboratory lesson. We're going to take the theories we studied last month and put them to work on a practical problem.

I know many of you have felt that the only way to improve your home was to throw everything out and start fresh. To prove that this wholesale dumping isn't necessary, our problem will be the rejuvenation of the discouraging room below. There are two stipulations: first, that we discard only what is necessary; and second, that we use our wits to save our pocketbooks. Our goal is the charming room at the right.

First we must analyze the room. It is 12 x 15 feet, with a door leading from the entrance hall, an archway opening into the dining room, and three double-hung windows with a northwest exposure (medium sunny). The sofa and large overstuffed chair grouped together throw the whole room out of balance. In spite of the table in the middle, there is no center of interest in the room. Emphasis is lacking, too. This is largely due to the white glass curtains and dark woodwork, which attract too much attention to the background. The rhythm of the attractively proportioned rectangular room is disturbed by the cater-cornered placing of the sofa, and the contradictory lines of the straight-hanging side draperies and the severe horizontal movement of the drop ceiling.

And, just incidentally, the room wouldn't be truly livable. The awkward looking lamp would serve only the person seated in the rocker and the unshaded central fixture would create an uncomfortable glare and heavy shadows.

The color scheme is drab and dreary, playing as it does around eternal taupes and blues. There is not one strong-minded color in the room. Even the shiny blue damask draperies and the pretentious rose lamp shade are not convincing. But the root of the trouble lies with the yellow floors, dark shiny woodwork, mustard-colored wall paper, dingy gray, blue, and red rug and the taupe mohair living room suite.

Close inspection shows that the furniture itself is quite well proportioned. It is the type which is called "Heritage American"—a term now used to describe all furniture without period characteristics made during the last fifty years. This is the kind of furniture most of us have. It has been collected over a period of years, and there is a discouraging lack of harmony between the pieces.

In our revision, the only things we shall discard are the sad-eyed rug; the sectional bookcase, which is too tall for the proportions of any wall space that could be given to it; the lamp; and all the uninteresting and poorly placed pictures and photographs.

Now we are ready to get to work. Since we are discarding the old rug, we will select an inexpensive but durable one to serve as our color guide. Our choice



Two chairs that are hiding their past



A new color scheme, gay slip covers and chair pads, and cheerful draperies made the shabby room below smile again



This is the discouraged room which responded so nobly to its complete beauty treatment

falls on an Axminster with colors ranging through warm tan, green, blue, and rose-henna. The all-over design and soft colors will dim the outlines of the furniture. A high-lustered rug would make the old furniture look shabbier. Next we select the quaint wall paper with peach-colored diamonds (a light tone of the henna) outlined with green scrolls on an ivory ground; this harmonizes nicely in color and design with the rug. Of course, it calls for ivory woodwork.

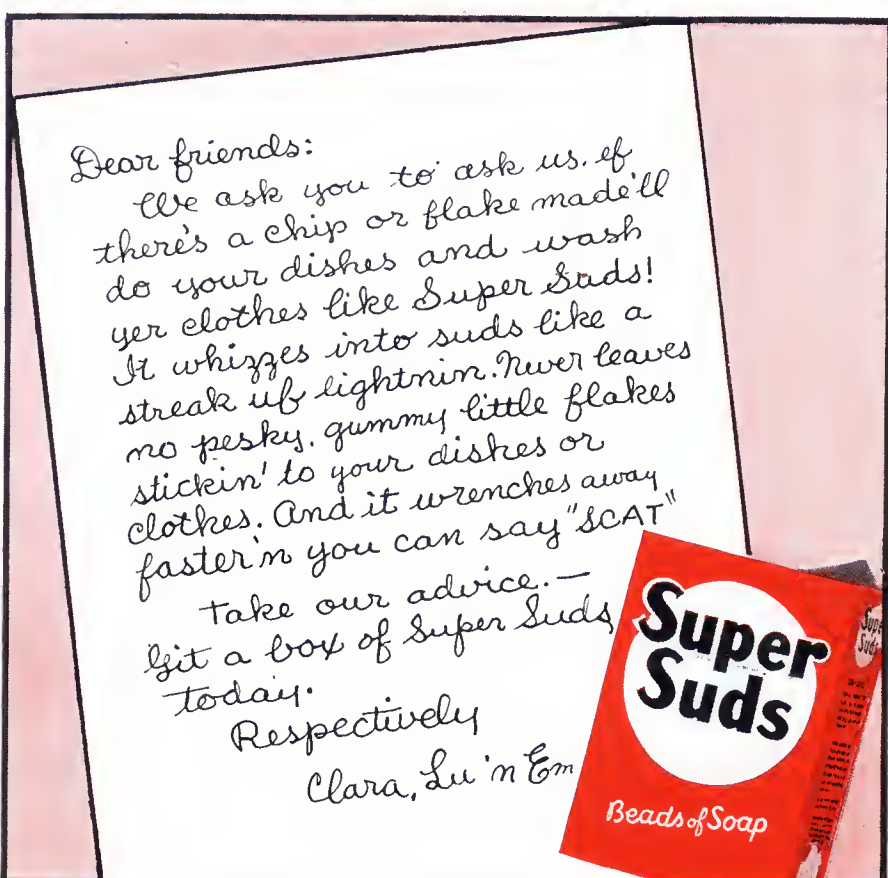
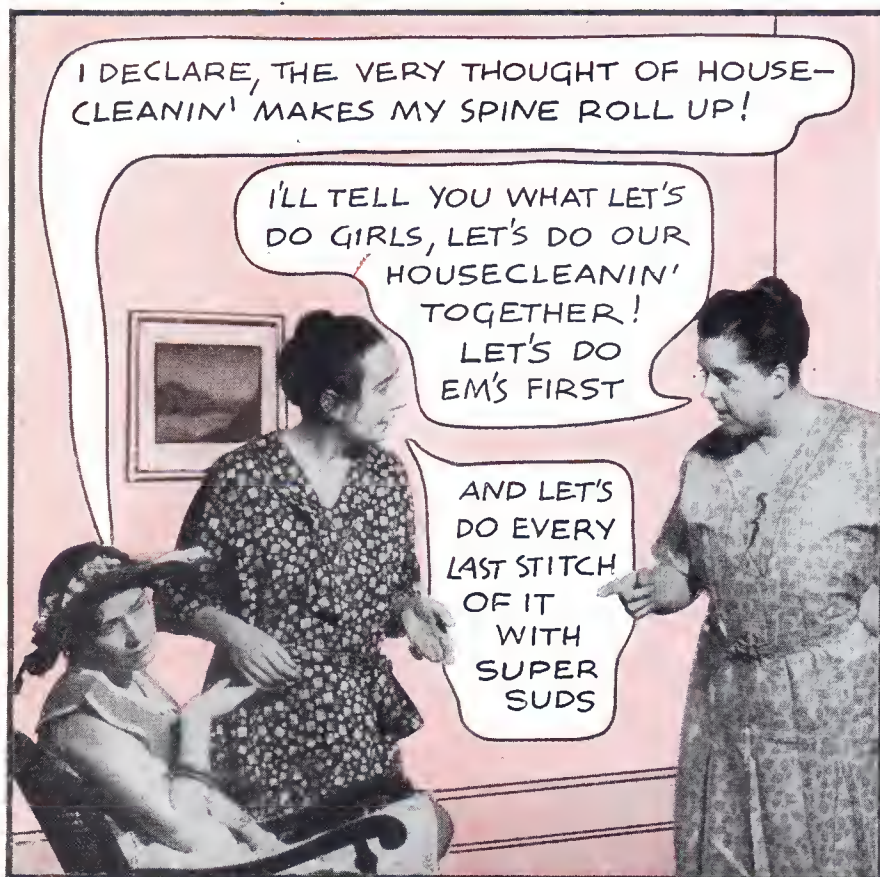
The fabrics for draperies, slip covers, and pads will be responsible for bringing all the miscellaneous furniture into harmony so we must choose them carefully. First we select a figured chintz, not too strong in tone, for draperies and for the slip cover on the overstuffed mohair chair. Luck favors us with one that has a tan ground and a floral pattern in ivory, henna, and green. Picking up the green note from the rug, chintz, and wall paper we use it for the new cover on the sofa, for ruffles on the draperies, welting on the slip covers, and for the little quilted pads on the side chairs. Now all we need is one small bright spot—like a dash of paprika on a pear salad—to set off the predominating tans and greens. A small patterned chintz in a rosy rust color used for pads on the rocker will do the job beautifully. [Turn to page 122]



Clara Lu'n Em

Laugh and chuckle with Clara, Lu 'n' Em... radio's three gossiping housewives. Hear them discuss politics—marriage—the news of the day. N.B.C. network 10:15 A. M. (Eastern time) ... 9:15 A. M. (Central time) ... 8:15 A. M. (Mountain time). Consult your local paper for station.

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"THINK of my husband saying that! And he wasn't joking either. My lips repulsed him just when I was trying to look my prettiest!"

Have *you* that painted look? Perhaps you have—yet don't even know it! . . . Colors that look pretty by themselves or on other women may be actually revolting on *your* lips!

Correct this fault at once! Stop taking chances with your good looks! From now on . . . *Tangee* your lips.

Tangee can't possibly give you that painted look. It isn't paint. It's a marvelous new discovery that changes color on your lips to match your individual complexion. It brings you new beauty.

And it's permanent—won't smear. Its cold cream base soothes and heals your lips.

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-----Miracle Make-up Set for 10c-----

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417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c. Please send your miracle make-up set to:

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Cheeks Mustn't Look Painted!

Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick does on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you . . . ends that "painted look". When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge.



SEND FOR
MIRACLE
MAKE-UP SET!

TEND YOUR OWN FIRE

[Continued from page 17]

regard it with the spectator eye—neither dazzled nor amazed. And protective instincts, I've noticed, went out with the nineteenth century. No, I was merely wondering when you took to poaching."

Dione was a drift of silver in his arms, disturbing, undisturbed. For a moment she paid no attention to him at all. Then, delicately, she unsheathed her claws. "I thought you approved of it in my sex, Egan darling. Or do you approve only when you are the hunted male?"

The dance was over before Egan could retort to that—a bit of timing for which he gave Dione undue credit. She really couldn't have known that the music would end at the propitious moment, but it seemed quite likely that she knew Rand Glisan would be at her elbow almost before the last note had been snuffed by silence. Egan, relinquishing her, gathered his armor about him to withstand her parting shot, but Dione had already mislaid him carelessly. She was a frosty gleam against the farthest door.

Egan scowled after her. It was madness, he told himself, to let her reopen old wounds. He turned abruptly, to find Angie Prescott at his elbow. She wore green organdie and looked absurdly young and was plainly in revolt.

Angie was eighteen. It was a disgusting age, according to Angie. "Parents dress you up like *jeune fille* and then expect you to compete with that!" Her eyes followed the bright passing of Dione's silver flounces and it was evident to Egan that her worship followed her eyes. She sighed despairingly. "She is quite too beautiful, isn't she?"

Egan disagreed with her. "Her hair is too red. It really is unfair competition. When the moon is shining, nobody stops to consider that the stars have a lovely light of their own."

Angie frowned impatiently. She was floundering in a sea of romantic adoration and she didn't intend to let Egan haul her out of it.

"Rand Glisan," she said firmly, "is mad about her. I was with her when they first met. She was wonderful. She didn't gulp, like I would have, and go hectic because he was thirty and had left his wife and was the town's pet scandal. She simply looked at him, and then he said, 'Every condemned man has a right to hear his sentence read, you know.' And Dione said, 'I was just thinking that when you were a little boy somebody probably turned out the night light by your crib, and you didn't use your head at all. You just kicked the bed to pieces and went berserk.' Now you wouldn't think that would make a man your slave, would you, Egan?" she asked.

Egan Lynne eyed her tolerantly. "You're too young, Angie, to interpret Dione. And I'm too disinterested: Dione, to you, is probably a woman of the world, surrounded by intrigue, but to me she is merely a part of the whole panorama."

ANGIE cast him a withering glance. "You're only twenty-three, Egan Lynne, even if you have been to France. And I don't believe you're so disinterested. You ran away with Dione once, didn't you?"

Egan wondered, wearily, whether even the babes in the cradle took pleasure in dissecting his past. "Must I have a broken heart, Angie, to live up to your expectations? No, I did not run away with Dione. I rode my palfrey up to her door, but my palfrey wasn't white enough. At that time, you see, Dione was insisting on snow white palfreys. Now, it seems, she is satisfied with night-black chargers."

Angie had very little imagination, but nobody was going to change her opinions. "I don't know what you're talking about," she said moodily, "but I think you're still in love with her."

"Some day," observed Egan patronizingly, "you will graduate from the primer class." Then, recognizing his duty and feeling that it was just as well to put Dione out of this conversation, he spoke like a gentleman. "And how can I be in love with Dione, Angie, when I cherish a hopeless passion for you. If you don't believe me—" he was piloting her politely through a doorway—"come into the garden, and listen to my line. It's said to be quite good."

BUT in the garden Egan did not produce his line. Instead, he stared at the shadows and was consumed with rage against Dione. So that finally he did the only thing possible, which was to kiss Angie. Because of Dione. He didn't reason it out, but Angie was there and it seemed likely that she expected to be kissed, so Egan kissed her, feeling that somehow that evened up the score with Dione.

Angie accepted his kiss without attaching any undue importance to it. She'd been kissed before and she expected to be kissed again. Only usually it was more exciting. She said, mildly, "I don't mind being kissed, Egan, but there's not much fun in it for me when you do it so defiantly. Just showing you can, you know."

Oh, heavens, thought Egan, even the infants were learning to analyze kisses! "You're going to miss a lot in life, Angie," he told her, "if you start defining impulses. And anyway, you have to have a motive for defiance, which I haven't. No—I think you'll have to place the blame on the fact that you look undeniably charming tonight."

Angie eyed him witheringly. "I may be young, Egan—but not that young. If a man is kissing you because he wants to, he concentrates on it. And if he's concentrating on it, he looks at you first. That's only logical. You looked at the swimming pool and then at the terrace and then you scowled at the tennis courts and then you kissed me."

Egan wondered why he had brought Angie Prescott out into the garden. She wasn't at all a pleasant child. She had all the promise of being a logical woman, and somebody ought to warn her against it. But he wasn't going to. He simply didn't care. And he thought he'd go back to France.

He said, "If I had time, Angie, I could tell you the fatality of reasoning things out. But I'm going to France. If you want, I'll take you home first. But if you want to go back to that brawl inside—"

Angie thought that she'd like to go back to the brawl. "Anyway," she

[Continued on page 108]



"WE'LL GIVE THE STORK SOME GOOD ADVICE!"



- "Oooh, look! See what the papers say . . .
'The Stork—Expected Here To-day!'
 My goodness, Sis—the stork's the bird
 That brought us here! (Or so I've heard) . . ."

Baby Powders Differ—And Your Thumb And Finger Will Prove It!

If you want to do your baby a favor, make this little test. Rub several different kinds of baby powder between your thumb and finger, one at a time. Some kinds, you'll quickly discover, feel harsh and unpleasant to your touch—and think how these disagreeable qualities would be emphasized on your baby's skin. Now . . .

Try Johnson's Baby Powder! Feel the velvety softness—the fine, silky smoothness. Ah . . . *here* is rose-petal texture, indeed!

What makes this great difference? Read this, and you'll understand . . .

Johnson's Baby Powder is made from the finest grade of Italian talc, which is composed of soft, tiny flakes. But—the *inferior* talc used in some baby powders contains sharp, *needle-like* particles! You wouldn't want them to touch your baby's skin!

Make the thumb-and-finger test to-day, and decide for your baby—wisely. And remember this important point, too: Johnson's Baby Powder contains *no stearate of zinc*.

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About Your Baby's Soap! . . .

Try Johnson's Baby Soap! Notice its smooth rounded edges and delicate fragrance. See how quickly the rich lather comes—how



- "Now listen, Bill—if I were you
 I'd tell that stork a thing or two.
 It's time he learned the latest news
 About the powder babies use!"



- "I'll call him now!—Hello—Hello—
 Say, Mr. Stork, you ought to know
 We have a baby powder here
 That makes the chafing disappear!"



- "Oh Bill—I can't help hugging you!
 And think how glad the stork is, too!
 For now he knows as well as we
 That babies can live comfortably!"

gently it cleanses—and how swiftly it washes away! Even the finest, most expensive Castile soaps cannot equal Johnson's Baby Soap—for it is made *especially* for babies, from purest high-grade olive and other vegetable oils. Be sure to try it—to-day!

For Extra Comfort, Use This Cream . . .

To relieve chafing, chapping, "diaper rash", prickly heat, and other mild irritations of the baby's skin, use Johnson's Baby Cream. It is made from purest ingredients, and is bland and soothing. It will prevent windburn and sunburn, if you rub a little on your baby's face and hands, before going outdoors.

FREE SAMPLES! Send for our free Gift Box containing a generous sample of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Write to Baby Products Division, Dept. F-8, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

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Johnson's Baby Powder





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Sturdy Pepperell Fabric is used in the practical garments made by Sally Middy Company, 20 W. 33rd Street, New York City.

Boys' Wash Suits

Handsome finished of Pepperell Fabric, in guaranteed fast colors, made by Royal Novelty Company, 641 Sixth Avenue, New York City.

Lord Pepperell Jr. Shirts and Shorts

Made by I. Jablow & Co., 1220 Broadway, New York City.

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In smart men's styles for boys and youths made of sturdy Pepperell Fabric by McLoughlin Mfg. Co., 366 Broadway, New York City.

Girls' Dresses

Fascinating juvenile models in colorful Pepperell Prints made by Jos. S. Cohen & Sons Co., Inc., 1350 Broadway, New York City.

Girls' Pajamas

Styled just like mother's in tub-fast Pepperell Prints, and beautifully finished by Huntington Underwear Co., 1350 Broadway, New York City.

"I made a clean-up today, Tom. I bought Junior's complete outfit . . . and your summer shirts and shorts . . . and all my print dresses, too."

"But wasn't it very expensive, Mary?"

"No, my dear. This time I concentrated on the Pepperell Label. We can take friends to the theatre tonight on what we have saved."

You can have the same pleasant surprise, if you always say "Pepperell", whenever you buy cotton articles. You know Lady Pepperell sheets, of course—but do you know that you can now find the same money-back Pepperell Label on *all* the good cotton clothes you need for every member of your family?

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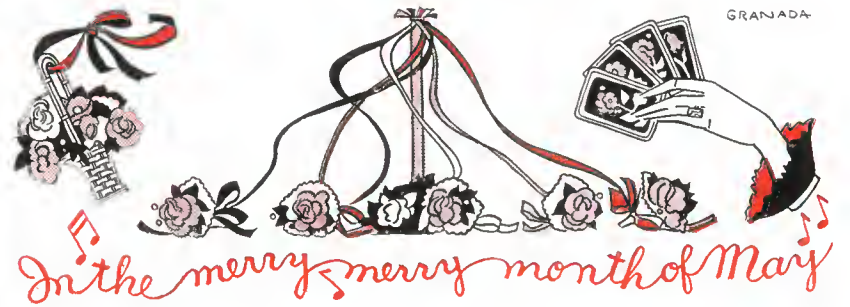
Please send me your free book full of money-saving suggestions.

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THE MERRY MONTH

By Vera Harrison



THE hostess who is planning to entertain in May could choose no gayer symbol than the Maypole with its streamers and garlands of flowers. Many parties will be held out-of-doors, but you can bring the balmy breath of Spring into the house with cut flowers and blossoming branches.

If you plan to play bridge, use cards with flower decorated backs, and tallies in the shape and colors of a basket filled with flowers. There is an every-player-your-partner set of tallies which gives each guest a flower

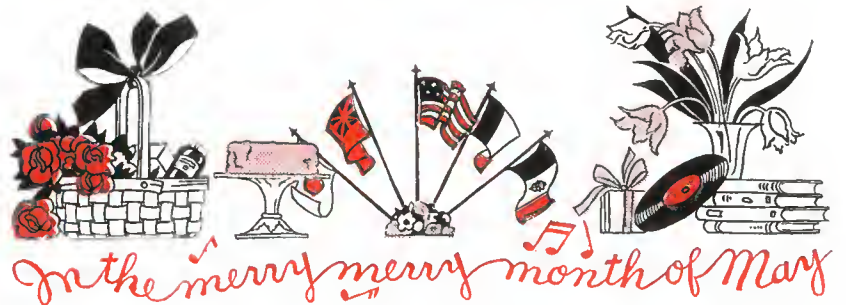
name to assume for the party. A tiny Maypole with ribbon streamers trailing out to each place, and a nosegay of blossoms tied to each end, makes an attractive table decoration. If you serve at bridge tables, use the colorful flower-patterned crêpe paper covers and napkins. There are games, too, which help to bring the suggestion of outdoor activities into the house. A table set of miniature golf is so inexpensive that there might be one for each table; a new card game based on golf is also fun.



MOTHER'S DAY comes in for a large share of the entertainment plans for May. Do let us forego bridge for this one time and devote the hours to tender reminiscences and the singing of old songs. Collections of old favorites can be had for about fifty cents. Each guest might bring "the old family album" and an amusing hour may be spent laughing at the fashions of by-gone days. At large banquets the daughters might arrange several amusing tableaux such as *The Old Tintype*, *The Hat of Other*

Days and *The Gibson Girl*. More serious tableaux might show the mothers of different nations. If games are played, they should be those which were popular in mother's day.

Fresh carnations in an old pressed-glass bowl would make an appropriate table decoration; place cards may be decorated with silhouettes or colored pictures of the Gay Nineties. There should be special favors for the mothers, such as small hook-rug mats for lamps and vases, and framed mottoes and poems about mother love.



MEMORIAL DAY is one national holiday that we do not think of as a day for celebration. And yet, a young friend told me of a clever idea her club worked out last year.

"We decided," she said, "that instead of honoring our dead heroes, we would do something for the living. So the night before Memorial Day, the club went in a body to 'The Dugout,' where our boys who were wounded in the World War are living, and threw a party for them. Of course, we had it all carefully planned beforehand. We arranged games for those who liked them, and danced with those who didn't. We brought quantities of sand-

wiches, homemade cakes, pies, candy, and quarts of punch. While we sat around eating supper, we sang old songs, and the boys joined in.

"With our club allowance we bought books, phonograph records, magazine subscriptions, playing cards, and cigarettes for the boys. We went to entertain them, but we all agreed that we had more fun than at our own parties."

I will be glad to send you more details about the articles mentioned. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for the May Entertainment Letter to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, Dayton, Ohio.



The secret of tastier salads!

USE an equal amount of strained, fresh lemon juice to replace vinegar in your favorite salad dressing. Note how the lemon brings out hidden flavors of fruits, vegetables, fish and meats! And how men prefer its delightful piquancy!

Or follow this new, "never-fail" recipe which is saving of your time and money:

One-minute Lemon-aise

½ cup Sunkist Lemon Juice	1 egg yolk (unbeaten)
½ cup salad oil	1 teaspoon dry mustard
½ cup sweetened condensed milk	½ teaspoon salt

Put in a pint jar, fasten top tightly, and shake vigorously for a minute. Makes one and one-half cups of dressing. It is especially good on fruit salads. If you wish, add one-half cup of cream, whipped, just before serving.

Try it on a salad you know well. Note the new interest lemon gives. It also adds an extra measure of healthfulness.

An Aid to Proper Nutrition

In planning any meal, bear in mind that nutritional research has established these facts about lemons and oranges: They contain the three vitamins A, B and C, aid digestion by stimulating appetite, and help to prevent acidosis of both the acid-ash and acetone types. Also there is experimental evidence that citrus fruits tend to arrest tooth decay, gum troubles and pyorrhea and help build up resistance to respiratory infections.

Keep lemons on hand to improve the flavor, appearance and healthfulness of your meals. Juicy, bright-skinned lemons from California are fresh in your market every day in the year—stamped "Sunkist" on the tissue wrapper. Ask for them.

To be sure of bright-skinned, juicy lemons, look for the trademark "Sunkist" on the wrapper.

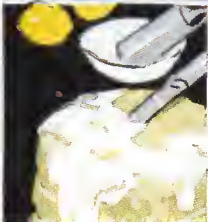
FREE—New Booklet of 200 Recipes

Send coupon now for new, free booklet, "Sunkist Recipes for Every Day," telling more than 200 ways to serve lemons and oranges, with suggestions for better balanced meals.

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Lemon is the "base" for all good drinks



Use juice and rind in cakes and icings



Lemonade: not only cool but "cooling!"



The lemon garnish improves vegetables



Lemon makes any tea more refreshing



Gives orange juice new tang and zest

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CALIFORNIA

Lemons

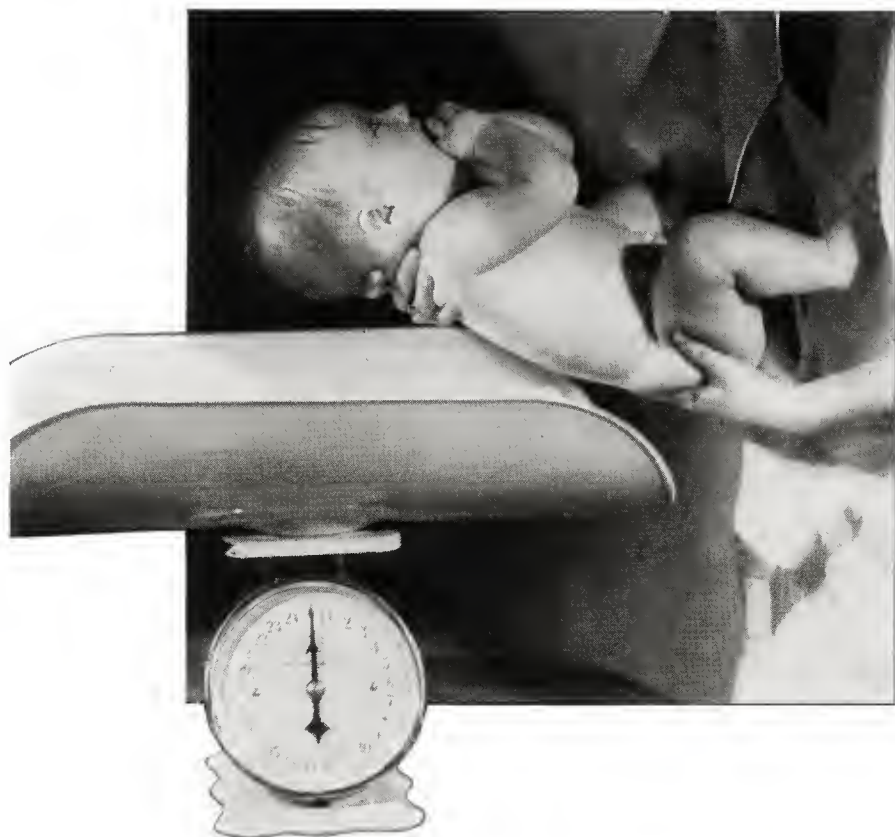
Buy them by the dozen—for their many uses

Sunkist Hand Reamer 35c (Canada 50c). Pink, green or white alabaster glass. At your dealer's.



Broiled or fried fish and meats gain in flavor and appearance when served with a garnish of sliced or quartered lemons

does your Baby's Weight Record show these GAINS ?



FIRST WEEK	LOSES UP TO 8 OUNCES OR MORE
FIRST THREE MONTHS	GAINS 5 TO 8 OUNCES A WEEK
4th TO 6th MONTH	GAINS 4 TO 6 OUNCES A WEEK
AT SIX MONTHS	DOUBLES HIS BIRTH WEIGHT
AT ONE YEAR	TRIPLES HIS BIRTH WEIGHT
2nd TO 9th YEAR	GAINS 5 TO 6 POUNDS A YEAR

"Weigh your baby once a week for the first three months, and twice a month after that, if you would *really know* whether he is gaining as he should."

If your baby fails to gain for even a week or two, you naturally look to the matter of feeding. Is he getting enough food? Is he getting the right foods? Does he handle them without trouble?

And another important thing—are wastes eliminated promptly?

So many times the trouble is right at this point. Lazy bowels! Because they do not do their work promptly, every other function is slowed down.

... Appetite ... digestion ... assimilation ... all are affected. And without the proper functioning of these, your baby cannot make the gains he should.

Perhaps you hesitate to give your baby a "laxative." You are right in being cautious. Just any laxative won't do for a baby's delicate system. It must be mild and gentle.

But there is a help made specially for babies and children. Castoria.

For more than 30 years Castoria has filled this special need of babies and children. Physicians know that its peculiar value is a combination of gentleness and effectiveness—a combination hard to duplicate.

Castoria is so mild in action that it may wisely be given to a young infant to relieve gas pains, colic. Yet it is just as effective as a regulator for older children.

Don't let little ailments interrupt your child's growth, hinder his gains. When colds and digestive upsets appear, call in the kindly service of Castoria. Its regulation helps to keep functions running smoothly; appetites normal, and weight records right! Don't forget that genuine Castoria has the name, Chas. H. Fletcher, on the package.

Send for our "Book of Better Babies" written by several authorities on baby care. It is free and full of helpful information for mothers. Address Dept. 4, The Centaur Co., 80 Varick St., New York, N. Y.

NOT HABIT-FORMING . . . NOT NARCOTIC

A wise mother is cautious about the medicines she gives her child. Castoria is a pure vegetable preparation which contains no strong

drugs, NO NARCOTICS. Castoria now comes in two sizes. The new family size contains about 2½ times the amount in the regular size.



TEND YOUR OWN FIRE

[Continued from page 104]

announced, "I can tell my grandchildren I drove a man to France. It will probably be the only real exciting thing I can tell them, for I don't believe I'm destined to be your new type, Egan. And you can take me back to the door. I've scads of dances coming up."

Dione, Egan saw, was near the door, completely surrounded by Rand Glisan. Not that Egan cared, but he'd expected better things of Dione. He tried to steer Angie on her way, but Angie was an impossible child. Egan couldn't budge her.

"He's going to France," announced Angie calmly. "I think it's because women are logical. Men are awfully young, aren't they, Dione?" And then, when it was too late for her to do Egan any good, Angie went off and left him standing there.

"France?" Dione's eyes met Egan's, and for a moment the world was quite empty, save for the two of them. Rand Glisan knew he was forgotten, and Egan knew it, too. But Egan wouldn't admit it.

"Didn't I tell you?" he asked deliberately. "Two of us, Dione, with rotten memories."

If that hit home, Dione didn't show it. She leaned against the wall and looked at Egan and a faint, arresting fragrance rose from the silver swirl of her skirts. "You mustn't go." She said it softly. "You mustn't, Egan."

Egan looked at her, and folly was forgotten. He said, unsteadily. "Does it matter to you, Dione, if I go?"

AND then all magic broke, lay shattered on the gleaming floor between them. For Dione lifted her shining head. Dione laughed. Dione remembered Rand Glisan and forgot all springtimes of another year. "Egan asks," she said lightly, "if it matters!" She turned to him, and she was tinkling ice in her frosty gown. "I'm sure, Egan dear, that Angie's education in the garden was quite complete. But think of the rising generations. All the little girls, just letting their hair grow, whom you haven't kissed. Is it really fair to them to go?"

Egan turned to Rand Glisan, because he didn't dare look at Dione. Because he was shaken by the rage that possessed him. Because he wanted to take Dione—all the slim, silver arrogance of her—and shake her. He said, distinctly, "To Dione, who forgets so many things, but cannot forget that she was once betrayed by a kiss, goes the victory. My regrets, Glisan, for a poor scene, badly played." And he left them. His mode of conduct in the future was clearly defined—he would do what he wanted to, and when he wanted it, but Dione would have no part in it. He was, he told himself, completely indifferent to her at last.

He thought he would go home. It was an illusion, Claire Adams told him. Nobody went home at twelve o'clock. Besides, it was a swell party. "Have you seen Dione! She looks like a fallen angel. The 'fallen,' Egan, is in respect to Rand Glisan. Nobody but Dione could get away with that!"

Claire was, thought Egan, a cat. But the mention of Dione stiffened his resolve. "I have seen her, Claire, and I think you are wise not to try to steal her thunder. Dione makes imitation futile. But I still think I will go home."

"He means it," announced Angie mildly, rounding the corner of the clubhouse. "Egan is fed up with women and frivolity. He is going to—"

But Egan was gone, if not to France to an escape from Angie's supervision. She had been his spokesman once that

evening, and once was enough. He hoped he'd never have to look at her or hear her again.

IT WAS, of course, Angie who routed him out of bed an hour later by standing in his driveway and throwing rocks at his window. Egan thrust his head out just in time to get one of them on his chin, whereupon he glared at Angie and yelled, "Hey, what are you trying to do! Kill me?"

"Get out of bed," commanded Angie firmly. "I've got to see you, Egan. If you don't—" for Egan looked as though he wouldn't—"I'll break every window in your house!"

Somebody, thought Egan grimly, ought to suppress Angie. But he got out of bed, reflecting that if he didn't she would probably crawl up the trellis and haul him out. So he took himself and his bloody chin out to join her on the driveway.

"I'm sorry," said Angie, not looking sorry at all, "about your chin, Egan. But I simply had to see you! Dione—"

Egan glared at her. "I hope you didn't get me out here at this time of night to discuss Dione!" he snorted. "Because, if you did—"

"If you'd only listen to me!" wailed Angie. "Dione is eloping—well, maybe you can't elope with a married man—but she's running away, anyway! With Rand Glisan. And somebody's got to stop it!"

Egan eyed her coldly. "You're too young, Angie, to be out at this late hour. And now, if you'll permit me—"

Angie wrung her hands despairingly. "I shall never marry!" she moaned. "Men are so stupid! I tell you I heard them! I guess I live right next door to Dione, don't I? Rand brought her home, and they stood on the steps, and he said, 'You've got the tickets, haven't you?' And she said, 'All you have to remember is compartment two, car seven. And heaven help you if you forget.' And he said, 'I'll pick you up in fifteen minutes—the train goes at one-thirty.' And she said, 'I'll pick you up. It will work out better that way. And I ought to know when the train leaves. Who planned this elopement, anyway!' Oh, Egan—"

But Egan had her by the shoulders, shaking her. His eyes were blazing, his young face suddenly grim. "If this is a joke, Angie—"

Angie tore herself away. "Don't be stupid, Egan!" she cried. "Do I go around hauling people out of bed—for a joke! I heard it all, I tell you! Oh, dear me—to have Rand Glisan mad about Dione was exciting—but to have Dione running away with a married man! That is something else! We've got to do something. You've got to! I don't know what happened between you two, Egan, but it's all your fault anyway! If you'd run away with Dione in the beginning—"

Egan's hands dropped to his side. He was staring at Angie, but it wasn't Angie he saw. His mind was kaleidoscopic, filled with a confusion of pictures. And all of Dione. Dione, with her amazing hair blown back from her mocking face. Dione, in the silver frock that wrapped her around in beauty. Dione, taunting him. Dione, the reckless, the unaccountable, the mercurial one. Dione, fiercely burning her bridges behind her. Walking, with her head held high, into the worst kind of a mess! Dione—with Rand Glisan—

The little idiot! Did she think that she could do that sort of thing? Well, he'd show her. Black rage consumed him. He forgot Angie entirely—left her

[Continued on page 110]



Ethyl
ADDS TO GASOLINE *what*
VANILLA *adds* **TO CAKE**

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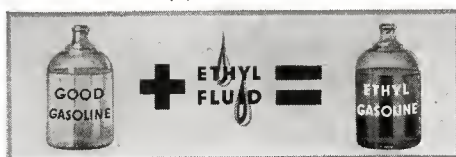
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You may not always see the harmful particles—or tiny parasites. But the microscope uncovers them—and laboratory research calls a warning. Don't take chances—Give your canary the right food—French's Air-Washed Bird Seed.

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TEND YOUR OWN FIRE

[Continued from page 108]

standing in the driveway, telling him what he ought to do. He was flinging himself into his car, backing it furiously out of the garage, sending Angie scrambling out of the way as he tore down the driveway. He looked at the clock on his dashboard. One-twenty! He had only ten minutes! His foot went down on the throttle, sending it wide open. Dione—daring to think she could run away with Rand Glisan! Just wait until he got his hands on her—

He left his car a block from the station, bringing it to a grinding halt. He knew Dione. He'd get no advantage by announcing his arrival to her. He ran the block, keeping in the shadows. Yes, the train was there—waiting. And there was Dione's little car behind the station. Even as he looked he saw Rand Glisan leave it and hurry into the station. Egan fought the temptation to follow him—to knock the fellow's block off. His hands itched for that pleasure. But he told himself that would have to wait.

He raced across the station yard, a black and scowling figure. He caught, for a moment, the outline of Dione's bright head through the rear window of her car. It was then he had his inspiration. He was at the door, tearing it open, staring in at a startled Dione. He was flinging himself into the driver's seat, turning on the engine, sending the car reeling out into the street again!

"Egan! What on earth—"

Dione was blazing, but Egan didn't care. Now that he had her, there at his side, where nobody could get her away from him, he could have throttled her with joy. For thinking she could do such a thing! For destroying all his fine resolves about her! For daring to imagine, even for a moment, that she could do this to him! To herself!

"Egan!" Dione was pounding his arm. "Take me back this moment, Egan! If you think you can—"

BUT Egan didn't think. He knew. He was crazy, drunk with a new and heady elation. "Shut up!" he roared, above the noise of the engine. "You aren't going with him! Think I'd let you? You're going to marry me! Me!"

He didn't care whether she heard him or not. He was fierce, exultant, defiant. He was Egan, and the color of his palfrey didn't matter this time. He was running away with Dione!

It was Dione, at last, who reached forth and turned off the ignition, thus putting an end to their wild ride. And it was Dione who said, in a voice grown suddenly mild, "There's no need to kill us both, Egan."

Egan glared at her. "There's no good talking," he said. "You aren't going back!"

Dione looked at his chin. "You're bloody, Egan."

"Angie heaved a rock at me. But see here, Dione—" he was excited once more, "I said you were going to marry me!"

Dione patted his arm soothingly. "All right, Egan—I would have, you know, any time in the last two years that you'd asked me. But cool down. There's nothing to get excited about."

"You would have—" Egan stared at her bewilderedly. "Do you expect me

to believe that! And you, flirting with half the town under my very nose—driving me crazy—fighting with me every time you came near me—and now, trying to elope with Rand Glisan! And you can say there's nothing to get excited over!"

DIONE stirred, and Egan saw that she still wore the silver frock. "In the first place," said Dione thoughtfully, "you haven't been exactly soothing to my nerves in the last two years. You've gone about wearing banners saying 'What Dione does makes no difference to me!' And I'd hardly call you peaceful when we met. And in the second place, I wasn't eloping with Rand Glisan. I was helping him elope with his own wife, when you came bursting into the picture."

"You were—what!"

She would have put it, Dione saw, in words of one syllable. "Helping—

him—elope—with—his—own—wife. Jean. Jean Glisan. Have you forgotten. Egan, that Jean is Rand's wife?"

Egan wiped a damp brow. "Have I forgotten! Aren't you the one who's forgotten. Dione?"

Dione told him she hadn't. "As if I could, with both Jean and Rand moaning on my doorstep for the past three months. Oh, not at the same time, of course, but that only

made the agony more drawn out. I hope tonight ends it, but I don't know. A young man came along and took me riding just about the time I should have been making certain that Jean stayed on that train."

"You got Jean Glisan on that train!"

"Of course. And did you ever try to make a stubborn woman do what she really wanted to do, Egan? Well, I have. And it's no easy job. Jean is mad about Rand—always has been. But she's been a mule. Wouldn't see him, and then nearly died because she didn't. I wonder, Egan, why it is that women can't resist punishing the men they love?"

Egan tried to assimilate that, but the thing was too much for him. He said helplessly, "But you—you and Rand—"

"Somebody," said Dione impatiently, "had to straighten things out for him. He's been no good at all to anyone, since the moment Jean threw him over. He simply went off the deep end, and stayed there."

Egan, in a daze, was remembering. "The little boy who went berserk when the light went out."

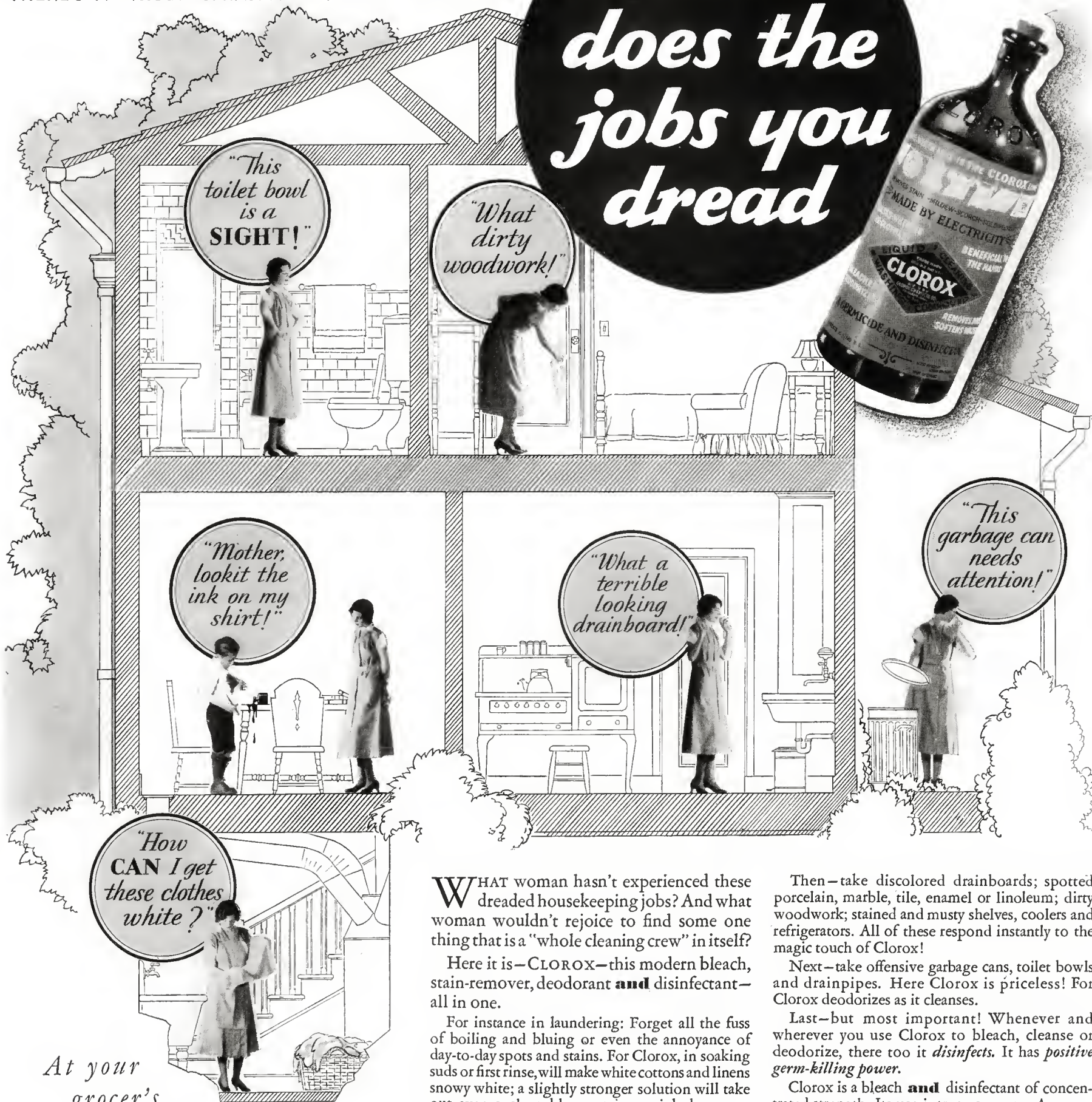
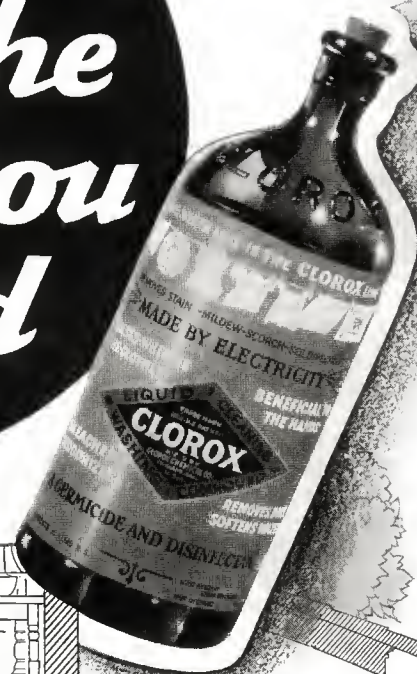
Dione eyed him approvingly. He was coming on. "Jean," she nodded, "was the light. But she went away. California. And she had a grand time. Egan. Only she forgot to come back when she said she would. Women are like that sometimes—get careless with their men. And Rand got lonely, and then hurt, and at last just plain mad. So he started in to prove to Jean—and maybe to himself—that he was still attractive. Worth keeping. There was a girl in his office—she didn't count. Of course—but she was there, and Jean wasn't. Then Jean came home and found out, and she's been a complete mule ever since. Egan, why are you staring at me?"

"I was wondering," said Egan carefully, "how you understood that the other girl—didn't count."

[Continued on page 112]

THERE'S A "WHOLE CLEANING CREW" IN THIS BOTTLE

CLOROX
*does the
jobs you
dread*



WHAT woman hasn't experienced these dreaded housekeeping jobs? And what woman wouldn't rejoice to find some one thing that is a "whole cleaning crew" in itself?

Here it is—CLOROX—this modern bleach, stain-remover, deodorant **and** disinfectant—all in one.

For instance in laundering: Forget all the fuss of boiling and bluing or even the annoyance of day-to-day spots and stains. For Clorox, in soaking suds or first rinse, will make white cottons and linens snowy white; a slightly stronger solution will take out even such stubborn stains as ink, beverage, blood, medicine—also, scorched spots and mildew.

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When you handle the G-E Standard, you will be delighted with its light weight and easy, gliding motion. You will be even more delighted at the new cleanliness it gives to rugs and carpets. And you will realize that with its powerful G-E motor and sturdy build, you are going to have long yet satisfactory service for your \$35.00.

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CLIP AND MAIL THE COUPON BELOW—It will give you your permission to demonstrate a G-E Cleaner at your home, without any obligation on your part. In appreciation of this courtesy we will deliver or mail to you, absolutely free, a new, soft, chemically treated, chamoisette Dustcloth. **THIS OFFER IS GOOD FOR FORTY-FIVE DAYS ONLY!**

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Please deliver or send me the FREE dustcloth. I agree to watch a demonstration of the G-E cleaner, but am not obligated to buy it.

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TEND YOUR OWN FIRE

[Continued from page 110]

Dione was a glow in the darkness. For a moment she sat very still. Then, "Many a woman," she said steadily, "has warmed her hands at the fire another woman has kindled. I read that in a book, and then I learned it was true. Jean kindled the fire, but that other girl just warmed her hands at it. Nobody ever really counted with Rand except Jean. Rand will convince her of that, if he has half a chance. That's why I told her I'd go to New York with her tonight—and used the dance as an excuse to keep Rand under my eye. That's why I was sneaking him on the train at the last minute, in my place. She can't jump off a moving train—and she'll have to listen!"

As far as Egan was concerned, the Glisans' affairs were past history.

"And—us?" he asked. "Have you found out something, too? Because I have." He caught Dione's hand, held it firmly. "Why," he demanded, "do you think I'd have broken my neck, and yours, too, rather than let you go away with anyone else tonight?"

Dione was a faint shimmer beside him. "And why," she said unsteadily, "do you think I let you come boiling across the station yard, bursting into my car, bolting off with me? I heard you coming blocks away. You were as quiet as a fire engine. And that yellow bus of yours shows up a mile off!"

In the silence that followed, Egan was almost afraid to breathe. For something was happening, and a word might shatter it. Ecstasy lay between them once more. Only this time they were more careful of it. They knew it for the strongest thing in the world—and the frailest. In the end, it was Egan who had the most courage.

"Marion," he said. "She never counted, Dione. I was the world's greatest fool."

DIONE shut her eyes. Marion's name still did things to her heart. But she had learned, among other things, that you can't bury a ghost until you'd first looked it in the face. She said, steadfastly, "Marion Nelson was thirty. Egan, and a darned attractive widow. You were twenty-one—and I was the fool. I said I'd marry you, and then I went racing off to Europe. I went for two months and stayed ten, and when I came back I found that a cleverer woman than I had warmed her hands at my fire. I hadn't learned then that, no matter what happened, it was still my fire, as long as it burned. And that I had only myself to blame if, having left it, somebody else came by and tended it. So I threw you over. And ever since—"

"Ever since," finished Egan grimly, "you and I have made a fine job of sticking knives in each other. If it hadn't been for Angie, tonight—"

He stopped abruptly and looked at Dione, aghast. "See here," he groaned, "do I have to tell you that I didn't want to kiss—"

Dione didn't know whether she wanted to laugh or cry. "Egan—you idiot!" she sobbed. "As if I cared about Angie! She just happened to be there—in the garden—and you wanted to show me!"

Dione was a silver blur in Egan's arms. Dione was all the music ever written, all the songs ever sung. "As a matter of fact," said Egan, kissing her, "this is what I wanted, and both of us knew it all the time!"

MOTION PICTURES

[Continued from page 4]

This is an effective means of shifting the responsibility for the generally low quality of Hollywood's products; it is not, however, an entirely legitimate one. It may have been valid back in the Cecil B. DeMille era, but today the ratio existing between artistic merit and commercial value is not nearly so inverse as is generally imagined. Indeed, if hokum were still infallibly profitable, there would be no shadow of an excuse for the present meagerness of box-office returns. The old "sure-fire" formulae are still available—but, alas, they are no longer sure. This is not to be blamed upon the public's lack of appreciativeness but upon the public's newly developed critical sense.

What has happened to the movie audience at large is just what has happened (on a relatively miniature scale) to the theatrical audience in New York City. An incalculable reform has been brought about during the decade that has passed since the opening of *Abie's Irish Rose*, and a good share of the credit for it is attributable to such lusty propagandists as my neighbors in these pages, Mr. Woolcott and Mr. Broun. They led the cheering for the new ideas and ideals in the theater, which are becoming increasingly the new ideas and ideals on the screen.

THE public may still be moronic, but at least its members are now taking good advice, for in nine cases out of ten the films that it supports are the films that most richly deserve intelligent recognition. One regrettable exception can be named: *Broken Lullaby*, a tremendously moving picture which started its career as *The Man I Killed*, but which was so brutally

avoided by the ticket-buyers that a change of title was considered advisable. This is the work of that supreme directorial genius, Ernst Lubitsch, and marks a distinct departure from his usual gay method, as revealed in the Chevalier extravaganzas, *The Love Parade*, *The Smiling Lieutenant* and *One Hour With You*. There are no witty philanderings in *Broken Lullaby*. It is a somber but infinitely sympathetic study of a conscience-stricken young French veteran who went into Germany to beg forgiveness from the parents of the German youth who, in the ordinary course of wartime events, he had bayoneted; not a cheery story, to be sure, but its failure could not be accounted for on that score. The public has displayed a fondness for sobs by its overwhelming partiality for such pictures as *The Champ* and *Emma*.

Perhaps the trouble with *Broken Lullaby* is that, as an argument against war, it has come too long after *All Quiet on the Western Front* and *Journey's End*. Perhaps the populace is now ready for a rousing jingoistic argument on the other side.

Certainly, the rejection of *Broken Lullaby* must not be taken as justification of Hollywood's attitude of contempt for the mental deficiency of the fans. In almost all other recent instances the fans have shown surprising discrimination and taste. They have applauded genuine merit with heartening enthusiasm, and have been reluctant to accept the synthetic substitutes which Hollywood still hopefully concocts. When Hollywood errs, it has no right whatever to blame its mistakes either on the inefficiency of its tools or on the stupidity of its patrons.



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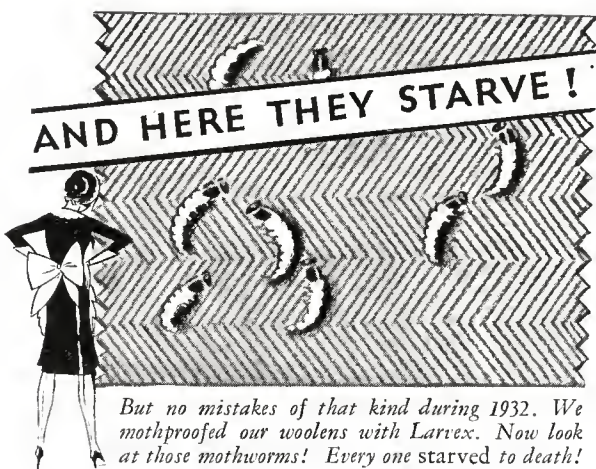
THEY STARVE STARVE STARVE THEMSELVES TO DEATH WHEN YOU LEAVE IT TO THE CLOTH TO KILL THE MOTHWORMS

MOTHWORMS work like moles and do their work of destruction out of sight. Yes, deep down in the heart of closet or trunk their powerful jaws are busy—busy eating wool. Hundreds of dollars in damage, but not a warning, not a sign.

You can't fight mothworms in the open because they will not come out in the open. The only sure way is to lay siege to their hiding place and *starve* them to death. Larvex can starve them because wool is their food and Larvex makes that wool uneatable. This Larvex process is called *mothproofing*, and it is something absolutely new.

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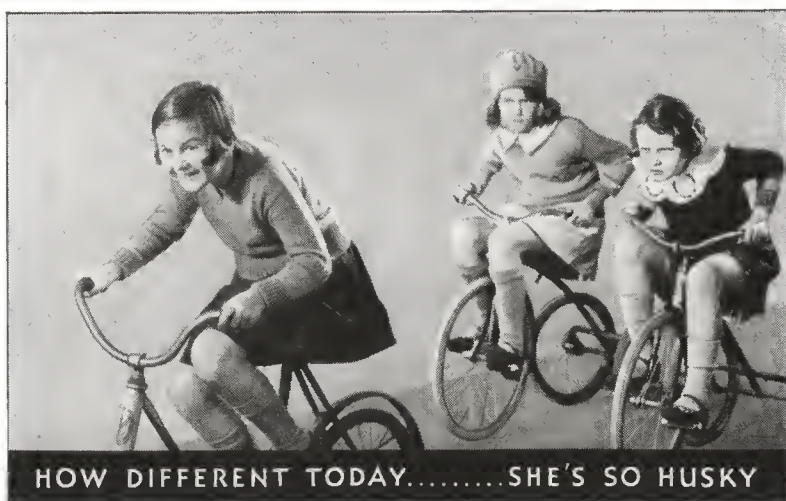
Yes, Larvex is quite different from all other ways of combating moth damage. Larvex starts from the beginning. It works on the cloth and ignores the moth altogether. It's there before the mothworm arrives and it's there to stay. You treat the *cloth* with Larvex and you make it absolutely *uneatable*. You leave it to the cloth to kill the mothworm by starving him to death.

Larvex is simply *sprayed* on coats, suits, rugs and upholstery. It is odorless, non-injurious, non-inflammable. It is very economical, only \$1 for a full pint. A whole year's mothproofing of a suit costs less than a single pressing. Larvex is sold everywhere by drug and department stores. The Larvex Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N.Y. In Canada: The Larvex Corporation, Ltd., Sainte Therese, P.Q.



LARVEX

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—by giving her milk a new way

"It hurt me as much as it did my little girl to hear them call her 'skinny'. She cried so bitterly when other children made fun of her thin little arms and legs.

"I tried every which way to put more flesh on her, but it seemed that the more she ate the thinner she became.

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This mother's story is not unusual. Cocomalt adds 70% more nourishment to milk, almost doubling its food value. Every glass of Cocomalt a child drinks is equal to almost two glasses of plain milk.

Children love to drink it

Cocomalt is not a medicine, but a tempting food drink that is mixed with milk and gives the child almost twice the nourishment. It's the *extra* proteins,

carbohydrates and minerals supplied by Cocomalt that make children gain so wonderfully.

Yet no matter how frequently your child drinks Cocomalt, there is no strain upon the digestion. For though the food value of this delicious health drink is unusually high, it is easily digested . . . quickly assimilated.

Vitamin D . . . important!

You know how valuable summer sunshine is for growing children. That is because it produces Vitamin D, so essential in preventing rickets and in building strong bones and sound teeth. Cocomalt contains Vitamin D which is one of the reasons why it is recommended as a regular part of the growing child's diet.

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I am enclosing 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

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HOT WATER

By Kathleen

My dear Miss Robertson:

Can you tell me about electric water heaters? For several years we have had a camp on a lake, where from May to September the children and I have spent all our time, my husband coming up for weekends and his vacation. The children love it, of course, and so does their father, and I think I might too, if I had a chance. But I seem to spend the entire summer heating water for one purpose or another—dishes, washing, the baby's bath. So when we learned that the power company was extending its lines beyond the camp, I told my husband I was going to find out about electric water heaters. This getting back to nature is all right in the movies, but practically speaking I find it easier to wash pots with hot soapy water than to scour them with sand! So if you have information about electric water heaters, I'd be ever so grateful if you'd pass it on. I'd like to enjoy the summer, too.

THAT letter made an especial appeal to me because it was written from Minnesota, and when I closed my eyes I could smell pines under a hot July sun and see the heavenly blue of a lake that slapped lazily against a little pier. That Minnesota lake country is so grand that no one ought to be prevented from enjoying it just for lack of hot water.

For that matter, there are thousands of homes throughout the country (and not summer camps either) that find the hot water problem a real one. Wouldn't it be pleasant if the Constitution had secured for every one of us "Life, Liberty, the Pursuit of Happiness, and Plenty of Hot Water?" Since it didn't, let us see what that busy servant, electricity, can do for us.

The first thing to consider is the matter of rates. I'm not awfully fond of figures myself, but I've occasionally

found them very useful, so I keep on friendly terms with them. How much do you pay for electricity? Six cents a kilowatt hour is the average cost throughout the country, but the cost of heating water at that rate would be rank extravagance. Realizing this fact, power companies in many sections offer an "off-peak load" rate.

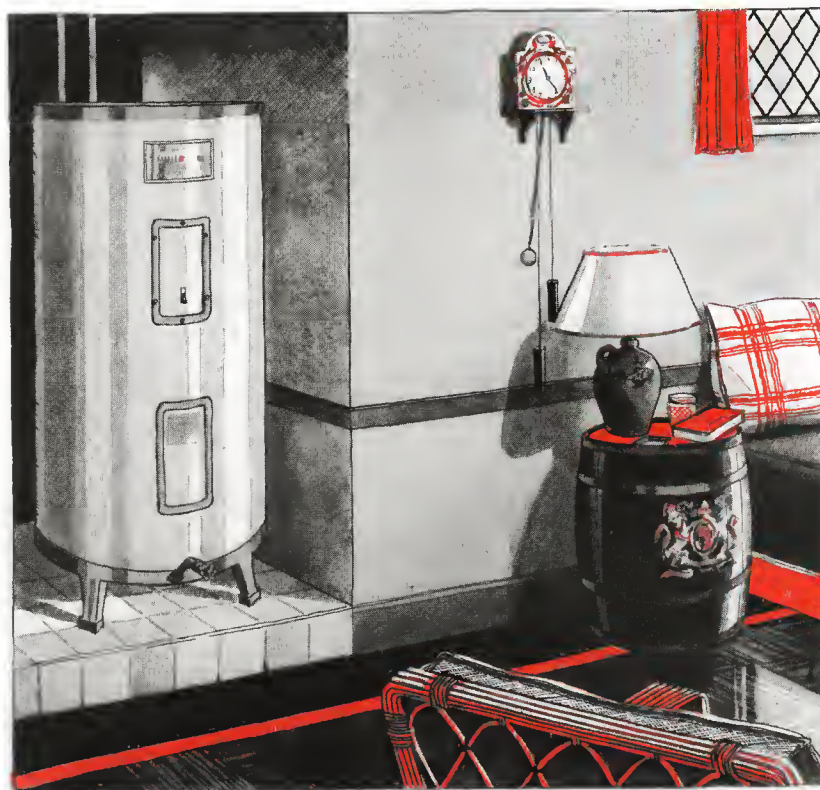
LET us see how they can do this. You can understand that the power company's equipment must be able to take care of the *greatest* demands that may be made upon it. That means that at certain times (such as at night) the capacity of the equipment is much greater than the demand. So if the company can use its equipment at such "off-peak" periods, they can offer the service at a lower rate because any income they get from such periods is so much velvet.

Find out whether or not your local power company offers a lower rate for water heating. If it doesn't, you'd better forget about the electric heaters unless you are prepared to pay a high premium for the pleasure of having hot water.

"But," you're probably saying plaintively to yourself, "what good is hot water at night? I want it in the day time." Of course you do, and you may have it then, because electric water heaters are constructed on the principle of a vacuum container. The water is heated at night, true enough; but because the tanks are heavily insulated the water remains hot for use the next day.

Of course an "off-peak load" heater is automatic. It has a time switch that turns the current on and off at the proper times. It should also have a thermostat that, when the water reaches the required temperature, will turn off the current.

But suppose you use all of the hot water: is there no way of getting more



The new electric water heaters are so unobtrusively good looking that

BY WIRE

Robertson

until the following night? In the type of heater I have just described, there isn't. However, you may have a heater with two heating elements, each one metered and thermostatically controlled. Then if, during the day, the water in the tank goes below the desired temperature, the second heating element goes to work. But don't forget that you will probably *pay a higher rate* for the current used by the day element. In the long run, the cheapest way to avoid hot water shortage is to buy a tank large enough to take care of all your needs.

THAT being done, you will of course see to it that the water is not wasted. Spring-type faucets prevent waste by children and careless guests. Leaky faucets are tremendous wasters. Then, too, uninsulated pipes are expensive economies because they lose heat with great rapidity. They are like radiators in that respect: but then it is the business of radiators to lose heat to the room. So, in order to cut down on your electric bill, it will be well to place the heaters as close as possible to the outlet that is most often used, which is generally at the kitchen sink. The pipe to it should be insulated, because every time water is drawn, the pipe is of course freshly filled with water which has cost money to heat. If the pipe is uninsulated, that water becomes cold and just so much more has to be run off the next time.

Heaters range in size from five to one hundred and twenty gallons. Which size you may need will depend upon several things—the size of your family, whether they are watchful grown-ups or careless children, the number and temperatures of baths, the amount of hot water used in washing clothes.

Of course you are not limited to the amount of water shown by the capacity of the tank; as it is stored at a much higher temperature than is

usable, it must be mixed with varying quantities of cold water.

So far I have mentioned only off-peak heaters, for the reason that in many sections of the country they are the most practical. However, there are splendid heaters on the market that automatically turn on the current night or day, whenever the water in the tank falls below a stated temperature. When the power companies offer special rates for this type of heater, there is no reason why they should not be used. Their construction differs little from that of an off-peak heater. Many of these heaters have heating elements that rate only 1000 kilowatts, the same as the new automatic irons. Because of this low wattage, installation costs are likely to be smaller than for heaters with high-wattage heating elements.

Then there are heaters that you turn on every time you need hot water. But, except where hot water needs are fairly small and can be foreseen, they are likely to be pretty expensive to run or unsatisfactory because they make you wait too long for the water.

THE lady-with-the-camp didn't mention a pressure water system. If she hasn't one she may still have an electric heater, as there is one specially made for camps and farms that lack running water. These tanks are filled by hand, are well insulated, and, as the heating element is below the draw-off water line, they cannot burn out.

The baby of all this electric water-heating equipment is the tea kettle, with its heating element inside so every bit of heat is utilized. It helps in many jobs that require small amounts of hot water, such as dishwashing, and washing the baby or his clothes.

Above all things, consult your power company; the kind of heater they recommend will undoubtedly be the best for the type of service they offer.



they rightfully belong in smart kitchens and basement playrooms

FREE

Enough Hires Extract
to make
8 BOTTLES
of delicious Hires Root
Beer. Just mail the coupon.

NATURAL JUICES

For growing children Doctors praise Hires Root Beer because it is made of *natural* juices

THE increasing popularity of Hires Root Beer is Nation-wide. In hundreds of schools, teachers are urging children to drink Hires Root Beer and to avoid questionable imitations made only with artificial oil flavors. Doctors, almost unanimously, recommend Hires Root Beer as healthful and safe. Careful mothers everywhere are urging their children to drink Hires Root Beer because it is *natural*—like the juices of oranges and tomatoes—absolutely free from artificial flavoring and drugs. Now, to win added friends, we offer a free trial bottle of Hires Extract—sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer.

Two other ways to get your daily Hires Root Beer

AT SODA FOUNTAINS and wherever you see the famous Hires Keg, ask for Hires Root Beer, not for "root beer". Reputable dealers gladly pay more for the genuine because imitations create dissatisfaction. Yet you pay no more for the real Hires Root Beer and only the genuine brings you the beneficial results, the stimulating pleasure of the blended, natural juices.

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Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs. 1,250,000,000 glasses of Hires Root Beer were served last year—a national favorite.

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Beer Extract. Enclosed is 4c to cover cost
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IF YOU WERE CAST OFF ON A DESERT ISLAND

and could choose three things to take along, you might grab "Robinson Crusoe" first, for island technique, and smelling salts, second, against faintness brought on by seeing a tiger in the bush. But third, if you had your wits about you, you would snaffle a carton of

Wrigley's Double Mint

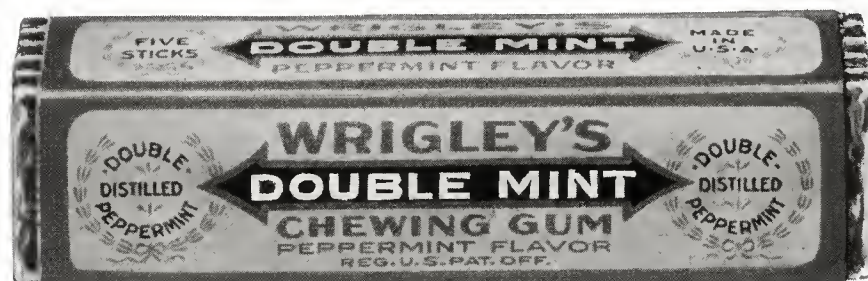
For, of course, you don't expect to spend the rest of your life on even an imaginary island. And anyway, at home or abroad you want good teeth. Not only your Looks but your Health depend upon them. It's a scientific fact that most dental sorrows come from the lack of chewing.

Chewing helps make stronger teeth and stimulates the tiny facial muscles which otherwise grow old and saggy. Soft food doesn't require chewing. But faces do! Chewing a delicious fresh stick of

Wrigley's Double Mint

helps to preserve youthful contours. Those saggy lines will go on leave of absence and you will have achieved a perfect facial at the cost of twenty mint-flavored minutes of enjoyment. Make this your daily habit. Start today.

- By Chewing
WRIGLEY'S
1. TEETH STAY YOUNGER AND STRONGER.
 2. FACIAL MUSCLES ARE KEPT FROM SAGGING.
 3. LIPS RETAIN THE FRESHNESS OF YOUTH.



M-7

INEXPENSIVE • SATISFYING

A WHALE OF A PLAY

[Continued from page 11]

Miss Brady's equanimity is instinctive and unconscious. In rehearsal, while she was trying to get hold of the New England Electra freighted with thwarted love, jealousy, vengeance and doom, she said to O'Neill: "I don't feel that Lavinia (Electra) could ever sit down and smack her lips over a good slice of roast beef. Could she?"

"No," said O'Neill. That told her a lot about the character she was to play. As Lavinia Mannon she must be as unlike herself as possible.

In fact, the rôle completely changed her diet. Finding that it was impossible to stoke herself with food before the play begins at (for her) an unearthly hour in the afternoon, she has evolved the following schedule:

A light breakfast at three or four o'clock. Grapefruit, smelts (for instance), coffee. Then, before the play begins, thirty-five pounds of beef in concentrated liquid form. During the dinner intermission, mutton broth, a pint of tomato juice, and crackers. At about nine forty-five, when she has a short breathing spell, another thirty-five pounds of beef. Finally, after the last curtain, a regular dinner, the only real meal of the day.

Miss Brady confesses to a strain during the performance, mostly in the first play, *The Homecoming*, when, as Lavinia, she must confront her mother, Christine, and Captain Brant with her knowledge of their adultery, thereby unconsciously driving them to murder her father, Brigadier-General Ezra Mannon, on the night of his return from the Civil War. She, herself, is unconsciously driven by her jealousy for Brant, her father and her brother, Orin, all of whom love her mother. The spirit, the mood, the subtleties of the rôle Miss Brady takes for granted; her worry is technique.

"At first I have to use a totally different method of voice production. I must be a tight, repressed person. I am naturally an outgoing person. For the first couple of weeks I clenched my hands so tight that I developed a sort of occupational neuritis in my forearms."

"The most frightening part of the play is my first entrance, when I come out of the Mannon house and down the steps. No one told me about those steps! I have a bad knee, the result of an automobile accident ten years ago. It used to go out during performances and the curtain had to be lowered. Every night as I start down the steps I wonder if I'll fall."

She wears rubber heels and says a prayer.

THE second play, *The Hunted*, in which Lavinia and Orin avenge their father's murder by killing Captain Brant, thereby bringing about their mother's suicide, is easier, almost plays itself.

But the third play, *The Haunted*, with its rising whirlwind of catastrophe driving Orin to the edge of insanity and then to merciful suicide as all hope of normal love and happiness is torn from Lavinia's fiercely-reaching hands, is nervous work. Orin and Lavinia carry the play between them to the climax, but to Lavinia falls the most ticklish line in the entire trilogy, a necessary line that foreshadows the end, but one that would lose the audience if left hanging in the air. Here it is: "Don't let me think of death. I couldn't bear another death!" And

Miss Brady adds instantly: "Please! Please!" to forestall a tension-snapping giggle from the audience.

This sketchy synopsis, of course, like all synopses of *Mourning Becomes Electra*, leaves out all that makes the play a great creation. But it does, perhaps, make plausible Miss Brady's nightly consumption of seventy pounds of beef in liquid concentrate.

A calm family, these Bradys. On the opening night, William A. Brady was complimented on his daughter's Electra, exceeded in length, but not in importance, by the rôle of Nina Leeds in *Strange Interlude*.

"Alice is all right," said Papa Brady, "if she just had more lines."

THERE were more lines, many more lines for everybody, but O'Neill cut them out, as his diary and working notes reveal. Considering the trilogy's wealth of dramatic incident and variety of character development, his economy is remarkable.

"The Greeks Had Fewer Words for It," said Robert Littell, but he overlooked, or perhaps denied, the possibility that O'Neill had more to say. O'Neill's working notes show that, five months before he began intensive work, he had extended Electra's story far beyond the Greek original.

Impatient with the Greek legend in which Electra, after the murder of Clytaemnestra, "peters out into undramatic married banality," to use O'Neill's words, he argued that her soul contained too much tragic fate to permit this.

O'Neill proceeded to prove his contention in two solid years of the most painstaking work. He made seven versions of the trilogy, putting in *Strange Interlude* thought-asides, half-masks, and stylized soliloquies, and then throwing them out as the powerful, simple line of the tragedy emerged.

He seems to have realized instinctively that he first had to make his Electra guilty beyond all quibble. As the Greeks might have said, and as most American juries would say, the Greek Electra had some justification for her crime.

But, in the psychological world that fascinates O'Neill, the simple act, the simple motive, the simple explanation are seldom the real truth. Not as a stage carpenter, but as a brooding, probing poet of the theater, O'Neill rapidly built up in his mind a complex yet logical history of Electra and her family which would sweep them all to tragic ends.

He got to work in earnest in April, 1929, at Cap d'Ail, on the French Riviera. First he must fix the play's period in American history. The Revolution was too coated with romance; the World War too near. The play, to be timeless yet valid, must have distance, perspective, yet be near enough to understand. He chose the Civil War.

The time fixed, he blocked in the background with swift, sure strokes. The play is laid in a small New England seaport. The family is the town's best, ship-builders, owners, wealthy. The Agamemnon character (Ezra Mannon) is the leading citizen, Mayor before the war, now Brigadier-General in Grant's army. Play opens the day of Lee's surrender. The House of Atreus is the Greek temple front type that

[Continued on page 118]



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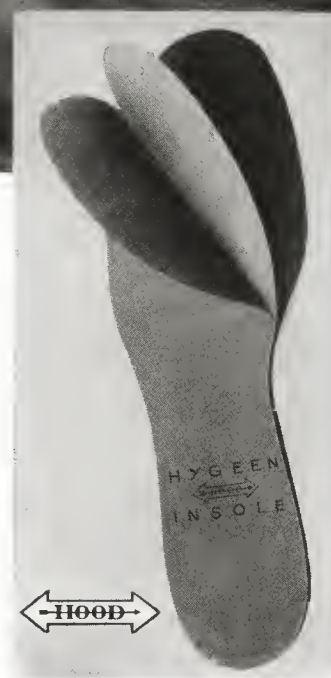
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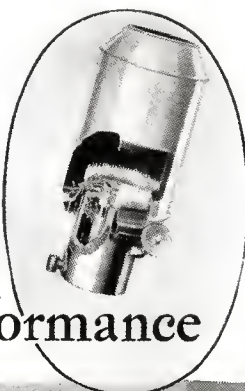
LOOK INSIDE THE SHOE FOR THE GREEN INSOLE

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LOOK OUTSIDE THE SHOE FOR THE GREEN TAG



Leading RURAL HOMEMAKERS acclaim High-Power Performance



SCORE CARD

New, kitchen advantages found only in High-Power burners, as reported by members of Perfection Advisory Council:

SPEED—Great volume of swift heat for quick cooking without waiting.

EASY REGULATION—Choice of wide range of heat with perfect control.

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UNIFORM HEAT—Even spread of heat over entire bottoms of pans.

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These busy women gave their time to serve as our Advisory Council. After three days' study of High-Power burners, including cooking tests by each member of the Council, they selected from seven High-Power range models No. R-619 as their "First Choice."

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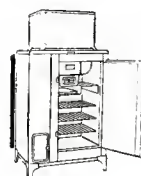
Council studies, cooks, writes reports

Again and again, their enthusiastic reports point out High-Power's "great volume of heat," its "wide range of heat," also its "cleanliness" and "easy regulation."

As one Council member expressed it, "This new High-Power burner has made kerosene comparable in efficiency and convenience with the fuel used by our city homemakers."

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A WHALE OF A PLAY

[Continued from page 116]

was the rage about 1830. Abe, Ezra's father, built it in hate. It is a grotesque Puritan perversion of the Greek idea.

Reaching left and right for whatever he needed, O'Neill built up the intricate framework of the tragedy. By the end of May, 1929, he had started to write the scenarios. The outlines for the three plays were finished in August.

After several false starts in September, he noted in October that he had "hit right line for first draft." It was finished February 21, 1930.

On March 27, O'Neill read over his work and wrote a thousand words of condensed, incisive, pitiless criticism.

"Scrawny stuff, but serves purpose... parts damned thrilling, but lots more lousy—not enough meat. Don't like Aegisthus' character, hackneyed and thin, must find new one. Not enough sense of fate hovering over characters... psychological fate. Reading first draft I get feeling more of my idea was left out of play than there is in it."

HHE RESOLVED to fill it out, using half-masks and thought-asides, even at risk of cluttering up the play. The second draft would have a more formal structure, using the pattern of interior and exterior scenes with the ship scene at the center of the second play as the core of the trilogy, emphasizing the family's background of the sea and as a symbol of escape.

The townsfolk would be the chorus, the prying, commenting, curious town as background to the drama of the Mannons.

The South Sea Island motive would be developed as an appeal, a release for them all.

Peter, who loved Lavinia, and his sister, Hazel, engaged to Orin, would be the "untroubled, contented, good, a sweet, constant, unself-conscious, untempted virtue amid which evil passion works, unrecognized by them until the end, but emphasized by their contrast."

Already O'Neill had gone far from the Greek Electra. His trilogy was becoming a tragedy of thwarted love.

The second draft took more than three months to write. He thought it better, but decided to throw out the thought-asides and warned himself against a "hangover inclination" to use the *Strange Interlude* technique. It was this, he remarked, that hurt *Dynamo*.

He worked on the third version until September 20, incidentally stylizing the soliloquies to be spoken with half-masks. Reading it over, he decided to scrap the stylized soliloquies and half-masks that had taken him two months to put in.

"Job now is to get all this naturally in straight dialogue, as simple and direct and dynamic as possible... Stop doing things to these characters. Let them reveal themselves. In spite of (or because of!) their long locked-up passions, I feel them burning to do just this!"

The mask effect would be obtained by make-up... "I can visualize expression of characters' faces in repose suddenly being torn open by passion."

This effect was achieved in production only by Nazimova, who played Christine. In the second play her pale, impassive face was eloquent. Her mouth became a hopelessly gaping wound of horror and despair.

Again O'Neill went at the script, deleting the masks, naturalizing the soliloquies, putting in more structural symmetry, more composition in the recurrence of certain themes.

On November 19, he was "fairly well satisfied... needs considerable work... several new ideas I want to try out. Start on this at once."

After two and one-half months of work he noted, "all new stuff in."

Five days later, February 7, 1931, he decided to throw out most of the new stuff. That took two weeks.

He went to the Canary Islands for a vacation, but the newly-typed script followed him. Again it needed work, condensing, strengthening spots he thought "flabby and faltering."

"Paris, April 9: All work finished, script off to Guild."

He read the galley proofs of *Mourning Becomes Electra* last August at Northport, Long Island, and, as he noted, got a fresh impact and was moved by it. After more than two years of labor the playwright stood up straight. Two months before his work was exposed to the critics, he let go one full-throated whoop of exultation:

"It has power and drive and the strange quality of unreal reality I wanted. Main purpose seems to me soundly achieved. There is a feeling of fate in it—or am I a fool?—a psychological modern approximation of the fate in the Greek tragedies on this theme, attained without benefit of the supernatural."

"And technically (although this is of minor importance, naturally) I flatter myself that it is unique in dramaturgy—each play a complete episode completely realized, but, at the same time... not complete in that its end begins the following play and demands that play as an inevitable sequel. Few tragedies (are) in existence in drama of all time, and none of them has this quality which, in any time under any conditions, could not have failed to prove an asset if gained without harm to the separate play, of course, as I believe I have done..."

Then he got to work, cutting down. The second proofs, read in September, showed him that he had cut too much. He restored Lavinia's last appeal to Peter, near the end of the last play. Act Two of the third play still bothered him, but he would wait until he heard the cast read the play—"then it will hit my ear."

Here O'Neill's notes end, but his work did not. More than in any of his earlier productions, he was on the spot during rehearsals, cutting, rearranging, rewriting, often doing his work in the Guild Theater while the cast continued rehearsals.

MISS BRADY is enthusiastic about O'Neill, but respectful.

"Sometimes in rehearsal," she said, "everyone would talk a lot about making a change in the script. Mr. O'Neill would listen very pleasantly. Then they'd ask him what he thought. He had the nicest way of saying 'No.'"

"But he didn't say 'No' every time, did he?" she was asked.

"No," she admitted. "But I like the way he said it when he did."

After the opening, O'Neill was so worn out that it was advisable to go south for a rest. The strain of two and one-half years was broken. He had wiped out the mistakes of *Dynamo* and surpassed *Strange Interlude*. He had mastered his devices. The critics and the public agreed with him that his trilogy was good.

What next? A let-down, quiet, a little excitement in New York, then back to his notebooks and more work. Like the New Englanders of whom he writes, the compulsion is laid upon him; again he must go a-whaling.

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Yet how can you tell whether or not the toilet tissue you buy is safe... free from impurities? You can't—unless you insist on the brand of a responsible manufacturer. For two-thirds of the so-called “brands” of toilet tissue sold in stores today are unfit to use.

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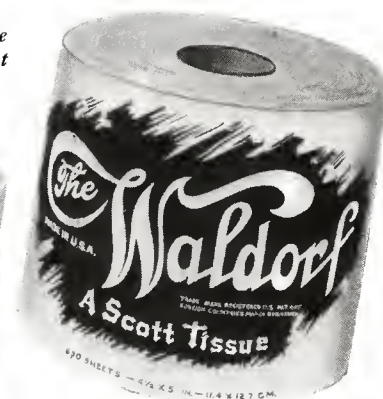
Strong acids, mercury, sand, chlorine—and even arsenic were found.

In every test, the two health tissues,

ScotTissue and Waldorf, conformed to medical standards of safety. No harsh irritants were found. No harmful acids or chemicals. Both ScotTissue and Waldorf were extremely soft, absolutely pure, with a high degree of absorbency.

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SCOTTISSUE, an extremely soft, pure white absorbent roll. Now selling at the lowest price in 14 years.



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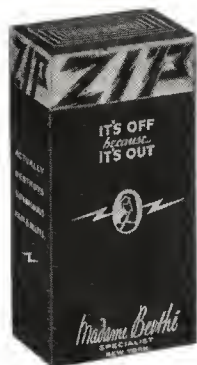
The hospital tests described above showed ScotTissue and Waldorf entirely free from harsh irritants... and chemically pure. These extremely soft, absorbent health tissues have always been approved for safety by doctors, hospitals and health authorities.

SHE THOUGHT SHE HAD BEEN SO CAREFUL—



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**WOULD HAVE ELIMINATED
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☐ I enclose a quarter for a large tube of AB-SCENT Cream Deodorant.

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GAY GARDEN

By Ellen Eddy Shaw



THIS is an exciting time for gardeners, for the 1932 flower novelties are making their bow. Look and admire while we turn the spotlight on eight new varieties of popular annuals. First we present three snapdragons (left): Autumn Glow (soft-colored like autumn foliage); Salmon Rose (salmon and begonia rose); and Peerless (ranging from golden yellow to flame). Peerless is well adapted to greenhouse forcing and summer bedding. For fine results, sow snapdragons early indoors.

Why not make a point of planting things you have not used before? In this country we raise more pansies than violas (right) so you may not know this quaint flower. In England, where it is sometimes called the tufted pansy, it is one of the most popular edgings for beds and borders. Some of the violas have very small dainty flowers, but the new Awkright Ruby rivals our giant pansies in size. Its attractions are its exquisite fragrance, long period of bloom, and terra cotta color. Try it in your rock garden or beds.



It took twelve long years to produce this beautiful Lavender Glory Verbena (left) and it is worth waiting for. It is a real lavender with a medium-sized, creamy white eye, and the color runs quite true. Its color and delicate fragrance make it one of the finest verbenas ever produced. Another good verbena is the Dwarf Compacta, called Fireball. As its name suggests, it is a dwarf variety which is covered with scarlet flowers during its summer-long season of bloom. Stunning in porch boxes.

(Right) Tithonia speciosa, the Golden Flower of the Incas, brings the romance of four centuries to our gardens. It has been lost to cultivation for many years but its history dates back to 1531. It is easy of culture and grows as tall as ten feet and from three to four feet wide. Isn't that a husky growth for an annual? The leaves look like fig leaves, and in September the plant is covered with large brilliant flowers of gold and orange. These flowers may be cut with stems from two to three feet long and they last a long time in water. If you need a tall plant for screening or for hedge purposes, Tithonia will fill the bill.



DÉBUTANTES

Curator of Elementary Instruction
Brooklyn Botanic Garden

Garden enthusiasts have long desired annual larkspurs which would be delphinium-like—and here they are! These new larkspurs (right) deserve the warm welcome they are sure to receive. They have base-branching form and long flower stalks—highly desirable characteristics which were formerly found only in the favored delphinium. Among the 1932 specialties are LaFrance (salmon pink); Blue Spire (Oxford blue); Gloria (deep rose); and Peach Blossom (light pink). These are all Giant Imperial Larkspurs which we have picked out to help you make your choice.



Golden Gleam (left), the leading new flower of the season, is the first successfully grown double-flowering nasturtium to come true from seed. Imagine a dwarf plant covered with golden yellow blossoms which are gorgeously colored and pleasingly fragrant! The flowers, borne on long stiff stems, are excellent for cutting, and are also very decorative in the garden. Plant the seeds outdoors in May. They will thrive in soil not too rich. This is a good plant for sandy and rocky places.



The newest addition to the Petunia Family is Star of California (right). This variety will be a leading favorite because of its striking appearance. The flowers are velvety violet-crimson, starred with five large pure white blotches. The new giant-flowering dwarf mixed strain has the largest flowers of any dwarf variety. They also produce the greatest variety of color to be found in petunias. This is the best strain for bedding. You need petunias in your garden or in your window boxes.



No longer does the criticism of coarseness apply to zinnias. "Cut and Come Again, Pinkie" (left) brings dainty pinkness and charming form to our zinnia friends. The flowers are not too large and the stems are long enough to make them valuable for cutting. Another excellent new zinnia is the California Giant or Mammoth Daffodil. This is a bright canary yellow and it makes a joyous note in the garden. Zinnias are not at all fussy about the soil they live in: they grow easily and are excellent for cut flowers. Buy good seeds. The superior blooms will repay you a thousand times over.

Which woman are You?



• The Victorian-minded woman who still asks "DO I REALLY NEED IT?"

• The keen modern woman who says—"YES I NEED AND USE MUM."

IT'S a hangover from Victorian days—the idea that perspiration odor may, and indeed does, afflict other women, but that *our* daily bath, in some mysterious way, *guarantees us* freedom from this unpleasantness!

The modern woman says, "I am no different from other women. We are all made alike—with underarms that are the source of very disagreeable odor if we don't watch constantly. They need special care—something more than soap and water—just the same as our teeth and fingernails."

Having accepted the facts, these smart, up-to-date women promptly go about the business of caring for their underarms properly, as a matter of course.

They don't make an annoying, difficult problem of it. They do it in the quickest, easiest, simplest way. With Mum, a dainty, snowy deodorant cream.

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. A quick fingertipful to each underarm, and it's done for the day. It's as simple as that!

Mum is instantly effective. And the nice part of it is that you can use Mum *any* time—when you are dressing or afterwards. For Mum is perfectly harmless to fabrics.

And it is so soothing to the skin you can even use Mum right after shaving.

Remember too, Mum doesn't interfere with natural perspiration processes. It simply destroys hateful odor. Prove its effectiveness by using it on your hands to remove the clinging odors of fish and onions.

Take no chances on underarm odor! Protect yourself—easily but completely—with Mum. You can get it at all toilet counters, 35c and 60c a jar. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York, N. Y.



MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION

ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO—Mum is such a comfort to women in this way, too. Use it as a deodorant on sanitary napkins—and enjoy complete freedom from worry on this score!



Hollywood's
Make-Up Genius tells
HOW TO ALWAYS
Look Young
WITH
MAKE-UP

HOLLYWOOD—Color is the life and attraction of youthful beauty, and this secret of color attraction is the magic principle in a new kind of make-up created for the screen stars, and you, by Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up.

For twenty odd years Max Factor has created make-up for Hollywood's motion picture world. From this unique experience has come this original discovery...cosmetic color harmony. A make-up ensemble for street wear...powder, rouge, lipstick and other requisites...in color harmony for every type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

You'll be amazed at the difference in youthful beauty gained. Each shade in face powder, for example, is created to some screen star type. Not a flat color, but a color harmony tone composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. Thus, off-color, spotty and powdery effects are overcome. A face powder so soft and silk-like in texture, it blends invisibly with the skin...yet imparts a lovely, delicate, natural color tone.

It creates that satin-smooth make-up you've admired on the screen. Velvety, you may be sure it never "shines," and it clings for hours, too, for screen stars will not trust a powder that fluffs away.

A luxury, created originally for the stars of the screen, now available to you at the nominal price of one dollar a box.

Rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow are created by Max Factor on the same amazing color harmony principle...fifty cents each. Purity guarantee in each package, with seal of Good Housekeeping Magazine. At all drug and department stores.

Max Factor's *Society Make-Up*

Cosmetics of the Stars ★★ HOLLYWOOD
Miniature Powder Compact, FREE

MR. MAX FACTOR,
Max Factor Make-Up Studios
Hollywood, California.
Without obligation, send me a Miniature Powder Compact in my color harmony shade, also, my make-up color harmony chart, complexion analysis; and your 48-page illus. book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for postage and handling.

COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair... ☐ Blue... ☐	Blue... ☐	BLONDE... ☐	Dry... ☐
Creamy... ☐	Grey... ☐	Light... ☐	Oily... ☐
Medium... ☐	Brown... ☐	BRUNETTE... ☐	LIPS... ☐
Ruddy... ☐	Black... ☐	Light... ☐	Moist... ☐
Olive... ☐	LASHES... ☐	Dark... ☐	Ory... ☐
	Light... ☐	REDHEAD... ☐	AGE... ☐
	Dark... ☐	Light... ☐	

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Address _____
City _____ State _____

WE BID YOU HOPE

[Continued from page 54]

The reason why our faith in a future life loses at times its intensity is because we cannot picture something which we have never experienced. Once again the Bible helps our stumbling imaginations by giving us a picture. In the seventh chapter of Revelation we read, "These are they which came of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb—They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat—and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." The touching melody of those softly flowing sentences! You feel in it the pity of God for those who have suffered.

The Bible helps most of us more than we think. To be sure, it does not give us definite directions to follow in each emergency, precise rules which we are to obey. But it lifts our spirits out of the welter of our perplexities and gives us ampler horizons, new standards of value. We see our problems in the light which streams from a higher world. We become conscious of the Great Allies who are fighting for us. No, the Bible does not solve our individual difficulties: it shows us the sources of wisdom.

A distinguished thinker of the past generation once wrote that his strongest desire was to know that the universe is friendly. Such confidence we all crave. Does the Creator know us and care for us? This question can be answered only by the record of human experience. And the reply came clear and unmistakable centuries ago from the lips of the sweet singer of Israel in the fine cadences of the twenty-third Psalm. This is the testimony of a gifted man, but it has been repeated with sincere conviction by so many millions upon millions of earnest people that it truly may be called humanity's supreme confession of faith. To appreciate its true value compare it

with Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light" and Whittier's "I know not where His islands lift," and you will see at once how much more experience is packed into the short psalm, and how the long music of its verse conveys precisely the emotions which accompany our faith. A great calm settles upon our spirits as we repeat it.

In the New Testament Jesus proclaims the same good news. He puts a psalm into a single glowing sentence: "Your heavenly father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." Jesus never referred to the stars or the immensities of space to affirm God's greatness, but to the infinitely little—the hairs of the head, the lilies of the field, the fall of a sparrow. "The Kingdom of heaven is within you," he says. Life's permanent satisfactions do not depend on prosperity or position; they are within us, in that deepest self which touches the Eternal.

There has never been a time when the Bible has had so much to say to mankind as it has now. It tells of men and women who, like ourselves, have met life's bitterest disappointments, and in the darkness have found a great Light; who in weakness have rested on the Everlasting Strength, who in loneliness have touched the hand of an unseen Companion. It is as if they said to us, as another philosopher once did, "We bid you hope." For the Bible is a living record of the way by which men have found God, and by which God has sought men.

In the trials of these days do not look down too often on yourselves and your sufferings, but look up to the high hills whence cometh your help.

This is the first of three articles on the Bible. In forthcoming issues Dr. Dinsmore, lecturer at Yale Divinity School and a distinguished scholar, will discuss "The Bible as Great Literature" and "The Bible as Modern Literature."

WITS WORK WONDERS

[Continued from page 102]

Before the new paper is hung the molding, which marked off the drop ceiling, is removed and the woodwork is painted. The floors are treated with a varnish remover, then stained a dark walnut brown, and waxed. (For floors in bad condition, a dark green Jaspé linoleum could be used under the rug.) While these changes are being made, a carpenter will build us a pair of pier bookcases to flank the single window on the side wall and thereby improve its proportions, as well as add a feature of interest to the background.

The side wall with the two windows is the most attractive, so we will make it our center of interest by placing the green slip-covered sofa flat against the wall in front of them. In this location it also balances the archway to the dining room. The round center table is then placed at the end by the bookcases; on it is a new lamp of parchment pottery, costing the modest sum of \$4.95 complete. Drawn up cosily beside the table is the old rocker which has been scraped down with a varnish remover, stained a little darker, waxed and finally decked out in a chipper little pad with a ruffle and a back rest which adds to comfort as well as breaking the plain, uninteresting back.

At the other end is the former plant table with its inexpensive kerosene glass lamp, which, of course, has been adapted for electricity. The little coffee table in front of the sofa is

one of our new investments. It cost only \$10. Aside from being handy, it breaks the length of the long sofa.

The chintz-covered chair, looking like a Follies girl compared with its former self, is placed opposite the windows in order to draw the eye across the room. Beside it is a new little maple occasional table, and drawn up on the other side is one of the old side chairs, refinished with a green quilted pad on the seat and a perky little pad on the back to hide the fussy, unpleasant carving. Because of the distortion of the camera, it looks as though this chair is in front of the door. In actual fact, it is against the wall and there is ample passage room.

The desk-table grouping is a new addition except for the chair. Unless there is a library or den, a provision of this kind should always be made in the living room.

Now we will count up costs. Three small maple tables, none of them costing more than \$14 each, the lamps and six inexpensive flower prints and silhouettes were the only additions aside from the rug, the wall paper, fabrics, and rewiring. The total cost, without labor, would be about \$184. If a change as revolutionary as this can be made for so little additional outlay, don't you agree with me that it's worth doing? Instead of just putting up with the old stuff for several years, until replacements can be made, why not enjoy what you have now?



The BEAUTY SECRET

of many a woman's

LOVELY TEETH

Brush your teeth regularly with Arm & Hammer Bicarbonate of Soda (Baking Soda)—and notice the difference in their looks and luster! That is the secret of many a woman's lovely teeth.

Use Baking Soda just as you would any tooth powder—pour a little into your hand and pick it up with the moistened brush. Notice its natural "bite"—just enough to remove stains and discolorations, but harmless to enamel. Notice, too, its pleasant alkaline taste that makes your mouth feel clean and fresh.

Arm & Hammer Soda is approved as a dentifrice by the American Dental Association. But it is not only a good tooth cleanser, it is a most economical one—costs but a few cents a package.

Try it! Use either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand—the two are identical in cost and quality. One or the other is available everywhere.

Whenever the need for Soda Bicarbonate is indicated, Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda can be used with confidence. Both are Bicarbonate of Soda, exceeding in purity the U.S.P. standards.



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Please send me Free Book describing uses of Baking Soda; also set of Bird Cards in natural color. Please print name and address.

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City _____ State _____
ARM & HAMMER and COW BRAND BAKING SODA
ARE BOTH PURE BICARBONATE OF SODA

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS' PRIDE

[Continued from page 19]

mountain. Puts down his impressions, he says. Writes poetry, too."

I said, "Where is he from?"

Ben answered, "He and his brother came riding up the canyon five or six years ago. I think they were from somewhere in Wyoming."

WHEN morning came, we rode up the trail to Windy Mountain on horses that were made of iron, and as we worked our slow way up the gulch, crossing tempestuous little streams and weaving our way through the measureless forest of pines, I learned little things about Ben. He had no sentimental feeling about horses. They were just useful tools to his hand. He used virtually no slang and no profanity in his speech. He had never voted, and cared nothing whatever for any sort of politics. He had never been in a church more than three or four times in his life. He was modest to the point of error. He had tried to write a story once, but knew it was worthless. He cared nothing at all for whisky.

Now and then he would pause on the way up the trail and point to some morsel of especial loveliness—the turn of a brook, the lift of a piny tunnel, the moving loneliness of a grass-grown vale. He would not say anything, just pull up his horse and sit there looking. But it was plain that the seemingly contours of trees and earth and water were satisfying to him, that they fed well the ancient hunger for beauty and for grace.

We stopped in a little glade for luncheon, and Ben's shyness was leaving him a little. He talked along—told how he got to be a sergeant of aviation in the war, and how his lack of education had prevented him from learning to be a pilot. As he lounged on the earth at the roots of a tree and watched the horses gnawing bunch grass, his simplicity and his dignity were reminding of some older and more expansive America. He was so little like the frontiersmen that the fiction people have made up. It would have been so absurd to think of calling him Canyon Ben, or the Little River Kid.

At noon we were on the bald dome of Windy Mountain, staring at a miracle. You have seen the Alps—and oh, how very tame these Rocky Mountains make the Alps to seem. They are so stunning with their vastness. They are so inestimably wild. They are like mountains of the moon, forasmuch as their remoteness from the grubby fields and shops and mills of the world we know is an utter thing.

We stood at the edge of a precipice (moaning gales and sharp snow blown up from the crevices) and five thousand feet below us a yellow valley spread itself out to the sun. Beyond the valley there loomed a wall with pinnacles like fangs, and those pinnacles were a hundred miles away. That was toward the East. Westward, the Butte Range thrust its mass toward the sky. Dark colors that were purple mixed with red, cobalt blue shadowed with black, glowed and faded. And above all, in a dozen directions, the white snow caps stood to the clouds with inexpressible loneliness.

It was a cleansing thing. The winds and the majesty of that rare place scoured past the shivering flesh and touched the spirit. For a very long time we did not move. The horses were motionless as stone. At last, with no word spoken, Ben swung about and we started down the trail.

That night we sat in Ben's cabin. It was not large. The river muttered

just beyond the closed window and a colt was whinnying. Three of us sat around a wood-stove, and Elizabeth leaned forward from the edge of the bed while we talked. (You could see her dresses hanging behind a little curtain in a corner cupboard that Ben had made, and at her hand on a table there were three or four novels—very good novels about fine, suave ladies and gentlemen in New York and London.)

Ben listened to our talk—the easy, boastful talk of my companion and myself. It amused him in a secret way for men to jabber with such facile enthusiasms. And yet the intrusion of our extreme, if trivial, complexities upon the simple routine of his life seemed to disturb him. Even as we talked, you could see the slow restlessness creep upon him: the eternal challenge of distant, gaudy places came up to haunt him, the eternal yearning of all men to be in the midst of life, striving with the giants.

Shyly, tentatively, he began himself to talk. "I've been sort of thinking," he said, "that I'd get out of the canyon myself pretty soon. It's been a pretty long time since I was in those cities. Maybe it's a little too quiet for me, up here."

"A fellow gets to thinking—you know—well, he's done pretty well in his own little back yard. I've got my quarter section over across the hill. Claimed it myself, and settled it, and built a good cabin on it. Built a saw-mill, too, and cut out a lot of logs and made up some pretty good lumber. While I was doing that, you know, it seemed I was getting ahead mighty fast. But now it's done, it doesn't seem to amount to much."

"You want to get out where the competition's a little keener. You get to thinking you're pretty good—I know it's wrong to boast like that—but you think maybe you're as good as the other fellow. Well, sometimes you just have to get out and see if that's right, or if it isn't."

He said all of that most haltingly. In the canyon, it is not good manners for a man to talk about himself, but we had given him such a strong example. Elizabeth sat motionless. She was leaning forward a little more intently, but her face was almost without expression.

Ben went on: "It gets lonesome up here in the winter time. There isn't much work a fellow can do. You get to itching for a chance to try yourself at something new, something that really would get you somewhere. Maybe I'll move out and go to a city."

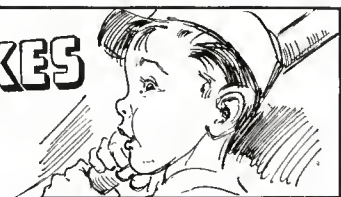
THERE was an expression on Elizabeth's face now, and as Ben's shyness left him completely, as his quiet eagerness caught hold of him and his eyes began to shine with the desire for conquest, her expression grew more clear. She had never been out of the canyon. The world beyond—she knew it well from the novels—was an overwhelming place.

"There was a fellow," Ben said, "who wanted me to come down to California next winter. Said there was plenty of opportunity there. It sort of worries you, you know, to hear talk like that and to think that maybe you're being a fool, maybe you're missing the big chance of your life. Do you think a fellow like me could make it, down there?"

Before we could answer, he turned to glance at Elizabeth, and the look upon her face had deepened to show in

[Continued on page 124]

THOMPSON'S MAKES THE TEAM



"LAST YEAR YOU WERE NO GOOD AT ALL; YOU HIT LIKE A BEGINNER ---"



"YOU WERE SO SLOW, SO WEAK AND THIN OUR SCORES WERE EVEN THINNER ---"



"BUT SINCE YOU'VE DRUNK YOUR WAY TO STRENGTH OUR TEAM HAS BEEN A WINNER ---"



"THREE CHEERS FOR THOMPSON'S DOUBLE MALTED!"



A DELICIOUS DRINK THAT HELPS BUILD UP THIN YOUNGSTERS

● Children love Thompson's Double Malted Chocolate Malted Milk—and it practically *doubles* the food value of their milk. Made from rich, whole milk, it's a concentrated food that furnishes butter fat, vitamins and growth-promoting elements that children need. Digests easily—renews energy quickly. And because it's *double malted*, Thompson's supplies double the amount of the valuable malt enzymes that are so helpful in digesting starchy foods.

The rest of the family will like Thompson's, too. For it's a delicious, creamy, chocolate drink that's satisfying without ever being sickish or cloying. It's a great pick-up when you're tired. Mixed in a minute at home. Delicious *hot* as well as cold. And how a steaming cup at bedtime does help you to deep, restful sleep.

Try Thompson's Double Malted *now*. Ask your grocer or druggist today for the convenient home package.

Thompson's Chocolate Malted Milk

IT'S DOUBLE MALTED

FOR TRIAL PACKAGE...MAIL COUPON AND 10c

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Send me your three-day trial package of Thompson's Double Malted Chocolate Malted Milk, also the Thompson Life Line Chart. I enclose 10c to cover packing and mailing.

Name _____

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NANCY:
 "I'm only half
 through my
 dishes...how
 do you get
 finished
 so soon?"

ELAINE:

"I guess you
 don't know
 about Lux.

It works twice

as fast... and, my dear, it's
 simply grand for your hands!"



TURN YOUR DISHWASHING INTO BEAUTY CARE

while you wash dishes faster

LOTS OF WIVES are washing dishes these days—it's so expensive to bother with maids. But these clever women never let their hands get that "housework look." Lux gives them beauty care right in the dishpan.

So many soaps—cakes, powders, chips—contain harmful alkali which dries up the beautifying oils of the skin. Gentle Lux protects these natural oils—leaves your hands actually softer and whiter after doing dishes than before!

And the tiny, sheer Lux diamonds work so quickly. They dissolve twice as fast. In lukewarm water, too. And they are economical. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!



LUX for dishes

*Lovely hands for less
 than 1¢ a day*

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS' PRIDE

[Continued from page 123]

every feature. She was defending with that look all that she had—all of her security, all of her possession of him. There was fear in her eyes: of strange people who would dispute that possession, against whose clever manners she would be quite helpless. Ben could not have failed to understand.

He laughed, a little wistfully but still with good grace.

"Oh, well," he said, "Elizabeth wouldn't like it. She wouldn't be happy anywhere but the canyon. I guess I ought to stay where I belong, anyhow."

We left them, quite sure that they would not waste a long, unhappy night talking about it. They were people who decide a thing with a glance, a word or two, and have done with it for good.



FROM Vernal, in Utah, to the Great Salt Lake, the road leads through a country that is out of a wild dream. Far on the horizon the mountains lift their buttresses against all familiar worlds. Between the mountains and the road on every side the painted buttes are a sea of pyramids—pyramids with their points shorn cleanly off—and the earth is carpeted with sage brush: gray sage brush that smells sweet in the wind, and scrub willows that are all colors from pale yellow to smoky purple.

In the finest and the strangest valley of all lies Salt Lake City, at the edge of the dead sea, in the bottom of a cup formed by the lavender mountains. And Salt Lake City, in very many ways indeed, is America's most striking city.

Here is the one community in the land whose past is an integral thing with the present. Its antiques, physically and spiritually, are not museum pieces but elements in the life of every citizen, every day.

Consider, now:

In the summer of 1847, Brigham Young brought a hundred and fifty of his Latter Day Saints across the mountains from Missouri, and stopped in the desert beside the Salt Lake, and decided to build a city. It was, by all the fabulous angels out of Mormon's book, an unlikely spot for a town. No fresh water. Blazing heat. Earth thick-crusted with alkali. But the wagon train stopped. And they began the business of setting up a city, a civilization, a new and bizarre culture, with no more excitement than a luncheon party.

Every single notion that sprung from Brigham Young's amazing head in the days of that beginning is a vital thing in Salt Lake City in this day. He was weary of the little alley streets of the old cities, and so he laid out thoroughfares of sweeping breadth. He was disappointed in Nature's stinginess, and so he imported trees and flowers, planted them, and nurtured them, even when he was hungry. He knew the golden worth of amusement, and so he sent men out on long journeys full of back-breaking toil, and told them to bring back wood fit for the making of organ pipes. He built a tabernacle where the people might listen to the organ when it was finished, and he built

a theater where troupers fresh from their harsh battle with the desert chanted, a little haltingly perhaps, the strophes of Hamlet and Macbeth. He wanted such a temple as would house with propriety the strange figment of his religious dreams, and so for years men and animals brought stones from the farthest mountains, and for years men piled these stones up to make a beautiful house.

All of these things are Salt Lake City now. It is the most perfect example of the frontier community, for

the simple reason that the pioneers, coming in, cast off all old habits, all old beliefs, all the established approach to life—fashioned new beliefs, new habits, a new and sometimes astonishing approach to life. It is the only frontier spot in all the world wherein the ennobling arts were considered as important things in the very genesis of settlement.

I talked to two women. One of them was full of years, and she had wed her husband in the remote days when one husband had many wives. I said to her, "Will you please tell me what it was like? Can you remember how you felt, that afternoon when you waited at the door for your husband, and he came down the road with a new wife on his arm?"

She said, "I know how difficult it is for this generation to understand. You do not worship God. Then, it was different. It was part of a plan that God had made, and who were we to question it? She was a lovely creature. We worked together very hard, she and I. We were very happy, because the love of God was so much more important than any earthly love. There were no quarrels in our house. We were laboring to make a city, and look at the city that we made."

The second woman was young. She was married, and she laughed when I spoke of the old custom of polygamy.

"If Jim ever came home with another wife, I'd scratch her eyes out," she said, and she laughed again. "It was right in the old days. Then there were more women than men, and they were building up from nothing. They were saints, because they could give up everything for an ideal. But I'm afraid we're not so saintly nowadays. They don't need the laws to prevent polygamy. The women just wouldn't stand for it."

ITALKED to one of the churchmen, a man who had given up his business for two years in order to devote himself to missionary work. His current task was to explain to inquisitive visitors the ways and the beliefs of the church.

"About forty per cent of the people of Utah are Mormons," he told me. "We are very hospitable to people of other faiths, and all of them have fine churches in the city. In the government we are interested only as citizens, not as a church body, and our last governor was not a Mormon."

"Our church is different from others, though, because it undertakes to fill completely the lives of its members."

**"HOME SAFELY,
 HELEN,
 and we surely
 enjoyed our
 visit!"**



Your home telephone simplifies social duties and makes for more gracious living... Use it to invite out-of-town guests for weekends or parties. It saves time and enables you to complete all arrangements at once.

Use it also when you've been entertained, to report your safe arrival home and express your appreciation to your hostess. Your voice carries a warm and personal sincerity.

THE COST

To most places twenty-five miles away, the day station-to-station rate is about 25 cents; forty-five miles away, 40 cents; seventy-five miles, 50 cents; one hundred and twenty-five miles, 75 cents; one hundred and seventy-five miles, 95 cents. Many rates are lower during the evening and night periods.



LAND OF THE PILGRIMS' PRIDE

The organization is complex and very thorough. Every member belongs to some group, and our communications are such that every Mormon in Utah can be reached in the space of six hours. This organization engages to provide the members with education, religious training, amusement, and work.

"No Mormon is allowed to suffer poverty. If a business is failing and the owner is a worthy man, he receives financial help. If a farm needs irrigation, money is loaned by the church. All the youth receives education—and it is a thoroughly liberal education. Any talented youngster is immediately encouraged, by his family, by the organization to which he belongs, by the council of the Church itself. The Mormon community has produced artists, musicians, and writers out of all proportion to its numbers."

There are handsome homes in Salt Lake City—hospitable and proud. On the edge of the lake the smoke drifts from the chimneys of the smelters, and the copper mines, the mines of silver and gold and lead are very rich. In the broad, leafy streets the women hunt their little bargains and the movie houses banner forth their marvels and the laughter of the youth is that same shrill music that has echoed from the beginning into every corner of the world. But the pale lavender mountains, brooding over these trifling matters, seem to give them a fresh character, to make them seem faintly different from the identical things in other parts of the earth.

THE dusk had begun to settle. Behind us lay immeasurable miles of Arizona and New Mexico and Texas: long flat valleys between the mountains, deserts with cactus plants like trees, the Pecos River and the Gila. The road was through empty country marked here and there with a gaunt village—but suddenly we were in a crowd. The road was full of automobiles. The dust that they stirred up was thick in the still air. The voices of men and women and crying children were everywhere, and alongside the road there was a stream of people walking.

Slowly we moved with the press of traffic until we came to the outskirts of a little Texas town called Gladewater. Then we understood. They had struck oil in Gladewater.

Against the horizon in all directions the ugly skeletons of the pumps stood up. The middle of the town was a brawling mass of motors and people, mules and dogs and storekeepers who yelled their bargains. And all the scene was lit by the burning flares of the gas lines—pipes that were stuck in the ground to lead off the pressure of subterranean gases—burning with a fierce sound and sending bursts of smoky flame toward the sky.

The keeper of the main grocery store had pulled out the whole front of the building to make it easier for his customers to enter. The keeper of the general merchandise store had brought his stock of blankets and slickers, coats and quilts out to the sidewalk, and he was doing a wild business with families who had found no shelter for the night and must therefore sleep under the stars. There were five thousand in a town designed for five hundred.

In the middle of things the movie people had set up shop. Before an old shell of a building two huge electric bulbs blazed on a poster, and the poster said that Ken Maynard in the "Two-Gun Man" was the toughest

buckaroo that ever rode a bronc or winged a villain. There was a thick crowd trying to get in.

Down the street there was a big tent, and you could hear above the confusion a loud, clear call: "Your skill against mine, gentlemen, and the odds always in your favor. A King and a Deuce, gentlemen, and your friend here is a winner again. A quick eye against a steady hand, my friends. . . ."

The gypsies had made their pitch next door to a filling station. The hot-dog boys had cut each other's throats until the price was three for a nickel. A big canvas sign hung over a window on the second floor of the general store, saying, "Dr. Hubert Weil, M.D. Surgeon, Dentist, General Practitioner."

I asked nine men, one by one, "What did you come for? All this property belongs to somebody, and you can't hope to own a well. What's the attraction?"

The answer was virtually identical from each of them. "Nothing to lose, is there? You might get a job around one of the pumps, mightn't you? It's somewhere to go, ain't it?"

I said to four or five women, "Where did you come from? What are you hoping to get out of this?"

One said, "I'm from Joplin, Mister. Harry and me always go to the strikes, no matter what they strike. Some of these days, Harry and me will get in on some of the big money."

The others were from scattered towns. They had come because their husbands were out of work at home, and they had read in newspapers of big doings at Gladewater.

It was pretty bad. You choked in the dust and you couldn't get anything much to eat and there was nowhere at all to sleep.

I kept having a picture in my mind of Gladewater, Texas, fifteen or twenty years from now: a little village of four or five hundred once again, surrounded by the gaunt, abandoned towers of the oil pumps. The wells having gone dry, it has occurred to nobody to pull down the skeletons out of kindness to an outraged landscape. They stand there, glum reminders of the big strike and a few million barrels of the precious juice that is long since burned up along the luring concrete roads.

OUT of all the frontier, I have chosen three panels for a triptych. The triptych does no more than suggest the story, for the frontier is a vast place.

And it will be the frontier forever—from the Dakotas down to the Rio Grande, and from the Gila up to the Grand Coulee in Washington. The hushed canyons and the incredible slopes, the benches and the mesas and the boom towns, the cities founded on an odd conception of God—these things will never be tamed to the fleeting urgencies of a workaday world. The frontier has its own civilization. Humanity has soiled the splendor of the earth here and there, and also, deep in the vast retreats, humanity has reached manfully toward the stars. And even if the drama of man's striving, the conflict of his perfidy and his heroism, cannot quite match the colossal setting of the frontier, that setting has forced him into a way of life which echoes the grand manner.

Editor's Note: The Pacific coast is the next scene in Morris Markey's revealing series showing America—and Americans—at home. To be published in the June McCall's.



SHAMPOOING this way . . . gives your hair New Beauty

Results are amazing! *Your hair looks utterly different from hair washed with ordinary soap.*
Saves time—costs only a few cents to use.

FORTUNATELY, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

Its life, its lustre . . . its alluring loveliness . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A filmy coating of dust and dirt is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it hides the life and lustre and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this DINGY COATING and let the sparkle and rich, natural COLOR TONES of the hair show.

Why Ordinary Washing Fails

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep this coating removed, the careless practice of rubbing a cake of soap over your hair . . . (something hairdressers NEVER DO) . . . invariably leaves small particles of undissolved soap on the hair, which dulls and mars its beauty.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali, common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, who value beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product not only cleanses the hair thoroughly,

but is so mild and so pure that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Saves Time—Costs Only A Few Cents

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified are sufficient for a quick and truly professional shampoo at home—and it COSTS ONLY A FEW CENTS TO USE. It makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . with either hard or soft water, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

You will be amazed at the difference in the appearance of your hair the VERY FIRST TIME you use Mulsified, for it will be . . . so delightfully clean, soft and silky . . . and so easy to set and manage.

The next time you wash your hair, try a Mulsified shampoo. See for yourself, how it brings out all the wave and color and how . . . really beautiful, bright and fresh-looking . . . your hair will look. When you see it shimmer with "new life" and sparkle with that "gloss and lustre" which everyone admires, you will never again be content to wash your hair with ordinary soap.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter . . . anywhere in the world. A 4 oz. bottle should last for months.



MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



NEW
FRENCH PROCESS
FACE POWDER
HIDES
TINY LINES,
WRINKLES
AND PORES

You will love MELLO-GLO because it stays on longer. Unsightly shine is banished. No dry or flaky appearance. No "drawn" feeling or irritation. Just exquisite rose-petal beauty, that feels as fresh and lovely as it looks. MELLO-GLO Face Powder prevents large pores and coarse skin texture.

Beautiful women use MELLO-GLO, because a new, exclusive French process makes this the finest and purest face powder known. Women praise this new, wonderful face powder because it hides tiny lines, wrinkles and pores.

Sifted through close-meshed silk, MELLO-GLO spreads with amazing smoothness. Its odor, delicately fragrant. One natural shade that blends perfectly with any complexion, bestowing upon your skin a fresh, clear, youthful bloom.

If you wish to possess and retain a girlish complexion, insist on MELLO-GLO in the square gold box. White edge box for average skin. Blue edge box for fine, dry or sensitive skin. One dollar at all stores. © 1932, M-G Co.

Canadian Agents, Lyman Agencies, Limited, Montreal

MELLO-GLO COMPANY (Dept. 86)
Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Please find 10 cents enclosed. Send me sample of
MELLO-GLO Face Powder. ☐ Average Skin ☐ Fine, dry Skin

Name _____

Address _____

Kindly write here name of your favorite store:

SWEET KATE

[Continued from page 22]

"That evening?" Penelope vaguely repeated. "Oh, that."

She was taking effect. Color had begun to creep up about Campbell Palmer's neat jaw-line. He pulled himself together.

"Look, Penny. I'm here with an olive branch. I've tried to find you all over New York to apologize."

"Olive branches," Penelope murmured, "are dull things at best. And a man should never apologize. It's so unbecoming to his sex."

CAMPBELL PALMER was silenced. He considered her scornful mouth, her small disdainful nose, the cumulative effects of bright hair and dark eyes. And, abruptly, his calm crumbled.

He shouted, "You deserved that spanking!" He glared a challenge. "You exploded into an outrageous tantrum because I called your dress green, not red!"

"It was red." Penelope's lovely eyes were themselves developing an incipient glare.

"Green!" said Campbell Palmer, and yielded not a single inch. For a long moment he exchanged glare for glare with Penelope, muttered unintelligently. "You deserved more than being called a Katherine," he ruthlessly added.

"... Give me your affection..." brayed the panatrophe down the corridor.

"Just exactly why," asked Penelope coldly, "did you say you were here, Cam Palmer?"

Abruptly young Mr. Palmer discovered an iciness to match hers.

"It was the picture," he said.

"The picture?"

"In the ad. Over 'Miss Penelope Smith, Teacher.'"

"Oh."

Campbell Palmer was coming under control again. He drew a long breath. "And what," he demanded, "is a girl like you doing here?"

"It's terribly respectable, you know." Belligerently Penelope said it.

"Oh, that. Certainly." The consideration was carelessly gestured aside.

"And we're very new-poor these days. There was an ad for a cultured, attractive young woman with college education preferred..." But Penelope suddenly had decided against her own confidentiality. "This," she announced irrelevantly, "is usually my lunch hour." "I work other times."

Penelope glanced at her watch. "Then, good afternoon," she said, and turned her slim, taut shoulders, became interested in her mirrored reflection.

Thoughtfully young Mr. Palmer studied the shoulders for a moment. He had, in the past few months, become expert at diagnosing such symptoms of brewing storm. As one who had an unpleasant chore to get on with (though supported by classic example), he remarked, "But what about my lesson?"

"Lesson?" Penelope stared at his image in the mirror.

"You know. Dance lesson. Learning what to do with your own feet while avoiding your partner's." Campbell Palmer tossed her a grin, but Penelope went on smoothing her hair. "You," she said, "dance well enough."

That, however, was pleasantly if flatly contradicted. She was told, "Well enough isn't good enough. Intending to be what the ads call 'popular and expert.' I've bought a whole string of dance lessons."

Penelope wheeled about. High color deepened in her cheeks.

"We," she said, "have some excellent teachers."

"Are you?" parried Campbell Palmer deliberately, and ignored lovely eyes flashing disdain. "But you are, aren't you?" he insisted. "I should want an expert to teach me, you know."

"I'll not teach you," Penelope said, and bristled.

"It was particularly specified—in the appointment office."

"You can get a refund."

"Sorry, but I think not."

Penelope's small fists clenched. She stood, simmering, insulated in a chill silence.

"Brute!" she remarked between pretty, gritted teeth.

"No." Serenely it was said.

"Beast!"

"Certainly not." And the tones were placid.

"You... you..."

"Try 'cad' since you're going Victorian," advised young Mr. Palmer helpfully, and added, with a generously rationed smile, "Katherine."

"Oh!" Penelope had glared. She had quivered. But now, definitely, she was flaring. A wild, very lovely young fury.

Admirably Campbell Palmer surveyed his handiwork.

"It's remarkable," he sagely pondered, "when you consider that there's not a speck of red in the hair."

"Oh!" It was a small, muffled scream. A scream of helpless rage. "Oh!" And Penelope had stormed out into the corridor.

Young Mr. Palmer hesitated, holding fierce debate with the shade of Mr. Shakespeare. Mr. Shakespeare had tradition on his side. Campbell Palmer gave up hesitating. He stalked out into the corridor, caught his quarry on the wing as she made for refuge.

"We," he announced, "shall see Mr. Alvin Simon about this."

Alvin Simon was importantly sorting small papers at his desk. "Mr. Palmer," Penelope told him, "wants a teacher."

Alvin Simon glanced from Penelope's small fierceness to the stubborn angle of Campbell Palmer's jaw. Alvin Simon was not a stupid man. He hemmed a little, warily.

"You understand, Mr. Palmer, that this is not an ordinary dance studio? Our teachers come of some of the best families. They're not ordinary girls, by any means."

"Certainly," young Mr. Palmer hastily assured him.

ALVIN SIMON glanced inquiringly at Penelope. "Then, what is the trouble, Miss Smith?"

"Nothing." Cheerfully Campbell Palmer supplied the answer.

But Penelope looked obstinate. "I don't want to teach Mr. Palmer," was her understatement of fact.

Alvin Simon recognized brick walls when he came upon them.

[Continued on page 132]



lovelier
patterns in
**WALL
PAPER**
than you ever
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THIS YEAR'S decorating need not be half the problem it has been before. It need give you none of the usual worry and exasperation about finding suitable wall paper. Something remarkable has happened. A new service—Mayflower Wall Papers—is now available.

The Mayflower books of selection are filled from cover to cover with papers of haunting beauty and exquisite good taste. And these new papers, so lovely every one of them, are being featured by progressive wall paper men—at prices no higher than you've been paying.

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BAVARIAN PUDDING

as **CHEF MOULIN** of the
Hotel St. George makes it



THE Hotel St. George in Brooklyn is famous for its food. And one of the most popular desserts Chef Moulin serves is this Bavarian Pudding flavored with Burnett's pure vanilla.

Bavarian Pudding St. George

1½ cups milk ¼ cup cream
1 tsp. gelatine 1 tsp. Burnett's Vanilla
½ cup powdered sugar 2 egg whites

Dissolve gelatine with a little of the milk. Scald the rest of the milk with half the sugar. Remove from fire, add gelatine and stir until dissolved. Cool. Add whipped cream and vanilla. Fold in the beaten egg whites with the rest of the sugar. Pour into mold and chill in refrigerator until set. Unmold, garnish with berries, and serve with vanilla or fruit sauce. Makes 6 servings.

Burnett's Vanilla makes all desserts better. Send ten cents for "Doubly Delicious Desserts," a recipe book full of good things that are easy to make.

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SILVER CREAM**
Keeps ENAMELED
REFRIGERATORS
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Send two cent stamp for sample jar
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LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

will make you like vegetables
that you should eat but do not.

BUTTER DRESSING

of 3 parts hot melted butter and
1 part Lea & Perrins Sauce makes
any vegetable appetizing. Far
nearly a century Lea & Perrins
has been the world's favorite
dressing for vegetables. Send
a postal for free recipe booklet to

LEA & PERRINS, INC. 282 WEST ST., N.Y.

NEW JUNIOR STYLES

by Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 1956. A hand embroidered yoke of contrasting material provides a "babyish" touch of charm to this dear little dress with its tiny frilled sleeves and fullness from the yoke line down. The wide-brimmed, turned-up hot matches the dress.

No. 1983. Red, white and blue—very patriotic in this year of the Washington bicentennial—combine smartly in this cunning linen frock, with the scalloped inverted pleat topped with a dashing red cherry embroidery, and a smart hot matching with deep pleats in the brim.



No. 1984. It's a charming and comfortable baby that wears a cunning padded kimono or a warm albatross sacque on cool mornings. Tiny ribbon bows and delicate sprays of embroidery are favorite ways of trimming these miniature garments. The loveliest of kimonos are often made of crepe de Chine, silk lined and interlined with lamb's wool. Albatross is ground for the snugly little socques—a delightful gift for a favorite god child.

Patterns may be bought from all McColl dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McColl Company, McColl Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 132.

18 other foods "easy as pie" with this PYREX PIE PLATE



Sliced ham	Baked hash
Baked pork chops	
Baked sausage	Halibut steak
Scalloped oysters	
Pineapple omelet	Cornbread
Cinnamon buns	
Gingerbread	Apple dumplings
Dutch apple cake	
Apricot whip	Baked mushrooms
Candied sweet potatoes	
Stuffed onions	Stuffed artichokes
Butterscotch biscuits	

"Not 18 . . . but 28 . . . 38 foods," the good cooks all shout in our ears. But we're a conservative crew, and we stop at 18. You can add more if you like!

And you probably will. For, as everyone knows, the Pyrex Pie Plate is a remarkably handy dish. So useful that many ladies who start out with only a Pie Plate soon have a good-sized collection of Pyrex Brand Ovenware.

For even the good-natured Pie Plate can cook only one food at a time! If you want to save gas by cooking whole meals at once, in the oven . . . you'll need 2 . . . 3 . . . or 4 Pyrex dishes.

"Save gas" . . . If those thrifty words sound good to you, let us know and we'll tell you how. Mail the coupon below, and await the postman's return!

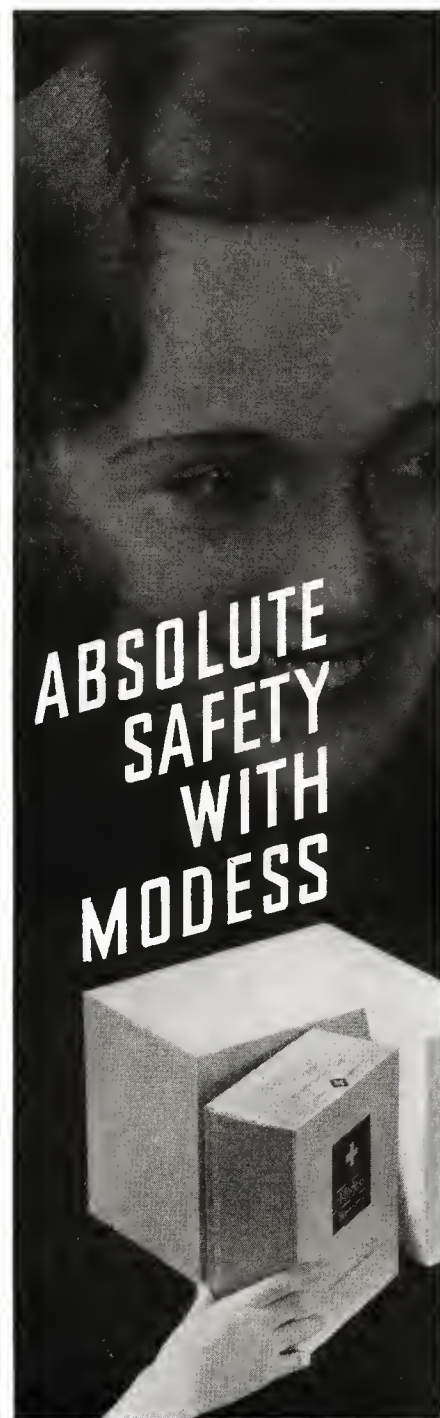
Pyrex Ware carries a two-year replacement guarantee against breakage from oven heat.

FREE..BOOK OF 30 MENUS. Whole meals baked in 20, 30, or 45 minutes. Illustrated price list of all Pyrex dishes. Corning Glass Works, Dept. 2305, Corning, N. Y.

Name _____
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"Pyrex" is the registered trade-mark of Corning Glass Works and indicates their brand of resistant glass. Prices slightly higher in the West and Canada.



COSTS LESS THAN EVER

FOR fifty days or more of the year you need sanitary protection. Modess—the gently fluffed, surgically clean pad, with safety backing—gives you perfect protection and comfort during these extremely trying days.

Johnson & Johnson have reduced the price of Modess. It is the same quality—nothing changed but the price. And the price is most decidedly in your favor.

Try Modess. If it isn't completely satisfactory, write your name, address and the price paid, on cover of box, and mail to us. We will refund your money.

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SANITARY NAPKINS

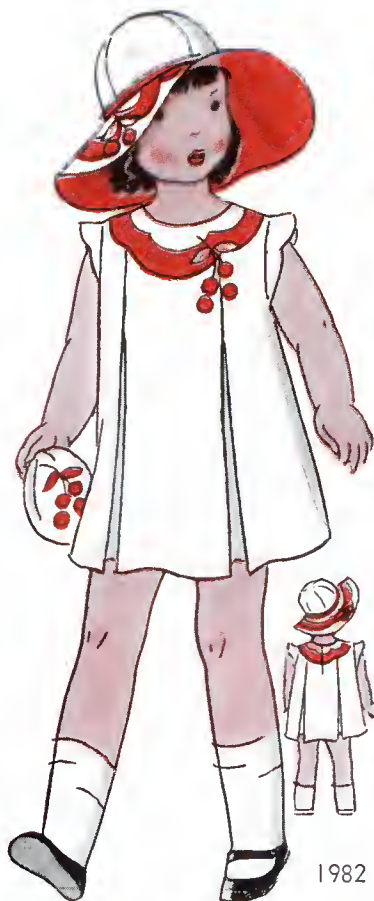
SMALL FASHION PARADES



1958

No. 1958. Rosebud sprays scattered over the crown of the bannet and bordering the hem of the dress give decided charm to this dainty outfit for very young ladies. Fagating edges the tiny puff sleeves and outlines the oval yoke. Such frocks are charming party outfits when made of crepe de Chine or of fine argandy in soft pastel shades with harmonizing embroidery.

No. 1982. Striking color contrast, gay cherry appliqué and tiny cap sleeves make this simple frock a very charming one. The broad brimmed hat matches. Red and white or blue and white are favorite color combinations. Box pleats lend fullness while preserving simple straight lines. Such frocks are typical of the delightful clothes the well dressed child will wear.



1982



No. 1985. The enticingly dressed infant wears finely embroidered frocks in white or pastel colors and made from the finest batiste or argandy. Embroidered yokes, hand-worked collars and cuffs, groups of pin tucks, and dainty sprays and motifs are the earmarks of these aristocrats among baby clothes. The two frocks shown are adorable examples of such handmade fashions. Baby dresses may, nowadays, be all white or in pastel tints.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 132.



HINGES NOISY? MAKE THEM QUIET

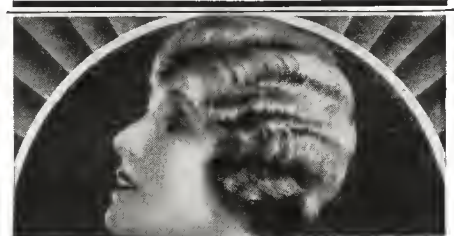
Squeaks! Groans! Whines! They all stop when you oil those hinges with 3-in-One. It takes but a second. And it saves so much annoyance, for a few drops will quickly quiet even the noisiest hinge.

Use 3-in-One often on latches and locks. On tools; toys; all household appliances. Blended from three good oils, it does three things at once. Cleans, lubricates, prevents rust and tarnish. Handy cans and bottles; all stores.

Three-in-One Oil Company
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3-IN-ONE OIL

CLEANS - OILS - PROTECTS



Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations by regularly using Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then clear, soft and velvety, and looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. At all Drug Stores.

Powdered Saxolite

Quickly reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

KILLS ANTS

Peterman's Ant Food is death to ants. Sprinkle it about the floor, window sills, shelves, etc. Effective 24 hours a day. Safe. Over 1,000,000 cans sold last year. At your druggist's.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

Cut Me Out and mail me with your name and address to Dept. 5P, McCall's Magazine, Dayton, Ohio. I will tell you how to get an extra \$5.00 or \$10.00 easily.

Mail Today!

—for **INSTANT**
Safe, Economical
PERSPIRATION
PROTECTION



Apply this safe deodorant and non-perspirant quickly with the sanitary applicator while you dress. Acts *instantly*. Dries immediately. DEW never irritates skin or injures clothing when simple directions are followed. Use as often as needed. At all drug and department stores.

DEW
Crystal-pure Deodorant Instant Non-perspirant

REGULAR FULL SIZES

25¢ 50¢

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Marion Lambert Inc., St. Louis, Toronto

Now Only 15c

The McCALL FASHION QUARTERLY for which you have always paid 25¢ has been enlarged and improved and will be published six times a year as the McCALL FASHION BI-MONTHLY at only 15 cents a copy. The new McCALL FASHION BI-MONTHLY offers you a complete picture of "what's what" in Parisian fashion circles, for its colorful, style-laden pages tell our modern fashion story in graphic, pictorial form. Page after page of colored illustrations depicts the newest of new sortorial designs . . . they are fashions the Parisian couturiers are stressing at this very moment . . . they are, therefore, fashions you will want for your own wardrobe!



Ask for the **NEW**
McCALL FASHION
BI-MONTHLY

Now on sale at all
Newsstands and Pattern Depts.

TIME TO RECOVER

IT'S truly the time to be planning new summer frocks for chairs and sofas. Never were chintzes and cretonnes so gay and attractive and—of most importance in these days of counting pennies—never were they so inexpensive. Don't think you have to be a professional seamstress to make your own slip covers and cushions. We have prepared a booklet which tells you step by step how to measure for material, how to cut, and fit and sew. The instructions are very easy to follow. You'll be delighted with the result—and so will your pocketbook. Send for ALL ABOUT SLIP COVERS (twenty cents in stamps).



OTHER HELPFUL BOOKLETS

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| ALL ABOUT CURTAINS - - - - 20¢
Make gay, flowery draperies and fine gauze curtains for summer. | MILK - - - - - 10¢
All about milk; how to get that quart-a-day into your health diet. |
| THE UP-TO-DATE HOSTESS - - 20¢
How to set the table and serve meals correctly with and without a maid. | SUGAR - - - - - 10¢
The story of sugar; recipes for frostings; candy; beverage syrups. |
| BEAUTIFYING THE HOME PLOT - 20¢
Help for gardeners—planting charts and other gardening information. | EGGS - - - - - 10¢
Why eggs are good for children; when eggs are best; recipes. |
| BOOK OF ETIQUETTE - - - - 20¢
Simple rules of etiquette for all occasions are briefly and clearly given. | LEAVENINGS - - - - - 10¢
Yeast, baking powder, soda; foundation recipes for cakes, biscuits, rolls. |
| AN OUTLINE OF BEAUTY - - - 25¢
How to care for your skin, hair, hands, etc., in summer and winter. | CANDY - - - - - 10¢
Simple rules and recipes for making many delicious confections at home. |
| TIME-SAVING COOKERY - - - 10¢
Just the thing for summer—delicious meals with very little effort. | FLOUR - - - - - 10¢
Facts on plain and cake flour; recipes for date sticks, pastry, etc. |
| REFRIGERATOR RECIPES - - - 10¢
Ice creams, ices, puddings, salads, etc., for the electric refrigerator. | FATS AND OILS - - - - - 10¢
How to use them in cookery; recipes for deep fat frying, etc. |
| PRESERVING FOR PROFIT - - - 10¢
How to make money with home-made preserves, jams, and jellies. | SOME REASONS WHY IN COOKERY 10¢
The <i>why</i> and <i>how</i> of meringues, mayonnaise, cake, ice cream, etc. |

ENTERTAINING

- | | |
|--|--|
| PARTY GAMES - - - - - 30¢
Contests, pencil and paper games, acting games—fun for all parties. | A LEAP YEAR PARTY - - - - 10¢
Wake up those bashful beaux, girls—they'll enjoy it, too. |
| IN HONOR OF GEO. WASHINGTON - 10¢
You have till Thanksgiving to celebrate the Bicentennial. | LET'S HAVE A PICNIC - - - - 10¢
The days are nice enough now to have parties out-of-doors. |
| A POVERTY PARTY - - - - - 10¢
Everyone has fun at a Hard Times Party. And how timely it is now! | A DUMB BELL PARTY - - - - 10¢
A little silly but lots of fun. Can be used as a novel bridge party. |
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Two charming plans for showers that the mother-to-be will enjoy. | AFTERNOON TEA - - - - - 10¢
How to serve formal and informal tea; what to serve; recipes. |
| PARTIES FOR THE BRIDE - - - 20¢
Novel showers and announcement parties; a special chapter on games. | UNUSUAL ENTERTAINING - - - 20¢
Dances, banquets, treasure hunts, carnivals, bridge and other parties. |
| PARTIES FOR GROWN-UPS - - - 20¢
Jolly plans for all months in the year; parties for women's clubs, too. | PARTIES FOR CHILDREN - - - 20¢
Garden parties, birthday parties, and charming affairs for holidays. |
| WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES - 20¢
For all party occasions, including spring luncheons and summer parties. | A GARDENER'S FAIR - - - - 10¢
This fair proved to be a money maker in several communities. |

THE SERVICE EDITOR, McCALL'S, DAYTON, OHIO.



*On 5,000,000
family tables
...More used than
any other mustard*

WHY do 25% of America's families prefer French's Mustard...when they have hundreds of other brands to choose from?

There are five reasons for French's superior flavor, pungency, and strength. And clever housewives, experienced cooks, instantly appreciate their enormous importance.

- 1 French's Mustard is absolutely free from adulteration. It contains no artificial preservatives whatever.
- 2 The mustard seeds used are the finest grade obtainable.
- 3 The vinegar used is of the purest quality.
- 4 Spices, which add to the flavor, strength and delicious pungency of French's, are the very best money can buy.
- 5 All these fine, pure ingredients are "creamed" together—not just mixed. Your own experience in creaming butter and sugar will tell you how important that is.

No matter how simple the dish, how inexpensive the meat, a dash of French's gives it that subtle, more zestful richness you associate with costly foods.

Appetizers, soups, salads, egg and cheese dishes are marvelously enhanced by French's.



FRENCH'S
MUSTARD

"It's Creamed"

Also obtainable in Canada

FREE RECIPE CARDS

Please send me this month's set of free recipe cards. The R. T. French Company, 1089 Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

When the Sunday Roast makes its **SECOND** appearance



MONDAY'S serving of the Sunday roast is sure of a hearty welcome when Heinz Tomato Ketchup garnishes the dish. There's no other condiment that adds so much color and flavor to cooking—suggests so many new ways of preparing left-over meats. Rich with the juicy goodness of Heinz-grown tomatoes, and seasoned with finest vinegar, sugar and select Oriental spices, Heinz Tomato Ketchup gives the final touch of zest and flavor to simple dishes—makes them irresistibly appetizing. Bring one of these famous bottles to the table tonight.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U.S.A. • TORONTO, CAN. • LONDON, ENG.

HEINZ

TOMATO KETCHUP

THE LARGEST SELLING KETCHUP IN THE WORLD

THESE MEALS SAVE TIME

[Continued from page 25]

Hot Baked Bananas

Cut off ends of bananas. Remove section of skin on one side only and sprinkle with light brown sugar. Place in a shallow baking dish, add about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water and bake in a hot oven (500° F.) for 10 to 15 minutes. Serve in skin.

Alonzo Salad

Arrange crisp, tender leaves of lettuce on salad plates with quarters of cooked pears and watercress. Serve with a French dressing to which a little lemon juice and tomato catsup have been added.

Spring Salad

Use a combination of two or more of the Spring vegetables—radishes, cucumbers, tomatoes, green onions, watercress, lettuce, string beans, dandelion greens, peas, cauliflower, and carrots. Serve with

Vinaigrette Dressing

To 1 cup French dressing add 2 teaspoons chopped pickles, 2 teaspoons chopped capers, 1 teaspoon each chopped parsley and onion and 1 teaspoon prepared mustard.

Fruit Melange

Stuff whole figs and prunes, and halves of peaches and pears with a soft cheese paste. Arrange in a low glass dish. Serve with sweet wafers or plain crackers.

If preferred, dates and apricots can be used as a variation.

Princess Pudding

2 cups milk	Few grains salt
3 egg yolks	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
3 tablespoons sugar	Sponge cake
	3 egg whites

Scald milk in double boiler. Remove from fire and pour over beaten egg yolks to which sugar has been added. Return to boiler and cook slowly, stirring constantly, until custard coats a

spoon. Add salt. Cool slightly and add vanilla. Pour over slices of sponge cake. Top with the beaten egg whites to which a little sugar and flavoring have been added. If desired, sprinkle with coconut or chocolate shot, or garnish with bits of jelly.

And here are the recipes for an oven-meal which needs no watching if your oven has a regulator.

Baked Curried Lamb

2 pounds lean lamb flank	1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon curry powder	4 tablespoons fat
3 tablespoons flour	2 small onions, sliced
	1 teaspoon vinegar

Cut meat in small pieces. Mix curry powder, flour and salt and sprinkle over meat. Heat fat, add onion and meat and cook until meat is browned. Cover with boiling water and add vinegar. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350°) about 1 hour—or until meat is tender.

Baked Rice

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup rice	2 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt	2 cups water

Put rice in baking dish, sprinkle with salt and add the milk and water, mixed. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 45 minutes—or until tender.

Corn and Green Pepper Scallop

2 cups canned corn	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
2 tablespoons sugar	1 green pepper, chopped
1 teaspoon salt	
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread crumbs

Mix the ingredients, except the bread crumbs. Put half the mixture in a greased baking dish and sprinkle with half the crumbs. Add the rest of the mixture and sprinkle again with crumbs. Dot with bits of butter. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 45 minutes. If desired, add a little chopped pimiento.

HE GOT WHAT HE WANTED

[Continued from page 30]

Fifth to Seventh Month

Milk	22 ounces
Barley flour	2 tablespoons
Boiled water	13 ounces
Milk sugar	4 tablespoons

Five feedings in 24 hours. 7 ounces at four-hour intervals.

Seventh to Ninth Month

Milk	25 ounces
Barley flour	2 tablespoons
Boiled water	15 ounces
Milk sugar	4 tablespoons

Five feedings in 24 hours. 8 ounces at four-hour intervals.

Ninth to Twelfth Month

Milk	30 ounces
Barley flour	2 tablespoons
Boiled water	10 ounces
Milk sugar	4 tablespoons

Five feedings in 24 hours. 8 ounces at four-hour intervals.

In the above formulas one tablespoon represents one-half ounce. The quantities given are for the average baby but you may find it necessary to increase or decrease the amount of milk. In doing this you will be guided by the child's hunger and his gain or loss in weight.

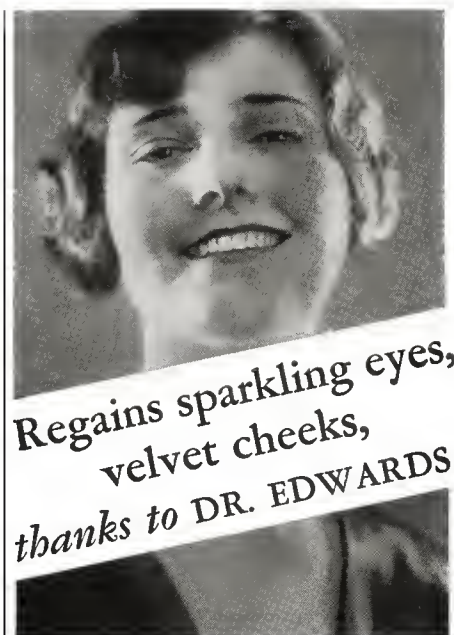
During the early weeks of his life a baby begins to take one to two

teaspoons of orange juice or tomato juice a day. This is to supply Vitamin C and is particularly important when cooked milk is fed. The best time to give orange or tomato juice is in the morning about an hour before the second feeding.

From the fifth to the seventh month, depending upon the weight of the child, I frequently advise a tablespoon or two of wheat cereal or oatmeal jelly (cooked four hours in water) before the 10 A.M. and 6 P.M. feedings. This may be served with an ounce or two of the formula over it.

Occasionally at this age (although usually not until the eighth month) I allow one to two tablespoons of beef juice, or a portion of soft-cooked egg, mixed with a tablespoon or two of boiled carrots, squash, or spinach given before the 2 P.M. feeding. Aside from the nutritional value of the cereals and vegetables this early spoon feeding teaches the child to take food in other ways than from a bottle.

Babies are individuals and it is difficult to make hard and fast rules which apply equally to all of them. The above formulas are given only as a working basis. Remember that the signs of successful feeding are comfort after eating, good habits of sleep, and an average gain in weight of not less than four ounces a week.



Regains sparkling eyes,
velvet cheeks,
thanks to DR. EDWARDS

INSTEAD of rouge and powder, many women need internal cleansing. That is why you should know about Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. A safe, efficient substitute for calomel, much easier to take. They gently regulate the liver and intestines, help nature clear the way for a lovely skin and the alluring glow of health.

"The Internal Cosmetic"

More than 20 years ago, Dr. Edwards first prepared this famous compound of vegetable ingredients for his patients. Because it is so mild and sure, it removes the cause of many headaches, blemishes, pimples, and that dull lifeless feeling.

You cannot realize how much better you will feel and look until you try Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. Know them by their olive color. At all drug stores, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢.



Hair

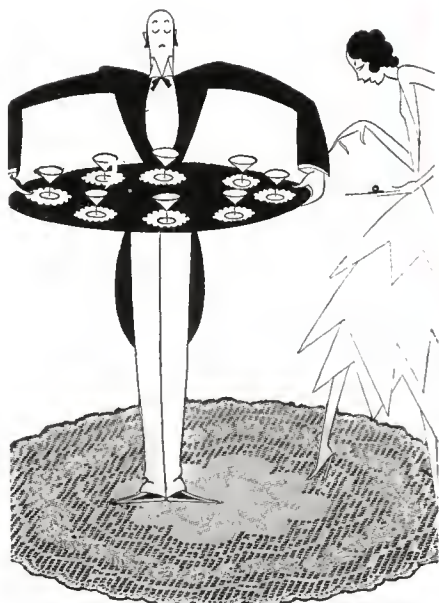
BEAUTIFULLY WAVED AT ALMOST NO COST

NO NEED to pay high prices to keep hair waved! Wildroot Wave Set gives a longer-lasting, natural wave. A pure vegetable product... contains no gum or sugar... leaves no white flakes. Easy to use—good for your hair! Excellent for resetting—makes permanent waves last longer. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau of Foods Sanitation and Health.

Don't let high prices fool you! You can't buy a better wave set at any price. Insist on genuine Wildroot Wave Set. Generous sizes at drug and department stores, hairdressers, toilet goods counters everywhere. Send 10¢ for big trial bottle. Wildroot Co., Inc., Dept. MC-5, Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT WAVE SET

Leaves no white flakes



Add beauty to your service!

Iced drinks and appetizers, fruits, cakes and sandwiches . . . make them three times as attractive with Roylace.

These paper doilies are as charming in design, as delicately effective, as exquisite linen lace. And the saving in laundry . . . in wear and tear! They come in all sizes—in pastels as well as white.

And then, there's Roylace Shelf Paper, quaint and colorful, to brighten your kitchen and closet shelves. In convenient lengths.

Three famous editors have written three booklets to help you. "Roylace Party Book," "Roylace for Charming Tables" and "Transforming Shelves with Roylace." Write us (Dept. 45) for the booklet you wish—no charge. Order Roylace Doilies and Shelf Papers from your 5- and 10c store, stationer's or department store (stationery or housefurnishings). The Royal Lace Paper Works, Inc., 842 Lorimer St., B'klyn, N. Y.

Roylace

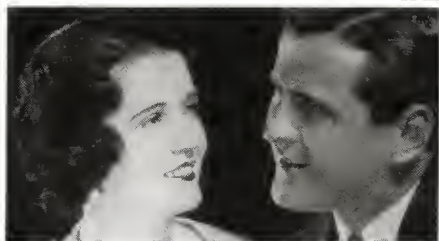
Shelf Papers and Paper Doilies



CUT ME OUT

and mail me with your name and address to Dept. 5-N, McCall's Magazine, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio. I will tell you how to get an extra \$5.00 or \$10.00 easily.

Mail Today!



"My Clear White Skin Captured Him!"

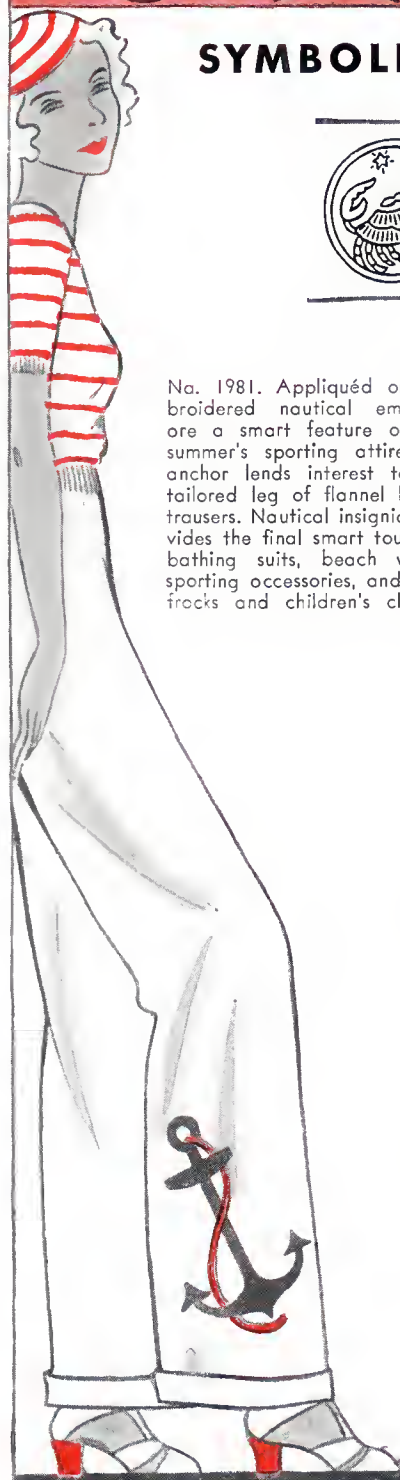
MEN who instantly shy away from girls with dull, dark skin are irresistibly drawn to smooth, white beauty. A hint for you! For this new discovery, Golden Peacock Bleach Cream, whitens the most roughened, muddy complexion one shade a night—or your money back! Quickly banishes freckles, blackheads, pimples, blotches—safely. Golden Peacock acts so fast—you use so little—it's more economical than all other bleaches that work. Try a jar today. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.



SYMBOLIC OF SMARTNESS



No. 1981. Appliquéd or embroidered nautical emblems are a smart feature of this summer's sporting attire. An anchor lends interest to the tailored leg of flannel beach trousers. Nautical insignia provides the final smart touch to bathing suits, beach wraps, sporting accessories, and even frocks and children's clothes.



1981



1986

No. 1986. Keeping step with the world-wide interest in astrology, comes the fashion of wearing your own particular Zodiac symbol. The figure signs embroidered in a single color add a distinctive touch to sports clothes, blouses and lingerie. The large symbols are stunning on beach pajamas and bathing suits, the smaller duplicates for handkerchiefs and accessories.



1987



1987



No. 1987. A comfortable, casual, but becoming hat is an essential in a summer wardrobe, and a sports hat with a dipping brim answers the purpose admirably. For "dressier" occasions, the ribbon turban that appears to be tied in a flattering bow will suit the woman who wants a many-occasion hat—for street, afternoon parties, or informal dining-out. Some women make such hats themselves.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 132.



Mother
NO MORE
disagreeable

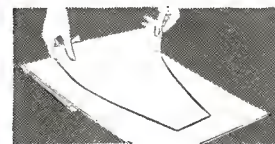
Diaper Washing

See Special Offer Below

NO NEED NOW to waste precious time and energy in caring for baby's soiled diapers. For there is an easy way to end this drudgery—and at the same time bring new comfort and protection to baby.

Dennison's BABYPADS, the new sanitary diaper linings, are used inside the cloth diaper. When soiled, they are removed intact and instantly flushed away in the toilet. BABYPADS save the cloth diaper from customary soiling—save unpleasant handling, soaking, and rubbing.

Read below the full details, then send the coupon for a full day's supply, so that you can actually see for yourself what



a wonderful help Dennison's BABYPADS can be to you.

What Babypads Are: BABYPADS are made, under hygienic conditions, of a single layer of a newly developed, highly purified material. Light in weight, they are surprisingly strong, wet or dry. Will not chafe the tenderest skin.

Save Painful Irritation: BABYPADS, used inside the cloth diaper, keep impurities (uric acid, soap alkalies) from coming in contact with baby's sensitive skin. Just right in size and shape, they afford sanitary protection and comfort without bulk.

Surprisingly Inexpensive: BABYPADS cost so little that you can use them regularly. They are on sale at the infant's wear and toilet goods departments of department stores, at dry goods, and drug stores. Package of 50 for 25¢; or 250 (month's supply) for only \$1.

Send coupon with 2c postage
for demonstration package
containing a full day's supply.

AVOID RISK
of diaper irritation.
Use a BABYPAD every time
the cloth diaper is
changed.

For Your Satisfaction
and Baby's Comfort
Insist on

Dennison's BABYPADS

Registered U. S. Patent Office—Patents Pending

THE NEW SANITARY DIAPER LININGS

Margaret Booth, Registered Nurse
Dennison's, Framingham, Mass.

Please send me a demonstration package (a full day's supply) of Babypads. I enclose 2c postage.

Name

Street (or R. F. D.)

City

State

S-3

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BOTH ARE THE SAME AGE -BUT THIS PAN WAS KEPT CLEAN WITH BRILLO

THIS PAN WAS
GROUND AWAY
WITH INFERIOR
CLEANSERS



Start to keep a new pan clean with BRILLO. It will always stay bright, spotless and shining with least expense of energy, time and soap. The combination of BRILLO cross-stranded fibre pads with just the amount of BRILLO Soap you need for any particular surface cleans twice as fast and 5 times easier. BRILLO saves time, money, work.

At Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory and all 10c and 25c stores; and at leading department, hardware and grocery stores. BRILLO MFG. CO., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ECONOMY SIZE ... 10¢
(Now 5 Pads instead of 4)

HOUSEHOLD SIZE 25¢

No kitchen is complete without

BRILLO

BRIGHTEN YOUR DAYS WITH BRILLO

SWEET KATE

[Continued from page 126]

"Surely," he soothed, "we could find someone else for you, Mr. Palmer. Perhaps our Miss Haliday. . . ."

"Miss Smith," said Campbell Palmer doggedly, "will do nicely."

"No," said Penelope.

And Alvin Simon, gaze fastened on a far corner of the ceiling, unhappily faced the situation, sighed, and offered Mr. Palmer a refund. Refunds were a painful enterprise for Mr. Simon.

But, "No, thanks," said Campbell Palmer promptly, and Alvin Simon warmed to him. Here, he obviously was thinking, is a nice young man.

To Penelope he turned sternly. He said, "Miss Smith, we cannot have such an example of—ah—temperament here. Mr. Palmer's next lesson is, I see, at one o'clock tomorrow. You have until then to make your decision. Otherwise, I'm afraid. . . ."

Young Mr. Palmer grinned his triumph. "Until then—Kate!" he murmured.

For a long moment Penelope studied him. Her scornful lips formed words, but no words came. She whirled about, and, even as her absurd little heels clicked across the threshold, she made her decision. She thought of bills, of rent and food and clothes, but her decision held. (There must be other jobs about.)

DURING the ensuing hours, Penelope taught pivot turns to a two-hundred-pound oil man. She had a harrowing ten-year-old to teach, complete with hovering mother and governess, and a brace of ladies of a certain age, great garrulity, and no grace. But, through it all, her expression was that of one seeing visions.

She was, in point of fact, contemplating Campbell Palmer as he would be at one o'clock of the next day. To the panatrophe's throbbing, "At your Command," she saw him arriving, self-assured and buoyant, in the second-floor reception room. She watched him turning to Miss Hawkins' desk, and Miss Hawkins saying things, nimbly. She could follow his reactions through disappointment to rage, to dismay. She found not the least trouble in hearing his voice demand Mr. Simon, instantly. . . . And the oil man interfered with her visionings. . . .

"No, Mr. Glider, you pivot with your heel. So. One, two, and three. . . . Try again. . . . more slowly. . . ."

But, presently, she returned to her nebulous Campbell Palmer, put him through the paces of panic, of heart-rending penitence. She watched him start wildly to search her out, and herself penniless, jobless in a cold world.

Once she pursued it farther, allowed young Mr. Palmer to catch up with her, and stumbled upon forgiveness, soft words, and a romantic blur. But, sharply, she redeemed her weakness:

"If you must put out your tongue, instead of your foot, do it at home," she told the astonished ten-year-old.

PENELOPE had one of the brace of ladies in hand when she invented what might be labeled The Idea. If she were to be jobless, she, at least, would be jobless with satisfaction. And, presently, wrapt in fatigue and content, she was emerging from a telephone booth.

"Certainly you met him, Babs," she had been saying. "I introduced him to you at the last Hunt. . . . and you must invite him to your dinner tonight. . . . Of course, you need an extra man. One always needs an extra man. . . . You're sure his boss is coming? Absolutely? Grand! . . . Yes, do seat me between them. . . . Up? Nothing much. . . . Don't be bizarre, Babs. . . . Why, I practically loathe him. . . . and don't forget. . . . put me right next to his boss. . . . Stout fella, Babs! . . ."

A bit before seven that evening a strange apparition presented himself at the college club that Penelope was momentarily calling her home. Incredibly shabby, he wore a scarred opera hat, full, if seedy, evening dress, dilapidated shoes, split white gloves, yet all with a pathetic air of gentility. The young woman at the desk tentatively giggled as he approached her, sobered abruptly before his stern demand for Miss Penelope Smith.

"Who—whom shall I say is calling?"

And the apparition put it modestly. "Just say a friend," he suggested.

But Penelope did not seem to hold with his definition when she presently appeared. Her dark eyes blazed above the fur of her white wrap (relic of an extravagant past), her Chinese red frock swirled about her feet.

"What are you doing here, Cam Palmer!"

Young Mr. Palmer was not at all abashed. He was charming about it. He said, "I met Babs Bushwell through you, you know. When she invited me out of a practically scatheless sky to a dinner that included, I've discovered, both my sainted boss and your enchanting self, why I merely had to put two and two together to get six. It wouldn't have been intelligent of me not to. But," he graciously added, "I thought I might do us both the

[Continued on page 134]

"See . . . you can cut exactly
the length you want"



WAXED PAPER

in new handy "cutter" box
for convenience . . . economy

No more wasted ends—no more tattered, untidy edges—no more double wrapping—when you use CUT-RITE waxed paper. With the handy "cutter" box you cut the exact length needed for every purpose, every time. A single thickness of CUT-RITE keeps food fresh—prevents odor spreading. Saves work, time, money, food, health, hands. *Ask your grocer for CUT-RITE today.* Continuous 40 ft. roll in sanitary box, only 10c (in U.S.A.) at your grocer.

R. B. Davis Sales Co., Hoboken, N. J.

CUT-RITE WAXED PAPER

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EVERY TIME — FOR EVERY PURPOSE"

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write today for free booklet.
The MENHENT COMPANY, Ltd.
700 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Cut Me Out

and mail me with your name and address to Dept. 5M, McCall's Magazine, Dayton, Ohio. I will tell you how to get an extra \$5.00 or \$10.00 easily.

Mail Today!

"Six New Dresses Instead of Two"



"PRETTIER dresses — more stylish dresses. All six together cost less than the two I had last season."

"How did I manage? I made them all myself with the help of the Woman's Institute. Besides, I've made some lovely lingerie and most of the children's clothes."

So that you may see how easily you can learn through the fascinating step-by-step method, we will gladly send you . . . free . . . a 68-page section from our Dressmaking Course . . . modern, easy methods of making and finishing sleeves, necklines, collars, cuffs, etc. Mail the coupon!

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 3-E, Scranton, Penna.

Send—free—68-page sample lesson and full information about course of instruction checked below.

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery

☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name (Please specify whether Miss or Mrs.)

Address

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, McCall St., Dayton, Ohio, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, Room 1181, The Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal., Spring and Baker Sts., Atlanta, Ga., 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 60-62 Front St., West, Toronto 2, Can., 212-214 Gt. Portland St., London, England.

No.	Size	Price	No.	Size	Price	No.	Size	Price	No.	Size	Price
6871	4-14	.35	6904	14-18	.36	6917	14-18	.45	6929	14-18	.45
6872	4-14	.35	6906	26-36	.35	6918	14-18	.36	6930	12-20	.50
6873	14-18	.36	6907	14-18	.36	6919	14-18	.45	6931	14-18	.45
6881	14-18	.45	6908	12-20	.45	6920	14-18	.36	6932	2-8	.35
6886	6-14	.35	6909	14-18	.36	6921	14-18	.36	6933	14-18	.45
6888	2-8	.35	6910	14-18	.36	6922	14-18	.36	6934	14-18	.35
6889	14-18	.36	6911	14-18	.36	6923	14-18	.36	6935	14-18	.45
6893	14-18	.45	6912	6-14	.35	6924	14-18	.36	6936	14-18	.50
6895	14-18	.50	6913	6-14	.35	6925	14-18	.36	6937	14-18	.45
6898	12-20	.45	6914	2-6	.35	6926	14-18	.36	6938	14-18	.35
6900	4-10	.35	6915	14-18	.36	6927	14-18	.36	6939	26-36	.35
6901	12-20	.45	6916	14-18	.36	6928	14-18	.36			

Embroidery and Novelty Patterns

No.	Size	Price	No.	Size	Price	No.	Size	Price	No.	Size	Price
1956	2, 4, 6 Blue	.45	1980	Yellow or Blue	.25	1984	Infants Blue	.35	1987		.35
1958	1, 2, 4 Blue	.45	1981	Yellow	.25	1985	6 mos., 1 yr.	.35	1988	Blue	.45
1978	Blue	.35	1982	2, 4, 6, 8 Yellow	.45		Blue	.35	1989	Blue	.25
1979	Blue	.35	1983	2, 4, 6, 8 Yellow	.45	1986	Blue	.25			

You needn't reach in it to clean it

SCRUBBING and scouring toilet bowls is old-fashioned. It's no job for a woman. Sani-Flush does the dirty work for you. And it keeps the toilet sparkling clean and sanitary.

Just sprinkle a bit of this germ-killing cleanser in the bowl (directions on the can), then flush. Down go dangerous bacteria and unsightliness. The porcelain glistens, spotlessly. The hidden trap that no end of scrubbing will ever clean is purified and safe, and plumbing remains unharmed.

At grocery, drug and hardware stores, 25c. (Another use for Sani-Flush—cleaning automobile radiators. See directions on can.)

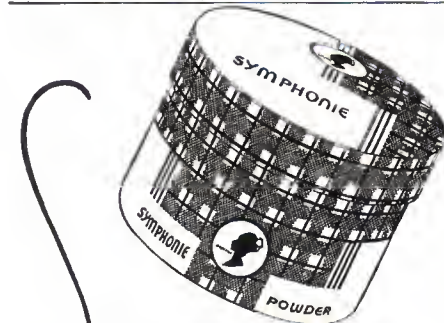
SANI-FLUSH cleans closet bowls without scouring



Hotels Call for Trained Women

Nation-wide call for trained women, all departments hotels, clubs, apartment hotels, restaurants, schools, colleges, hospitals and institutions; billion-dollar field; fine living; quick advancement. Write for FREE BOOK, "Your Big Opportunity."

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room EG-5097, Washington, D. C.



SYMPHONIE

THE MYSTERY POWDER!

IN ITS box it looks not unlike other powders, but when it spreads its miraculous glory over your face and melts into your skin, it's positively uncanny the beauty it brings out which you never knew you possessed!

Ask for SYMPHONIE and make sure you get it. \$1 the box, or send this

FREE COUPON

ARMAND, Des Moines, Iowa *

Please send me 2 weeks' supply of SYMPHONIE Powder, enough for a thorough trial in comparison with the powder I now use.

Name _____
Address _____

McC-52-S

I buy my cosmetics at _____

* In Canada: Armand Ltd., St. Thomas, Ontario



THE "PATCHY ZOO"

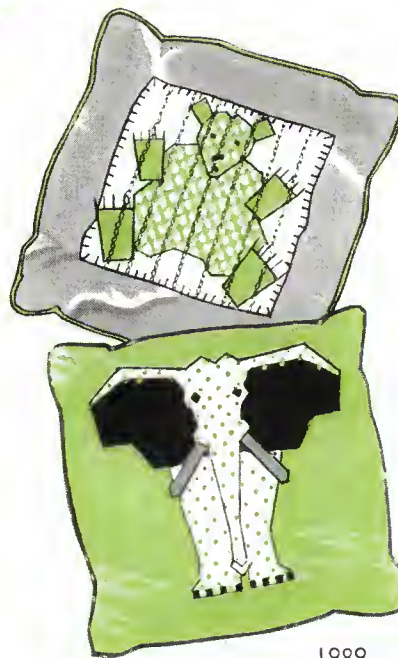
by

Elisabeth May Blondel



1988

No. 1988. Bed time is much more welcome when an interesting "story" quilt decorates the crib or bed. And, animal quilts are always favorites with the small occupants of the nursery. A "Patchy Zoo" quilt makes a most amusing coverlet with the queer creatures—feathered fowls and awkward animals and letters—patched from bright scraps of material. It's just the sort of quilt any youngster would love. And the stories you can originate around such amusing animals are endless. Many nimble-fingered mothers patch such quilts themselves using gay colored scraps on blocks about 12 ins. square with alternate alphabet blocks. Designer G. Selmo Saver.



1989



No. 1989. Cunning little pillows to match a quilt—in this case a caged bear, elephant and "Patchy Gus"—are among the most delightful new ideas advanced for nurseries. These little figures are also patched from gay scraps of material and mounted on bright colored pillows, usually about 12 inches square. Young naturalists will adore such amusing sets.



Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on page 132.

... Whew! the Smiths are having Onions again!



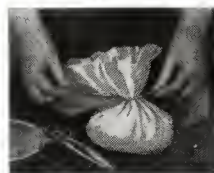
HOW unpleasant to have cooking odors advertise your menus to the neighbors. Onions, for instance, are most delicious but how onion-smell does travel!

But you can keep your kitchen secrets today, if you cook vegetables in Patapar! No odors pass through Patapar.

Besides the food actually cooks in its own rich, healthful juices. So it *tastes* much more savory this way, too!

And Patapar cookery is so simple. Just use an ordinary pot—a sheet of Patapar—some white string.

Ask for Patapar today—at any grocery, hardware, house furnishing, de-



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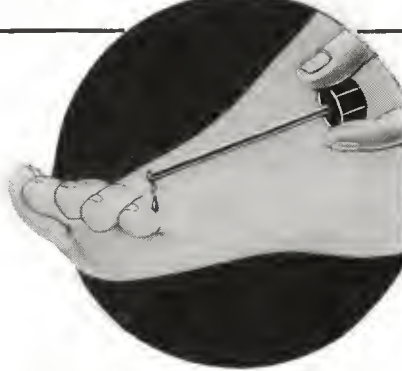
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SWEET KATE

[Continued from page 132]

honor of escorting you there." He allowed himself an agreeable smile. "You do see, don't you?"

"I see," said Penelope, and scorched his barbarity with a glance of which he seemed quite oblivious.

He beamed. "I knew you would. You're a nice person. I always say to people, 'Now take Penelope Smith. There's a nice person for you.'"

SOLEMNLY Mr. Palmer nodded at his own wisdom, since Penelope herself did nothing whatsoever that might be mistaken for agreement. He carried himself as one dealing with weighty matters. "Do you know," he said confidentially, "if I weren't a modern, I just might be embarrassed."

"Yes," agreed Penelope.

"... about your wangling this invitation for me. I mean. You really shouldn't have gone to all that trouble, Penny."

An appalled silence served him for answer.

"And if this—these—were the nineties," he affably continued, "you just might be annoyed. It's conceivable. About these clothes, you know." (With a deprecatory smile.) "But, of course, it's smart to be poor now."

"Poor?"
"Or shall be tomorrow, after you've had a go at my boss." Amiably Campbell Palmer said it. "That's the general plan, isn't it?"

The club's drawing-room was open to its hallway, and young women passing stared in. Some only stared. Others frankly tittered, and for quite a while Penelope had been nervously snapping the catch of her evening bag. Now, abruptly, she spun around, drew her wrap about her, made for the door. Young Mr. Palmer followed, close on her heels.

"You're right," he eagerly agreed. "We shall be late if we don't hurry."

A buxom girl brushed past them in the doorway. She said, "Hear you're earning your bread and butter these days, Penny. Congratulations." And gaped at Campbell Palmer, suave, battered hat in hand.

"With jam," Penelope brightly smiled at her, and looked as though Campbell Palmer were a figment of the buxom girl's imagination.

Halfway down the stair they came upon a small, expensive-looking young person.

"Why, Penelope Smith!" she shrieked, "You poor dear. I saw your picture in that horrible ad. Aren't you just miserable over it? Do you really have to do it, I mean?"

"It isn't," remarked young Mr. Palmer sententiously, "what people do, but what they are."

The expensive-looking young woman stared, mouth ajar.

"Why, Cam Palmer! Whatever are you up to?"

"Being poor," he jauntily informed her. "I'll call you up one day—near dinner time."

Penelope's cheeks were flaming as they reached the street.

"We'll make it in good time," young Mr. Palmer reassured her.

Furiously she corrected him. "Not we," she said.

"But I'm invited too, you know. It's all quite legal."

"Taxi!" Penelope keened at the curb. "No," said Campbell Palmer. "We must economize these days."

"Taxi!" Penelope stamped, waved her dainty evening bag.

Defly young Mr. Palmer snatched the bag, pocketed it. "It's only twelve blocks, and this is just a drizzle, not real rain," he said.

Penelope became articulate again. "Do you suppose for a second that I'd appear with you looking like this?"

"But you always look lovely to me, no matter what, Penny."

"Nitwit!" raged Penelope and started down the street.

Campbell Palmer kept pace. Suddenly, taken by an idea, he caught her arm, brought her to a stop under an arc-light.

"It can't be. . . you aren't rocketing like this because of that spanking, Penny?" Through the drizzle and the glare he peered anxiously into her small angry face, appeared relieved. "No," he decided, "it can't be that. On the contrary, there's no doubt but that a spanking does seem to make a sort of link between people."

"Lunatic!"
Passionately Penelope jerked her arm free, made for the club door again.

"Aren't you well, Penny?"
Young Mr. Palmer hurried after her with solicitous zeal. "Aren't you going to the dinner?"

"Certainly not!" Penelope's head was high, and sparks flew about her.

A sweet relief poured over Campbell Palmer. The tension relaxed. He said, "Well, I'll change and go alone, then. My honorable boss might be impressed." Then he added, "By the way, since I'll not lose the job tonight, I can afford to go on with the Alvin Simon lessons tomorrow. But don't bother about resigning. I'll find a substitute. There was one girl I noticed yesterday who seemed . . ."

The club door slammed against his words. Abruptly young Mr. Palmer fell silent, sagged, looked appalled and unutterably wretched. A taxi trundled past. A shout, a sprint, and he was in it. "Seventieth and Madison!" And he sank back against the cushions to mutter dreary imprecations against one William Shakespeare and all his deceptive works.

THE greater part of that night Penelope spent wondering what it might be like to sleep. In desperation she descended to the triteness of sheep counting, only to come alertly awake when each sheep developed a Cheshire grin upon a Campbell Palmer countenance. Thereafter she surrendered to the pleasant, if scarcely soothing, business of inventing a collection of searing comments to be made to young Mr. Palmer at one o'clock the next day.

Early she went to see Miss Hawkins, the receptionist in the chaste Early American anteroom of the second floor. Miss Hawkins was energetically arranging pencils against the day's duties. "Good morning, Miss Smith," she said. "Did you know they'd swapped your young Adonis for Miss Gibbs' one o'clock fossil?"

Penelope lost a fraction of poise, which loss was high tribute to Miss Gibbs' charms.

"Changed at your Adonis' request," snapped Miss Hawkins. "Didn't you get on with him?"

Indifferently Penelope glanced past her. She hedged. "He prefers pink. I prefer blue."

"Well, judging by what I saw of him, I'd make a point of liking pink if I were you. Gibbs," she callously added, "will gobble him up."

SWEET KATE

True to the old saw concerning angels and appearances, Miss Gibbs was suddenly visible in the depths of the corridor. Willowy before a mirror, she was daubing rouge on perfect lips with practiced finger, flicking mascara flakes from incredible lashes, studying the perfect angle of her nose. And Penelope watched.

"Are you," sniffed Miss Hawkins, "going to let Gibbs get away with that?"

Penelope murmured, "With what?" and derived a certain mental comfort from imagining Miss Gibbs' horror when, at one o'clock, she would face one Cam Palmer parading in all his ridiculous shabbiness, or sporting an equally ridiculous splendor. For, in one exaggeration or the other, Penelope had convinced herself he would appear, and that solely for the purpose of further discountenancing her.

AT PRECISELY one o'clock, cloistered in a cubicle with mirrored door for periscope, Penelope was prepared for shameless spying. At several minutes past one Campbell Palmer arrived. He arrived jauntily, joyously even, and above all, impeccable. From smooth head to glinting toe he was all that a conservative young man of claim to fashion should be. Penelope choked a little.

Miss Gibbs took her place in the door reflection, her frock green, her hair burnished, her eyes (as Penelope saw) nearly on a level with young Mr. Palmer's. She was being fascinating.

"... sweet and lovely ..." the panatrote wailed down the corridor.

A frown worried Penelope's smooth forehead. She gritted her teeth, clenched small fists, placed the toe of one dainty foot against the door to close it. But her heart was not in it. The door remained open.

She watched as Campbell Palmer and Miss Gibbs exchanged smiles, spoke an appropriate word or two, beat a joint retreat into an adjacent cubicle.

Penelope stood motionless among her dejected reflections. She looked a very jaded young woman. She was, in fact, thinking.

Presently she began to fume. She stood on one foot, and then on the other. By the time she had thought, stood and fumed a full five minutes, the mirrored door was exhibiting a small, white-haired, pink-faced old gentleman who debonairly skipped from the elevator into the Early American reception room. Undoubtedly he was Miss Gibbs' fossil. Certainly he was Penelope's last straw.

In the traditional twinkling of an eye she was halfway down the corridor. An instant's pause for smoothing of hair and expression, and she was deliberately choosing a certain door, flinging it open.

"... sweet and lovely ..." shrilled the panatrote, blandly describing the tableau presented to Penelope. Miss Gibbs and Campbell Palmer dancing together. Miss Gibbs cooing, "Not really, Mr. Palmer!" and her limpid eyes smiling into his.

But, in short order, she was adding a startled, "Hello!" for Penelope.

"Your fossil," Penelope crisply lied to her, "is having a tantrum over the lack of you in the anteroom."

Miss Gibbs adjusted a superior air. She said, "Let him." Coolly.

"He might," suggested Penelope, "die of a fit or something."

Miss Gibbs, with a flash of her lovely eyes, glanced at young Mr. Palmer. But he was engrossed in the control gadget of the panatrote.

"You," Penelope urged, "ought to feel flattered."

"I'm practically hysterical," remarked Miss Gibbs, and, getting nothing for a second glance at young Mr. Palmer, added, "All right. Salvation Army duty it is then. For just five minutes," and resolutely departed.

Penelope and Campbell Palmer were left to share a brief silence.

"She has nice eyes," young Mr. Palmer dreamily mentioned.

Penelope stood as though starched. She said, "Shall we go on with the lesson?"

Campbell Palmer indulged in a wintry smile. "She's an excellent teacher, too," he said. "I don't mind waiting for her to come back. Really."

Penelope held herself in leash. "Very well," she conceded, and turned toward the door.

But he drawled after her, "On second thought, I suppose I'd better not waste the time waiting. You could fill in if you'd like."

Penelope hesitated near flight. Her hand had touched the door before she decided against it. She said quietly, "You were learning the Alvin Simon pivot turn, weren't you?"

Campbell Palmer, quite unprepared, was stiffly surprised. Penelope's cheeks flamed.

"For lesson purposes," she explained, with a stilted indifference, and young Mr. Palmer limited himself to a gingerly grasp of her fingertips.

"Now," Penelope coached, "please step forward with your left foot ... no, your left. ... ready. ... One. ... two ... and step ..."

Earnestly Campbell Palmer stepped. He trundled after Penelope as though walking were to him a lost art and dancing an unknown quantity.

"Look!" said Penelope, and snatched from the ether a sudden enthusiasm. "Look, you do it this way. ..."

QUITE simply she began to dance. Arms high, bright head gallantly held, circling exquisitely among the mirrors. Sheer, fluid motion, unbroken by any marring gesture, any coyness.

"You see?" she said. "Watch my head. It's up." And she lifted her brief nose. "Watch my feet," she said, and tapped a dainty foot. "Watch me," she commanded.

And Campbell Palmer watched her. He said quietly, "It's good of you to show me like this, Penny."

Penelope stared into a fictitious distance. "Now please try it yourself. ... One ... two ... three. ..."

"Why are you doing this for me, Penny?" Gently it was said.

A remnant of defiance flashed in Penelope's dark eyes.

"No ..." she said, "... your left foot, please. ... You're not worth losing my job over, I suppose. ..."

Campbell Palmer said, "Aren't I?" wistfully, and pretended to forget that he had, after all, made job losing unnecessary the evening before. "Aren't I?" he sadly repeated.

"One ... two ... I ... no ... yes ... I suppose you are ..." Penelope had become strangely interested in a crack of the floor. She murmured, "It was green if you said so, Cam." And, with an abrupt, enchanting grin, "The frock, I mean."

Whereupon Campbell Palmer was very contrite, and there was mutual forgiveness, and a sudden radiance eddying about as things suddenly were visionary again, dissolving into a romantic blur.

"... I'm sorry, dear! ..." the panatrote shouted.

"Sweet Kate," murmured young Mr. Palmer presently.

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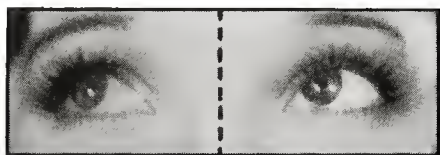
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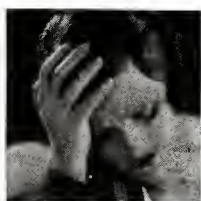
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LITTLE GIRL LOST

[Continued from page 20]

"Let her wait. I'm going to have this out with you. I tell you I won't be treated this way any longer."

She threw herself into a chair. "Oh, well, if you must talk about it. . . ."

"I want to know what you are going to do about me?"

She yawned. "Marry you some day—perhaps—"

"Do you think you can keep me dangling? I won't stand it—"

"Then you needn't. . . ."

He turned away, then came back. "If I go now—" he said roughly.

"You won't go. . . ." She reached out her hand to him, smiling. "Love me?"

"You know I do—" He crushed her hand in his.

"Then let's not talk any more about it. And I'm starved. I didn't eat any breakfast." She led the way to their horses, and presently Oliver was pounding along beside her, sulky but acquiescent.

AT HELEN'S they talked about Elsie Watterson. "She's still at Tyson House, Helen. Oliver and I saw her as we rode by this morning."

"Looks as if she might take up a permanent residence," Oliver remarked. "Perhaps Thaddeus is going in for romance—or Barney."

Taylor said, with a touch of irritation, "Don't be an idiot, Oliver."

They had finished luncheon and were playing cards. Leontine picked up her hand and studied it. "What do you think of her, Helen?"

Helen, whose thoughts had drifted far, asked, "Of whom?"

"Elsie. We've all met her, and none of us knows a thing about her, except that she comes from California, and was once on the stage."

"And that she's a close runner-up for Araminta," Oliver supplemented.

They all stared at him. "What do you mean?" Leontine demanded.

"What do you think, Leo?"

"I think it's absurd—" but even as she said it, she knew that it was not.

It was Taylor who put an end to their speculations. "Oh, let's play cards," he said, "and stop talking about our neighbors."

Oliver jeered: "Taylor's turning pious."

Taylor accepted the adjective with smiling equanimity. "It's a good word, even though we sometimes misuse it." Looking up, he saw his wife's eyes upon him. In them was a shining eagerness.

"What made you look at me like that?" he asked her, after the others had gone.

"Oh, because sometimes I'm so glad you are—my husband."

"Only sometimes?" He drew her down beside him on the big davenport.

"All times, dearest." She laid her head against his shoulder, and he put his arm about her.

"Poor Leo," she said, after a long silence.

"Happy, darling? . . ."

"Very happy."

THAT night, after dinner, Barney and Elise sat in the great hall at Tyson House. Thaddeus had dined out, and they were waiting for him.

Elise said, "So it's our last evening—together."

"Yes. I wish you were staying. It's nice to have a woman about."

"You ought to marry, Barney."

"Tell that to Araminta!"

She smiled at him. "I know. But since she won't, there are—others."

"Not for me."



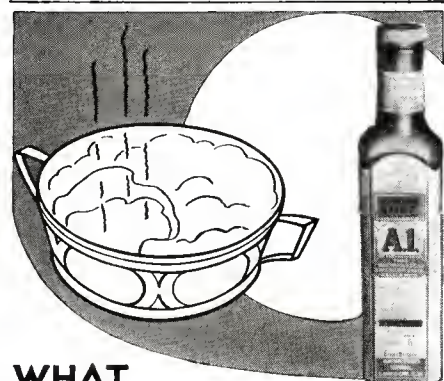
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LITTLE GIRL LOST

She did not answer at once. She was gazing down at the pool—its silver surface broken by the beauty of Hashi's water plants. Elise's illness had given her an air of fragility which added to her beauty. Barney's eyes rested upon her with appreciation.

She said at last, "I don't know how to thank you for your hospitality."

"Thank Uncle Tad."

"I have and shall. But it isn't so much for myself that I want to speak, but of what you have done for Lad."

"It has been great fun. I don't deserve any credit."

"You and your uncle both deserve credit for not—asking questions. . . ."

"Why should we?"

"Because you knew nothing of me when I came. You know nothing now. You don't even know whether my husband is alive—or dead."

"Lad said he sailed away into the sunset."

"You knew, of course, what he meant."

"Desertion?"

"Yes. When Lad was too little to remember him. I had some money of my own, and we came here—because once my mother lived in Maryland. It is her name that I use—my stage name. I have not cared to use my husband's! You have been dears to take me in without credentials."

BARNEY stopped her. "Don't talk of what we've done for you. The house is here, and the servants. Uncle Tad and I were tired of ourselves. I was nursing a broken heart. The nurse might have been among the unemployed if you hadn't given her work."

He laughed and she laughed with him. "You can treat it lightly," she told him, "but just the same. . . ."

"Just the same, you're going to stop being grateful, or I shall set the dogs on you—"

"The darling dogs—they've adopted me."

"So have we all—haven't we, Uncle Tad?" for the door had opened and old Thaddeus stood on the threshold.

"Haven't we what?"

"Adopted Elise?"

"Of course." Thaddeus sat in the big chair which Hashi placed for him. "I wish we could find some way to keep her."

Elise blew a kiss to him from the tips of her fingers. "If I don't go home I shall be spoiled to death—between the two of you. . . ."

Old Tad's tired eyes rested on her placidly. "I've thought of a way to get you here. I'll have Nicky paint your portrait, here by the pool. And you'll have to come every day to sit for him—Call up Nicky, Barney, and see what he says."

"No, no," Elise protested, "you mustn't do that."

"Oh, let him have his way," Barney advised her. "If you don't he'll have it anyhow."

Nicky, over the wire, said, "I'm just getting over the flu."

"That won't last forever. When can you start?"

"In a week or two."

"Right," and Barney went back to report to his uncle.

"You're to sit in that white dress," Thaddeus told Elise, "and have that gold bag in your hand—with shadows in the amethyst background—And there'll be the red-gold of your hair and the red-gold of the fishes—"

Elise went over and laid her hand on his shoulder. "You're a darling."

"I'm glad you think so, my dear." When she had gone, he said to Barney, "A charming woman, my boy. If I were twenty years younger—"

[Continued on page 138]



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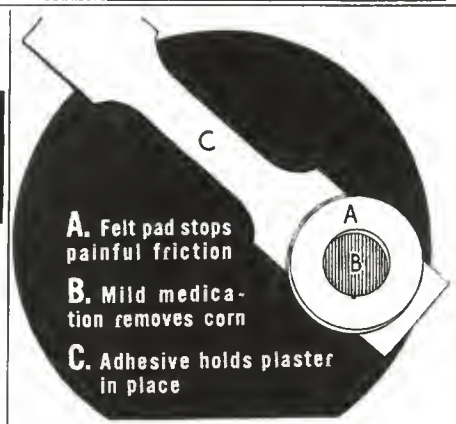
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"Or if I hadn't met a small maid named Araminta—"

"Yes. We might have had a mistress for Tyson House."

"Except that she still has a husband. She spoke of it tonight, Uncle Tad."

"A divorce would be easy enough. . . ."

"Yes. But I fancy she doesn't consider it."

Uncle Tad, lighting his pipe, said, "Business is bad, Barney. You and I shall have to sit tight for a time."

"Money is the least of my worries."

"That's because you've never known the lack of it. Wait until you feel the pinch of poverty."

Barney laughed. "Perhaps I need pinching to get me into action."

"You'll need money if you've any idea of running for Congress. . . ."

"If I do, I'm not going to pay for votes."

"It is money that wins elections, my boy."

"I don't believe it. Not if there's a real issue. It seems to me that this is the time for a big crusade, an appeal to man's aspirations. I mean it. Youth is tired of materialism. It wants to fix its eyes on the stars!"

"Dreams, my boy, dreams. Once upon a time I thought I could change the world—but I didn't. The woman I loved married another man, and I lost—ambition. . . ."

"No woman," said Barney fiercely, "is going to spoil my life. Not even Araminta."

"Yet it was Araminta's grandmother who spoiled mine. She married the Bishop."

Barney stared at him. "Minta's grandmother?"

"Yes. Perhaps I was lucky to lose her. The Bishop wasn't happy—but I sometimes think if she had been my wife things would have been different. She wasn't made for serious living. We would have danced through life—together."

Barney stared into the fire. He didn't want to dance through life with Araminta. He wanted to whisper his dreams to her, and have her dream with him. To pass on to their children the dreams they had dreamed. . . .

And now Uncle Tad was saying, "What do you hear from her?"

"Nothing. She writes to Nicky and Mary, but to no one else. I have a feeling that things aren't right, but she doesn't want anyone to go to her. She says she is homesick, but that she must stick it out alone."

"She'll wake up some day," Uncle Tad prophesied. "To what?"

"Realities."

ARAMINTA would have said, if anyone had asked her, that she had waked to realities on the night Jan left her. Two months had passed since then, and no letter had come from him. Only her work saved her from complete despair and desolation. She acted in *Bread and Honey* six nights a week, and at two matinées, and in between spent much of her time with the famous playwright, who was writing a new play for her.

Only once had the playwright asked about Jan. "What became of the young man?" he had said.

Araminta had answered, "He interfered with my career," and that had been the end of it.

But the famous playwright had seen the new look in the young eyes, a new note in the young voice, and a new strength in Araminta's interpretation of the lines he had written for her, and he said to himself, "She has sent him away, and it has gone hard, but the hardness will be the making of her."

Things behind the scenes did not go so well, however. The Queen felt her throne toppling. It was the Maid now who got the curtain calls. "And she's no better looking than I," the Queen complained to the King.

The King consoled her as well as he could, but he knew that beauty lasts only as long as there is fire and imagination to illumine it. Araminta had that rare and entrancing gift of personality, which caught her audience up, swayed it, captured it, and paved the way for her success in a big part.

Before that time came, however, there arrived a letter from Leontine:

"Nicky is painting a portrait of Elise Watterson, and Uncle Tad is paying him a big price for it, although the rumor is that Uncle Tad has lost a lot of money. Everybody is talking about Elise and Barney. Barney walks home with her every day, for she goes up to Tyson House for her sittings. She is posing beside the pool in the great hall. Nicky is quite mad about the portrait and says it will make his fortune."

"Barney has been in New York twice since Christmas, and I am sure he went to see *Bread and Honey*. But he won't talk about it—or you, except to say that your going on the stage is all 'darned foolishness.' He says you weren't born to be famous, you were born to be happy."

"But it looks as if Elise were consoling him. None of us sees very much of her, for she prefers to keep to

LITTLE GIRL LOST

[Continued from page 137]

herself. She rather likes, I think, to play the part of a lady of mystery. . . ."

There was more, but Araminta, when she finished, found her mind dwelling on two phrases: "Barney has been in New York twice" and "it looks as if Elise were consoling him."

Why hadn't Barney telephoned? Surely they were friends? Surely he hadn't forgotten? . . .

With the letter in her hand, she sat in the wide window, thinking about it. The hands of the clock pointed to three before she rose, went to her desk and began to write.

"Can you ever forgive me for waiting so long, Elise? I shall not make excuses, but tonight I want to talk to you—to tell you how wise you are, and how I feel about it all. Things have come to me so fast and furiously that I have been swept away on a resistless tide. Or perhaps, as you put it, I have been drunk with it all, not so much



with praise and applause, as with finding new things in myself—that I have power to move people, to make them listen and laugh and cry. It is as if I were some other person, and the Araminta of the old days just stood aside and looked at her. . . .

"And it is that Araminta who tonight would be glad to say goodbye to the Araminta of the stage and run back to Great-Gate, and forget this interlude which is so strange and unbelievable. Oh, if tomorrow I might find myself on the sands, with my leather coat keeping me warm, with bread toasting on a stick and bacon broiling in a pan, and Barney bringing pine knots to make a big blaze. . . ."

"After the play tonight I went to a penthouse for supper with people, pleasant enough in themselves, but somehow—different. I am not going to attempt to define the difference, except to say that they offered me caviar and cocktails and thought me deliciously naïve when I refused them. Probably none of them would get a thrill from my toasted bread and bacon. But they've never seen the sun set over the waters of the Chesapeake in the winter twilight. . . . By tomorrow morning I may feel differently, and shall be reading all the papers to see what the critics say of me. But that won't be the real Minta. The real one is back tonight by the bay, wandering in spirit at the edge of the pines, and watching the ducks fly out across the moon. . . ."

THREE days later Elise showed Minta's letter to Barney. He had walked home with her after a sitting. Barney and she had grown to be great friends in the two months since Elise left Tyson House. Nicky had not begun at once on the portrait. His attack of influenza had left him listless, and Leontine and Iris had insisted that he and Mary should come back, for a time at least, to Great-Gate. But now Nicky was working steadily, with his easel set up beside the pool. Elise went up to Tyson House every afternoon, staying for tea, and coming back, as a rule, in the early twilight, with Barney walking beside her.

"Come in," she said to him today, as they reached the house, "there's a letter I want you to read."

So sitting by the fire in Elise's living room, Barney read Araminta's letter. His face was impassive, and Elise could not know how the sight of that delicate, hurried script shook his heart.

When he handed the letter back to Elise, he said, "How will you answer it?"

"I don't think I ought to answer it."

"Why not?"

"You should do it—oh, can't you see, Barney? She wants you."

The red ran up into his face. "Why should you say a thing like that? She's in love with another man."

"Do you know him?"

"No. Nothing but his name—Janney Breckenridge."

Elise was kneeling by the fire, feeding it with pine cones. But now her hands were still. "Breckenridge! Where did she meet him?"

"In Kentucky, I think, some time ago."

"Did she tell you?"

"No. Only that she—cared. Not his name. I got that from Aunt Min."

She kept her face away. "Barney—don't let him have her."

"How can I help it?"

"If I were a man I would fight for the woman I loved with all the strength in me."

"I don't want her, if she won't come willingly."

"Men are so—stupid!"

"What do you mean?"

"To talk about a woman's willingness. As if it weren't the primeval instinct for a woman to fly from pursuit. Oh, I know there's a lot of talk about women going out to get their men. They may get husbands, but they don't always keep them. There's something in a man which resents capture."

"Is there? A woman once asked me to marry her, and I adored her for it."

The look that she gave him showed her astonishment. "Then Araminta wasn't the only one?"

"It was—Araminta." Barney found himself telling her about it. "You see, she didn't love me. She was running away from herself—not with me."

"You mean she was trying to get away from the thought of this—Breckenridge?"

"Yes. And then, as luck would have it, he had to be at Aunt Min's that night . . . and that was the end of it all for me."

"But why the end? She isn't married. And a man like that—" She caught herself up. "Did she say she was going to marry him?"

"No. . . ." Barney stopped; not for worlds would he have told that Minta cared for a man who hadn't asked her to marry him.

He rose and picked up his hat. "I shouldn't have told you this," he said, "but you'll forgive me, won't you?"

She stood in the door and watched him as he went away. The sun had set, and the world seemed to swim in a sea of pale green light. After all these years—Janney!

She went in and again crouched by the fire, waiting for Lad. She told herself that she was seeing too much of Barney. His friendliness and companionship were lighting her life. And she must not let him light it. That was not the way out for him. The way out for him was—Araminta.

BARNEY, emerging onto the highway, was hailed by two young people in a green roadster. It was Leontine's roadster, and Oliver King was with her.

Leontine stopped her car. "May we take you home? You can sit on Oliver's lap."

"He cannot," young King protested. "Do you want me crushed?"

"Don't worry," Barney told him, "I'll walk."

Leontine protested. "We'll take you to Great-Gate for tea."

"Elise had tea with us, and I brought her back."

He spoke without self-consciousness, and Leontine, after a slight pause, said, "She's still sitting for her portrait?"

"Yes. Uncle Tad is mad about it."

"Mad about her, too, isn't he?" Oliver asked.

Barney looked at him. "Don't be an utter idiot, Oliver."

Oliver's grin faded as Leontine's look warned him.

"If you won't join us, you won't," she said lightly to Barney, "and I'm dying for tea." With a wave of her hand she was off.

"Do you know why I interrupted you, Oliver?" she said.

"No."

"Because it is Barney who is interested in the widow, not Uncle Tad."

"How do you know she's a widow? There's a rumor that her husband is alive."

"Well, anyhow, Barney walks home with her every afternoon, and sometimes at night when she stays at Tyson House for dinner."

Oliver laid his arm along the back of the seat and leaned toward her. "What a neat bit of gossip might be made of it by his political opponents. Barney the Crusader, Barney the White Knight, mixed up in an affair with a married woman. . . ."

"Oliver, what a rotten idea!"

"It might defeat him—"

"Oh, don't," Leontine was turning in at Great-Gate, "don't talk such absolute nonsense." But later, as the two of them sat by the fire with Nicky and Mary and Iris, drinking their tea, Leontine's mind dwelt on Oliver's suggestion. How easily the thing might be started. And what a blow it would be to Barney's pride. And didn't he deserve that his pride should be humbled as well as hers? [Turn to page 140]

X-rays show yeast actually strengthens intestines, doctors explain



DR. WM. ENKLAAR
of Amsterdam, declares

"I always recommend fresh YEAST for sluggish intestines"

THINK OF IT! A simple food—an ordinary addition to your daily diet... *that doctors say is more effective than shelves full of laxatives and pills!*

Why do physicians so strongly advise fresh yeast in cases of constipation, indigestion, etc.? That was the question put to Dr. William F. Enklaar, founder and head of the world-famous "Enklaar Clinic" in Amsterdam, Holland.

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"I was cranky and touchy," writes Henry Vogel, Jr., of Rochester, N. Y. "There was nothing I could find to eat that would agree with me. We never accepted dinner invitations.

"Fortunately my wife began buying yeast for me... In a month I was... nearly well. Work seemed easier. Now, instead of being on a diet, I eat anything—and all I desire of it."



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Aunt Min and Janney Breckenridge often talked of Araminta. Araminta was, he told Aunt Min, on the road to becoming a great actress. He had seen her play and he was sure of it.

Aunt Min was not sure that she wanted an actress in the family. "She'd much better have married Barney Tyson."

"She'd much better not marry anybody."

Aunt Min had given him one of her keen looks. "I believe you're in love with her yourself."

"Perhaps. But I'm too poor to think of matrimony."

"But not too poor to think of Araminta. She'll have enough when I go. I've left her everything. And you'd make an amusing nephew."

"I'm not as amusing as you think. I can be as tragic as Hamlet, and just now I am in the depths. I am ordered to Siam, where I shall hobnob with exotic Orientals, and make love to the wives of the other diplomats."

"Why not make love to a wife of your own?"

Janney laughed, and Aunt Min did not know that her words were burning into his brain. In the weeks since he had left Araminta on that New Year's night, he had wanted her more than he had ever wanted anything. Yet he had not written. Man-like, he had urged that silence on his part would bring her to him. But it had not.

He brought his attention back to Aunt Min, who was asking, "What have you on hand for tomorrow?"

"Nothing important."

"Will you drive down to Great-Gate with me? I want to see Mary and find out why we haven't heard from Minta."

Janney agreed, his pulses pounding, and went home to send a letter to Araminta. In it he asked her to marry him. Now that he had given Araminta what she wanted, he had no doubt of the outcome. Already he savored the exquisiteness of her reply.

THE next morning he drove with Aunt Min along the highway, which was waking to spring warmth and color. Here and there a bit of emerald green in the grasses, the pussy willows silver above the shining streams, an amethyst haze over the hills . . . and at last the clear bright blue of the bay.

Mary and Nicky were at home to welcome them, and Leontine and Iris came in later. They spoke of Araminta, and Aunt Min said, "Janney's another victim."

Janney said, "All New York is mad about her," as if it were really a most impersonal matter.

Nicky told Aunt Min about the portrait he was painting for Thaddeus Tyson. "It's my best, I think. I wish you had time to see it."

And Aunt Min said, promptly, "I've plenty of time, and I'd like to have a visit with Thaddeus. I'll drive you over, Nicky, with Mr. Breckenridge, and bring you back again."

Janney, entering the great hall at Tyson House, saw the home that Barney had to offer Araminta—the paintings, the tapestries, the gorgeous space of it! And he saw, too, the portrait beside the pool!

It was a gorgeous thing—all red-gold and amethyst—but the most wonderful thing was the face of the woman! He knew her at once! Oh, how often he had seen her like that, in those early days—still, smiling, mysterious. When last he had seen her, the glamour had departed. She had been a little stout, in a brown suit, with a close brown hat, and she had stood on the pier as he had sailed on a diplomatic mission to Japan. Five years ago . . . and here she was again in this great hall.

He turned from the portrait and saw a man standing in the doorway. The man was Barney Tyson. He kissed Aunt Min, was presented to Janney, and shook hands with him. Then he spoke of the portrait. "Nicky has done a big thing, hasn't he?"

They stood together, looking at the picture of the woman by the pool. At last Jan said, "Wasn't she on the stage? I'm sure I've seen her. . . ."

"Yes. Elise Watterson. She lives near us, at Sylvan Park, with her boy."

As Jan rode home with Aunt Min, Barney's words seemed to swing to the rhythm of the speeding car. "She lives . . . near us . . . at Sylvan Park . . . with her boy . . ." And it was with a startled sense of coincidence that, the next day, he read a note which he found at his club. It was from Elise.

"I am wondering if you will come and see me. There are things I must talk about. Will you call me and let me know, and I'll give you directions."

Her telephone number was at the top of the page, and Janney got her at once over the wire.

"Elise?"

"Yes."

Her voice, coming to him clearly and steadily, struck chords of memory which shook him.

LITTLE GIRL LOST

[Continued from page page 138]

"This is Janney. . . ."

"Yes."

"My dear, where have you hidden yourself—and why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I wanted to be—hidden."

He let it go at that, and on the following morning, he again sped along the road which led to Great-Gate, turning off finally from the highway to the desolate stretch of beach and the straggling line of bungalows.

HE WONDERED, as he rode along, if Elise was as lovely as her portrait. He remembered when he and Bob had first seen her on the stage. She had been captivating as the heroine of a modern comedy, and they had both fallen in love with her. But it had been

So history repeated itself, and at last Elise had let Bob go. "It will be best for both of us," she had told Jan. "He wants the enchanted atmosphere in which he found me, and domesticity won't give it to him. He wants to escape reality, and so he runs away from me. I don't blame him. I know what you suffered as children, with your parents both trying to escape. But I am not like your mother in this . . . I will not have scenes of rancor and recrimination. Lad shall not see life as you saw it. He shall not look upon love as you and Bob look upon it."

"You love Bob," Jan had said, "yet you are giving him up?"

"I am remembering our love and what it once meant to me. It died when he shared it—with other women . . ."

When at last the day of parting arrived, Bob had left with Janney, who had been offered a consular position in the Far East. There had been no talk of divorce. Elise did not want it, nor Bob. And so it happened that, when Lad was three, Bob and Janney had sailed away into the sunset, and Elise and Lad had waved to them from the pier.

ELISE had changed. Janney saw that at once as she came toward him. "It's good to see you, Jan," she said.

"Is it really, Elise?"

Yes, she had changed. She was thinner, and her skin was touched by a tan which gave her warmth and youthfulness. She wore a blue knitted suit which matched the pale azure of the bay. A blue beret was drawn over her hair. "I thought," she said, "that you might like to be out-of-doors. There's a seat under the pines."

It was a rustic seat, so placed that they looked across the wide stretch of water. They spoke for a time of the beauty of the spring morning, of the chance of rain, with that dark line on the horizon. Of Elise's love of this country. "My mother was from Maryland," she told him, "that's why I came here; and because it is cheap."

"Are you happy?"

"I think I am. And I am very busy. I do all the housework and take care of Lad's lessons. Today he is at Tyson House. He always goes on Saturdays for a riding lesson. They are very kind."

"I saw your portrait. It was a strange coincidence that your note came so soon after."

"No," she said, "it was not strange. Barney told me you were there." She had been looking out over the bay, but now she faced him. "Jan," she said, "I want to talk to you about Araminta Williams."

"Araminta? . . ."

"Yes. She's in love with you."

"Did she tell you that?"

"No. I found it out—by chance. And I don't want her to be unhappy."

"Why should you think that I have anything to do with her happiness?"

"Because—oh, I've seen you do it a thousand times. Make love to them, and then—run away."

"I can never run away from Araminta. I've tried it, but I have always come back. And she loves me. But she wouldn't love me for a moment if she knew the things you can tell her."

"I shall never tell her; you know that, Janney. But you must let her go. . . ."

"Why all this interest in Araminta?"

The eyes of burning blue met his squarely. "Because Barney loves her."

"And you—love—Barney."

Her voice was steady. "I owe my life to him. . . ."

He persisted, "You love him?"

"What if I do? He loves Araminta. And I am—married."

"Marriage ties have been broken."

She shook her head. "No. I am going away."

"Where?"

"I'm not sure. Out West again, perhaps. I shall have Lad—and Lad must be my happiness. . . ."

The wind was blowing, and they could see the sweep of silver rain across the water. "We must run for it," Elise said, and in another moment they were in the house, watching the tumult outside from the window of the living room.

And it was in that room that Janney said, "Elise, on Wednesday I wrote Araminta a letter, and asked her to marry me. If she will, I'm going to chance it—"

She knew that he meant it. "Oh," she said, "I'm sorry." Then, as she saw his despair, her hand was laid on his shoulder. "Sometimes," she told him gently, "I think you are a bigger man than you will let yourself be. Perhaps if Araminta loves you, you will grow wise together. . . ."

A little later they parted without bitterness. Elise had done her best for Barney—for Araminta.

[Continued in JUNE McCALL'S]



Bob whom she had married—Bob who had said, "I can't live without her. Jan. Let me have her."

After the pains of renunciation had passed, Jan told himself that he had had the best of it. For he could see no happiness ahead for Bob and Elise. Neither of the brothers believed in marriage. They were marked tragically with the memory of a home in which love had succumbed to hysteria, and in which two temperamental souls had failed to adjust themselves. The mother was not domestic, the father loathed the routine of dull days. Neither parent had been able to illumine life with the steady flame of affection and courage. And the boys had blamed marriage for what their parents had done to it. "We will never marry," they had told each other, and had taken their affairs of the heart lightly, until Bob had met Elise.

After their marriage, Jan had lived with them, and when Lad came, he had been named for his uncle. With her baby to look after, Elise had left the stage.

Tragedy had followed. Neither Bob nor Jan had incomes adequate for the tastes they had inherited. Elise's salary had helped. When it was withdrawn, there had fallen upon the little household the shadow of impecuniousness. Elise might have gone back to the stage, but she would not. She felt that Lad must have his mother, and that her husband must be content with what they had. But Bob was not content. Elise was a good cook, competent and cheerful. But Bob wanted more than that. He wanted her radiant with youth and loveliness, not broiling his steak, in a kitchen apron.

What really makes baked foods tender?



The startling facts
about this

Pastry-Tested SHORTENING



The remarkable difference in pie crusts made with different types of shortening is strikingly revealed by the Pastry-Tester. It is a standard laboratory device (called the "shortometer" by scientists) which measures the tenderness of pastry. It shows that "Silverleaf" makes baked foods far more tender than any other widely-used type of shortening.

*The "shortometer" is the invention of Clarke E. Davis, Ph.D., Director of Research and Development, National Biscuit Company.

EVERY woman has noticed it. Without question, pies, biscuits, hot breads vary greatly in tenderness.

Why is this? What is it that really makes baked foods tender?

Today it is known that this tenderness depends largely on the kind of shortening you use.

New, definite facts have been revealed by an ingenious device called the *Pastry-Tester*. It measures the tenderness of baked foods with delicate precision. It shows that the various types of shortening differ widely in the results they give you.

Most important to every woman who bakes, is this point which has been established by the *Pastry-Tester*: Swift's "Silverleaf" Lard makes baked foods far more tender than any other of the widely-used types of shortening.

And today this famous lard comes to you *Pastry-Tested*. Just as all good cooks do, Swift recognizes in this the supreme test of shortening: the kind of pastry it makes. At regular intervals in the Swift laboratories "Silverleaf" is checked by the *Pastry-Tester*. Always you can be sure that it will give your baked foods the same delicious tenderness.

Give your family the benefit of these new, definite facts about shortening. For special,

tempting tenderness in your pie crusts, biscuits, hot breads, use the *Pastry-Tested* shortening, Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Use it in frying, too—for unusual, delicate crispness. "Silverleaf" comes in ½ lb., 1 and 2 lb. cartons and in 4 and 8 lb. pails.

Leading bakers everywhere use *Pastry-Tested* "Silverleaf" in the delicious bread, pies, rolls and other baked foods which they make for you.

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America's largest selling
brand of lard

SWIFT'S "SILVERLEAF" LARD



Make this new French Dressing *to suit salads of* FRESH SPRING GREENS

THE gardens have come to town. Every market-place is laden with spring salad greens. Salads made with these fresh garden vegetables have their own tender, delicate flavors. And each different salad flavor calls for its own kind of dressing.

So, mix the dressing to suit the salad.

Mary B. Murray has discovered a *new Wesson Oil French Dressing* that goes perfectly with salads of greens. You will find it a delightful surprise, especially if you are bothered by the oil and vinegar separating in your French Dressing. For just a few minutes of mixing blends all the ingredients together and *holds them there for hours*. Here is the recipe. Try it.

W E S S O N O I L

New "FRENCH DRESSING"

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup Wesson Oil
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon onion salt	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cayenne pepper
1 tablespoon tomato catsup	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon paprika

Mix seasonings and catsup together. Beat with a rotary beater until thoroughly blended. Add oil—at first by teaspoonfuls, beating with a rotary beater after each addition until thick. After six teaspoonfuls have been added, add oil by tablespoonfuls. After all the oil has been added, gradually beat in the vinegar.

mix a dressing to suit the salad